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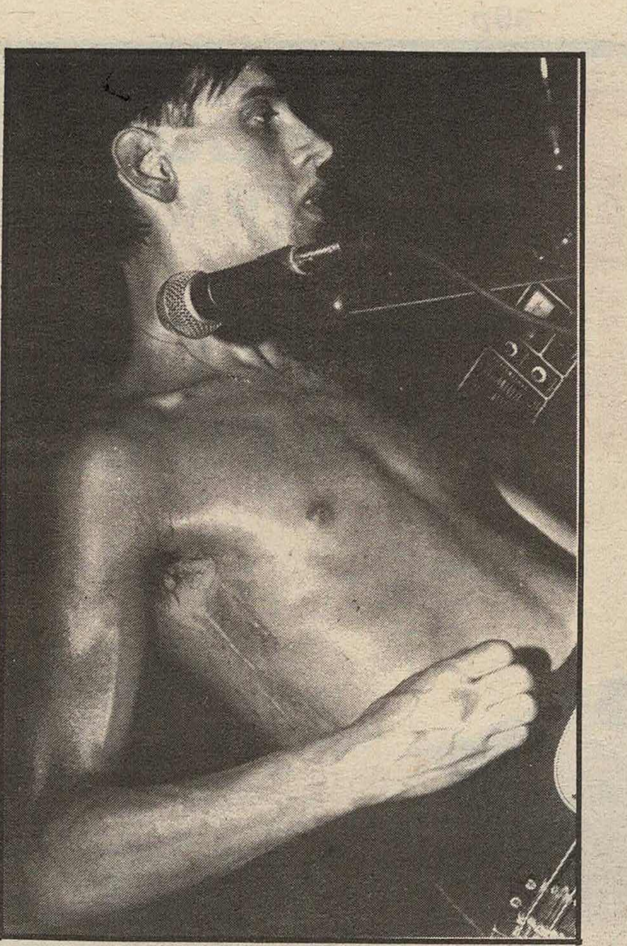
UK SINGLES

	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
ONE	2	PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS	Dire Straits (Vertigo/Phonogram)	3	1
2	1	EYE OF THE TIGER	Survivor (Scotti Bros)	8	1
3	3	SAVE A PRAYER	Duran Duran (EMI)	5	2
4	20	THE BITTEREST PILL	Jam (Polydor)	2	4
5	6	ALL OF MY HEART	ABC (Neutron/Phonogram)	3	5
6	4	WALKING ON SUNSHINE	Rockers Revenge (London)	4	4
7	9	THE MESSAGE	Grand Master Flash (Sugarhill)	4	7
8	13	THERE IT IS	Shalamar (Solar)	3	8
9	(—)	FRIEND OR FOE	Adam Ant (CBS)	1	9
10	18	WHY	Carly Simon (WEA)	2	10
11	17	SADDLE UP	David Christie (KR)	3	11
12	8	HI FIDELITY	The Kids From Fame (RCA)	7	5
13	5	COME ON EILEEN	Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	10	1
14	29	LOVE COME DOWN	Evelyn King (RCA)	2	14
15	15	TODAY	Talk Talk (EMI)	4	12
16	7	GIVE ME YOUR HEART TONIGHT	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	4	7
17	25	INVITATIONS	Shakatak (Polydor)	2	17
18	24	ZOOM	Fat Larry's Band (Virgin)	2	18
19	(—)	AND I'M TELLING YOU I'M NOT GOING	Jennifer Holliday (Geffen)	1	19
20	12	I EAT CANNIBALS PART I	Toto Ceolo (Radial Choice)	6	7
21	10	WHAT	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	5	3
22	(—)	HARD TO SAY I'M SORRY	Chicago (Full Moon)	1	22
23	23	SO HERE I AM	UB40 (Dep Int)	3	23
24	(—)	GLITTERING PRIZE	Simple Minds (Virgin)	1	24
25	16	CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU	Boys Town Gang (EMI)	6	3
26	14	SPREAD A LITTLE HAPPINESS	Sting (A&M)	6	14
27	(—)	GIVE ME SOME KINDA MUSIC	Dollar (WEA)	1	27
28	30	WINDPOWER	Thomas Dolby (Venice In Peril)	2	28
29	(—)	JUST WHAT I ALWAYS WANTED	Mari Wilson (Compact)	1	19
30	11	NOBODY'S FOOL	Haircut 100 (Arista)	5	8


A Certain Ratio — burning up the indies. Pic: Peter Anderson.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
ONE	1	THE KIDS FROM FAME	Various (BBC)	9	1
2	3	UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S	Yazoo (Mute)	3	1
3	7	LEXICON OF LOVE	ABC (Neutron)	13	1
4	26	FOUR	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	2	4
5	4	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	18	2
6	8	IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT	Imagination (R & B)	2	6
7	23	I, ASSASSIN	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	2	7
8	9	BREAKOUT	Various (Ronco)	2	8
9	22	SIGNALS	Rush (Mercury)	2	9
10	5	NOW YOU SEE ME	Cliff Richard (EMI)	4	5
11	2	TOO-RYE-AY	Kevin Rowland & Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	8	1
12	10	COMPLETE MADNESS	Madness (Stiff)	22	1
13	(—)	CHART BEAT/CHART HEAT	Various (K-Tel)	1	13
14	11	IT'S HARD	The Who (Polydor)	2	11
15	6	LOVE & DANCE	League Unlimited Orchestra (Virgin)	11	3
16	13	LOVE SONGS	Commodores (K-Tel)	6	8
17	(—)	THE DREAMING	Kate Bush (EMI)	1	17
18	(—)	NEW GOLD DREAM	Simple Minds (Virgin)	1	18
19	18	HIGHWAY SONG — BLACKFOOT LIVE	Blackfoot (Atco)	2	18
20	15	TROPICAL GANGSTERS	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Island)	17	4
21	20	AVALON	Roxy Music (EG)	17	1
22	14	FAME	Original Soundtrack/Various (RSO)	11	2
23	(—)	ASIA	Asia (Geffen)	17	12
24	(—)	FICTION	Comsat Angels (Polydor)	1	24
25	28	SONGS TO REMEMBER	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)	2	25
26	12	EYE OF THE TIGER	Survivor (Scotti Bros)	5	8
27	(—)	ACTING VERY STRANGE	Mike Rutherford (WEA)	1	27
28	27	ROCKY III	Original Soundtrack (Liberty)	3	20
29	(—)	MYSTERY	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	1	29
30	(—)	THE COLLECTION	Stranglers (Liberty)	1	30

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	Leave In Silence	Depeche Mode (Mute)
2	(2)	Don't Go	Yazoo (Mute)
3	(5)	Warriors	Blitz (No Future)
4	(4)	So Here I Am	UB40 (Dept Int)
5	(9)	The Stranger	Dead Or Alive (Black Eye)
6	(3)	Asylums in Jerusalem	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
7	(7)	Mutant Rock	Meteors (WXYZ)
8	(6)	Bleed For Me	Dead Kennedys (Statik)
9	(8)	Have You Got 10p	The Ejected (Riot City)
10	(—)	Knife Slits Water	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
11	(12)	Whatever Is He Like	Farmers Boys (Back)
12	(—)	From Pillar To Post	Aztec Cameras (Rough Trade)
13	(11)	Religious Wars	Subhumans (Spiders Leg)
14	(17)	Suicide Bag (EP)	Action Pact (Fallout)
15	(14)	Life On The Line	Fad Gadget (Mute)
16	(10)	Run Like Hell	Peter & The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
17	(18)	Procession	Nico (1-2)
18	(13)	Rising From The Dread	UK Decay (Corpus Christi)
19	(—)	Paranoid	Black Sabbath (NEMS)
20	(25)	Bela Lugosi's Dead	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
21	(—)	Ballet Dance	Rubella Ballet (Rough Trade)
22	(15)	I Melt With You	Modern English (4AD)
23	(—)	Beasts 12"	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
24	(19)	Shelter For The Rich	Disrupters (Radical Change)
25	(16)	Something On My Mind	Pale Fountains (Operations Twilight)
26	(—)	Gravest Hits	Cramps (Illegal)
27	(26)	Who's The Enemy	Ameobics (Spider Leg)
28	(23)	17 Years Of Hell	Partizans (No Future)
29	(22)	Europe In The Year Zero (EP)	Various (S. Phonograph)
30	(—)	Beating In My Head	Red Lorry, Yellow Lorry (Red Rhino)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	Upstairs At Eric's	Yazoo (Mute)
2	(3)	Songs To Remember	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
3	(2)	Christ — The Album	Crass (Crass)
4	(4)	Sense And Sensuality	Au Pairs(Kamera)
5	(8)	Singles Album	UB40 (Graduate)
6	(5)	Junkyard	Birthday Party (Mute)
7	(6)	City Baby Attacked By Rats	GBH (Clay)
8	(7)	Garlands	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
9	(10)	Punk'n'Disorderly Vol 2	Various (Abstract)
10	(9)	Distant Shore	Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)
11	(12)	Eligible Bachelors	Monochrome Set (Cherry Red)
12	(21)	Carmel	Carmel (Red Flame)
13	(11)	Lords Of The New Church	Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)
14	(19)	The Wild Ones	Cockney Rejects (Arena)
15	(13)	We Are The League	A N League (WXYZ)
16	(16)	Soweto	Various (Rough Trade)
17	(—)	Song Of The Bailing Man	Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)
18	(14)	In The Flat Field	Bauhaus (4AD)
19	(18)	Closer	Joy Division (Factory)
20	(—)	Live At The Roundhouse	Pink Fairies (Big Beat)
21	(—)	Epic Garden Music	Sad Lovers & Giants (Midnight)
22	(20)	Hi Yo Silver	Lone Ranger (Greensleeves)
23	(24)	Drumming The Beating Heart	Eyeless In Gaza (Cherry Red)
24	(—)	Oi Oi That's Yer Lot	Various (Secret)
25	(—)	Billy Super Duper	Marc Bolan (Max On Wax)
26	(—)	Speak & Spell	Depeche Mode (Mute)
27	(17)	Thermo Nuclear Sweat	Defunkt (Hannibal)
28	(26)	2 × 45	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
29	(29)	After The Snow	Modern English (4AD)
30	(27)	4th Drawer Down	Associates (Situation 2)

REGGAE SINGLES

1	Hammer	Barrington Levy (Jah Guidance)
2	Yo Yo	Johnny Osbourne (Oak Sound)
3	Falklands Crisis	Tappa Zukie & The Warriors (New Star)
4	Reggae Music	Santana & Mannix (Arabic Int)
5	Revelation Time	Augustus Pablo (Message)
6	Love And Livity	Jewels (Cash & Carry)
7	Dice Cup	Don Carlos (J&J)
8	Leaders Of Black Country	Vibes Tone (New Star)
9	Black Romeo	Derrick Screechy (Al Jr)
10	Old Time Penny	Purple Lights (Black Globe)
11	In The Army	Peter Metro & Zu Zu (Dynamite)
12	King And Queen	Yellowman & Sister Nancy (Amco)
13	Wake Up/Hardships Of Life	Jean Adebambo (Ade J)
14	Lorraine	Explainer (Sun Burst)
15	San Salvador	The Rasses (Ballistic)

ALBUMS

1	Earth Rightful Ruler	Augustus Pablo (Message)
2	Mini Bus Driver	Voice Of Progress (Negus Roots)
3	Shank I Sheck	Various Artists (Tad's)
4	I Love My Music	Max Romeo (Solid Groove)
5	The Commandments Of Dub	Jah Shaka (Jah Shaka)

Compiled by OBSERVER STATION

US SINGLES

1	(1)	Hard To Say I'm Sorry	Chicago (Warner Bros)
2	(3)	Abracadabra	Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
3	(2)	Eye Of The Tiger	Survivor (Epic)
4	(4)	Jack & Diane	John Cougar (Polygram)
5	(6)	You Should Hear How She Talks About You	Melissa Manchester (Arista)
6	(5)	Even The Nights Are Better	Air Supply (Arista)
7	(7)	Hold Me	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
8	(8)	Hurts So Good	John Cougar (Polygram)
9	(14)	Eye In The Sky	Alan Parsons Project (Arista)
10	(10)	Take It Away	Paul McCartney (Columbia)

US LPs

1	(1)	American Fool	John Cougar (Riva/Mercury)
2	(2)	Mirage	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
3	(4)	Abracadabra	Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
4	(6)	Asia	Asia (Geffen)
5	(11)	Emotions In Motion	Billy Squier (Capitol)
6	(5)	Pictures At Eleven	Robert Plant (Atlantic)
7	(7)	Good Trouble	REO Speedwagon (Epic)
8	(9)	Vacation	The Go-Go's (A&M)
9	(10)	Chicago 16	Chicago (Full Moon / Warners)
10	(3)	Eye Of The Tiger	Survivor (Epic)

Courtesy Billboard Magazine

SWEDEN

1	(3)	Cat People	David Bowie (Backstreet)
2	(9)	Abracadabra	Steve Miller Band (Mercury)
3	(1)	I Love Rock 'n' Roll	Joan Jett (Boardwalk)
4	(2)	Da Da Da	Trio (Mercury)
5	(4)	Der Kommissar	Falco (Gig)
6	(—)	I Know There's Something Going On	Frida (Polar)
7	(5)	You're In The Army Now	Bolland (CBS)
8	(6)	Sommartider	Gyllene Tider (Parlophone)
9	(—)	The Look Of Love	ABC (Neutron)
10	(—)	Eye Of The Tiger	Survivor (Scotti Bros)

Courtesy GLP/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	Way Down	Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	Silver Lady	David Soul (Private Stock)
3	Magic Fly	Space (Pye)
4	Telephone Man	Meri Wilson (Pye)
5	Black Is Black	La Belle Epoque (Harvest)
6	Oxygene	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)
7	Best Of My Love	Emotions (CBS)
8	Deep Down Inside	Donna Summer (GTO)
9	From New York To LA	Patsy Gallant (EMI)
10	Looking After Number One	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	Children Of The Revolution	T.Rex (T.Rex)
2	How Can I Be Sure	David Cassidy (Bell)
3	Mama We're All Crazee Now	Slade (Polydor)
4	Too Young	Donny Osmond (MGM)
5	Mouldy Old Dough	Lieutenant Pigeon (Decca)
6	It's Four In The Morning	Faron Young (Mercury)
7	You Wear It Well	Rod Stewart (Mercury)
8	Wig Wam Bam	Sweet (RCA)
6	Sugar Me	Lynsey De Paul (MAM)
10	Virginia Plain	Roxy Music (Island)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	The Last Waltz	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
2	Excerpt From A Teenage Opera	Keith West (Parlophone)
3	Flowers In The Rain	Move (Regal Zonophone)
4	Reflections	Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Mowtown)
5	Hole In My Shoe	Traffic (Island)
6	Itchycoo Park	Small Faces (Immediate)
7	Let's Go To San Francisco	Flowerpot Men (Deram)
8	I'll Never Fall In Love Again	Tom Jones (Decca)
9	There Must Be A Way	Frankie Vaughan (Columbia)
10	San Francisco	Scott McKenzie (CBS)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	She's Not You	Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	Telstar	Tornadoes (Decca)
3	It'll Be Me	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4	Roses Are Red	Ronnie Carroll (Phillips)
5	Sheila	Tommy Roe (HMV)
6	I Remember You	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
7	Things	Bobby Darin (London)
8	The Locomotion	Little Eva (London)
9	Breaking Up Is Hard To Do	Neil Sedaka (RCA)
10	Don't That Beat All	Adam Faith (Parlophone)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

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YAZOO ZOOM OFF

YAZOO, arguably the most successful new group of the year, have now confirmed dates and venues for their debut tour — taking in some of the country's leading venues. They have already played a couple of low-key warm-up gigs to put the finishing touches to their live set, and they feel they are now ready for the circuit big-time. This week they revealed their tour schedule exclusively to *NME:*

Hanley Victora Hall (November 5), Leeds University (6), Manchester Palace (7), Coventry Apollo (9), Brighton Dome (10), Poole Wessex Hall (11), Bristol Locarno (14), Birmingham Odeon (15), Liverpool Mountford Hall (17), Edinburgh Playhouse (18), Newcastle City Hall (19) and London Tottenham Court Road Dominion (22).

Ticket prices are £4, £3.75 and £3.50 (London); £3.50 only (Hanley, Leeds, Poole, Bristol and Liverpool); and £3.50 and £3 (all other venues).

It was as recently as the beginning of June that Yazoo made their initial chart impact with 'Only You', which subsequently reached No.4 — and their follow-up 'Don't Go' achieved the No.3 spot. Earlier this month, they had the rare distinction of seeing their debut album 'Upstairs At Eric's' coming straight into the chart at No.1. Now they are determined to emulate these record triumphs on stage

Alison Moyet kickstarts Yazoo's autumn campaign. Pic: Peter Anderson

Mode bid for 'Frame'

DEPECHE MODE set out on a full-scale UK tour in October, preceded by a few dates in the Irish Republic.

The full itinerary reads like this: Dublin Stadium (October 6), Cork City Hall (7), Galway Leisureland (8), Southampton Gaumont (10), Leicester De Montfort Hall (11), Brighton Dome (12), Westcliff Cliffs Pavilion (13), Bristol Colston Hall (15), Birmingham Odeon (16, 17), Glasgow Tiffanys (19), Edinburgh Playhouse (20), Newcastle City Hall (21), Liverpool Empire (22), London Hammersmith Odeon (24, 25), Manchester Apollo (27), Sheffield City Hall (28), and Cornwall St Austell Coliseum (29).

Ticket prices are £3.00 and £3.50 for all dates except Hammersmith Odeon, where it's £3.50, £3.75 and £4.00.

The group's new LP 'A Broken Frame' is reviewed on page 37. And page 38.

It's an ill wind . . .

ULTRAVOX have confirmed details of their UK autumn tour. It's an extensive itinerary, including four nights at London's Hammersmith Odeon, and it follows the release by Chrysalis of their previously reported new single 'Reap The Wild Wind' (out this week) and album 'Quartet' (issued on October 15).

After two nights at Dublin Francis Xavier Hall (November 10 and 11), the band begin UK dates at Belfast Mayfield Leisure Centre (12), followed by Dundee Caird Hall (14), Newcastle City Hall (15 and 16), Edinburgh Playhouse (17), Glasgow Apollo (18), Ipswich Gaumont (20 and 21), Gloucester Leisure Centre (22), Leicester De Montfort Hall (23), Manchester Apollo (24), Sheffield City Hall (25), Blackpool Opera House (27), Liverpool Empire (28), Birmingham Odeon (29), Brighton Centre (30), London Hammersmith Odeon (December 2–5 inclusive), Shepton Mallet Showering Pavilion (6), Cardiff St David's Hall (7), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (8), Poole Arts Centre (10), Southampton Gaumont (11), Oxford Apollo (12) and Nottingham Royal Centre (13). There are two performances nightly at Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham and Southampton.

Tickets are priced £5 and £4 at all venues — except Gloucester, Shepton Mallet and Poole (£5 only); and Hammersmith (£5.50, £4.50 and £3.50). They are on sale now at box-offices, the only exception being Shepton Mallet, for which tickets are available by post from P.O. Box 4, Altrincham, Cheshire — Postal Orders only, made payable to "Kennedy Street Enterprises", and enclose SAE. Shepton Mallet tickets are also available by personal application to Virgin (Bristol), Music Market (Bath), Record Unlimited (Midsummer Norton), Acorn Records (Yeovil), Pathway Records (Shepton Mallet), Bath Place Records (Taunton) and Music Man (Trowbridge and Frome).

. . . that blows wild in the country

BOW WOW WOW go back on the road in mid-autumn, and have so far confirmed 14 dates. It's likely that a few more will be added, including the probability of a London show, and it's also on the cards that they'll have new material released by RCA to coincide with their outing. But that's all speculation at the moment, and all we know for certain are their finalised gigs, which are:

Exeter University (November 1), Cardiff University (2), Reading Top Rank (3), Riverdale Theatre (4 and 9), Crawley Leisure Centre (5), Leicester University (6), Hanley Victoria Hall (8), Bradford St George's Hall (10), Newcastle Mayfair (11), Glasgow's Tiffany's (14), Edinburgh Coasters (15), Sheffield Lyceum (16) and Norwich East Anglia University (17).

RICHARD STRANGE — who spent the summer touring North America, and has just completed a week at the Edinburgh Festival with *The Strange Dog Event* — is playing a series of selected dates during the autumn. He kicks off tonight (Thursday) as the opening attraction at Sheffield's glossy new Leadmill venue.

Also set are an all-night Hallowe'en Ball at London's B2 Gallery, Wapping Wharf, on October 30 — with Hermine, the Original Flying Lizards, Virginia Astley and The Event Group, among others; and an Amnesty International benefit at London Highgate Jacksons Lane Centre on October 31,

Sensible sails alone

CAPTAIN SENSIBLE, who'll be in action with The Damned when they undertake their major UK tour next month, will subsequently be playing a string of major concerts in his own right — at Edinburgh Playhouse (December 2), Manchester Apollo (3), Birmingham Odeon (5) and London Tottenham Court Rd Dominion (7).

He'll be performing with his own band, whose line-up includes his producer Tony Mansfield, and the support act is Dolly Mixture — who will also join the Captain on stage. He has promised "a good few surprises" in the shows, which are promoted by Andrew Miller. Tickets are on sale now priced £5, £4.50 and £4.

With his album 'Women And Captains First' currently on release, Sensible goes into the studio this weekend to record further tracks, which hopefully will see the light of day before Christmas. Meanwhile, A&M have scheduled a new Captain Sensible single for October 22, though titles aren't yet known.

DIRE STRAITS, T. DREAM, GUN CLUB, CULTURE CLUB DATES — MORE NEWS P.43-49

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SHORT SHARP SHOTS

Can Adam eat three?

☐ Just as Gallup introduce their new computer enhanced system to stamp out chart rigging, Nabisco Ltd have decided to dump 11 million junior chart rigging kits on the breakfast tables of the nation.

These take the form of a wall poster into which you enter the Top Twenty chart entries. The posters, which are to be given away in packets of Nabisco's brand leaders, Shredded Wheat and Shreddies, will feature **Madness, Adam Ant, Abba, Toyah, The Police, Shakin' Stevens, Bucks Fizz** and **The Human League** in eight different full-colour wall posters.

Nabisco brand manager **Dudley George** explains: "A survey of the seven to 14 year old age bracket conducted for us by Carrick James Research indicated that these were the eight most popular groups and artists — though I would not like to state the order in which these came.

"The last time we had a campaign along these lines it featured **David Cassidy, Michael Jackson** and **Little Jimmy Osmond.**"

☐ The first science fiction exhibition, 'Out Of This World' opens at Brighton Museum on October 5. There will be two Daleks and a Cyberman from *Dr Who,* holograms, robots, artwork for *Dan Dare* and *Robot,* space toys and games. On October 23 there will be an SF seminar for avid afficionados. There is also a schoolkids' competition to build a robot, with a personal computer for a prize. The exhibition runs until December 5.

Subs surface

☐ **The UK Subs** are back in business with a revised line-up, a string of live work and two record releases. New drummer **Kim Whilie** (ex-**Adverts, Gen X** and **Chelsea,** among others) has now joined the nucleus of **Charlie Harper, Alvin Gibbs** and **Nicky Garrett.** The Subs regard this as a new phase in their career, the old one being commemorated with the release by Abstract Records of a 20-track "best of" album called 'UK Subs (Recorded 1979-81)'.

The LP is issued on October 8, two weeks prior to the first release by the new band, a three-track EP called 'Shake Up The City' — comprising 'Self Destruct', 'Police State Part One' and 'War Of The Roses'. This is also on Abstract, with distribution through Pinnacle.

Wireless? Why not!

☐ This Saturday (25) a conference in community radio will be held in London. It is the recall of the Cardiff conference in April which called on the Home Secretary to "license transmission frequencies for community radio outside the BBC and IBA" — in effect calling for the setting up of a 'third force' of community radio.

This Saturday's conference is free, and an informal affair is promised. There will be discussions all day around such subjects as reforming the BBC and IBA, women and radio, and ethnic radio.

Venue: the Dept of Extra-mural Studies, University of London, 26 Russell Street, London WC1. Further information from Simon Partridge on 01-263 6692.

Gallup's boast: we'll make chart unriggable

GALLUP, the election pollsters, will be in charge of compiling that other chart — the one used by the BBC — from January 1. And they say they have the technology to ensure riggers don't get a look in.

Under the present 12-year-old system, details of sales are logged on sheets in select stores throughout the country. These are collected at the end of the week by Securicor vans and rushed to the headquarters of current chart compilers British Market Research Bureau.

Apart from being long-winded, the process has been open to distortion whenever one of the select stores fell under the sway of a record salesman with a bag of inducements — wine, free records, T-shirts, priority discounts, etc.

Gallup anticipate this won't happen again. Their own 250 target stores — currently being selected through random sampling — will each be given an £1,100 electronic tool called a Dataport Retailer. In this, the sales staff tap details of the sale — which remains on memory until Gallup draw it off twice a week. It is with this information they will be able to compile their charts.

Gallup director Malcolm Mather claims that even if a retailer's finger slips, the mistake will appear on the Dataport display screen and can be at once erased and re-entered.

As to the problem of mass purchasing by record companies (by buying large quantities at select stores the picture countrywide can be distorted), Mather claims the machine keeps a regular watch on all untoward entries. It will also unearth collusion between fixer and the person on the till.

"We'd find it," he says. "We are instituting a number of statistical checks to scan data and to look out for abnormalities. But I'd rather not go into them for obvious reasons."

The Dataport has been custom-built for Gallup by APT Data Recognition of Reading, a company with which they say they have no financial ties. The machine is also a stock control aid and will be available to other non-'target' stores which might or might not get onto the Gallup list with a purchase. There is no way, says Mather, a shop can agitate to get on and thus get a free machine and/or take part in a rigging conspiracy.

There have already been applications by 200 or more retailers, he says, but now, as in the future, the selection will be from among the country's 5,000 outlets via a statistically random process.

Gallup also plan to publish tape charts because says Mather, one third of all multi-track music is now sold on cassettes.

Their predecessors BMRB, he says, are not sulking at the loss of the new four-year contract. "Their approach has been very professional. They have offered full co-operation for a smooth handover."

Chart clients BPI, BBC and *Music Week* also seem to be content. The old system cost about £400,000 a year — £100,000 of which was for transport. Gallup are doing it for a quarter million.

—ANDREW TYLER

"Floyd's future depends very much on me"— Roger Waters

Floyd 'split' acrimony

"PINK FLOYD Dissolve After 16 Years". At least, that's what readers of the *Sun* were told last week, courtesy of that paper's pop column.

In fact, the source-point for this particular information was the US magazine *Rolling Stone*. In a lengthy feature entitled "Behind Pink Floyd's Wall", carried in the September 16 issue, *RS* interviews both Roger Waters and Dave Gilmour, who speak with some frankness about the less-than-healthy internal state of the band.

"Back in the early '70s we used to pretend that we were a group," says Waters. "Now we don't pretend any more. I could work with another drummer and keyboard player very easily, and it's likely that at some point I will."

Asked about the group's future, Waters merely remarks: "Depends very much on me."

Guitarist Gilmour, meanwhile, has a more specific revelation: keyboard player Rick Wright, he claims, has left the group. And it's probable that they won't be seeking a replacement. As for the current situation of drummer Nick Mason, well, that simply isn't referred to.

As the article notes, in fact, only Waters and Gilmour were in New York to attend the US premiere of *The Wall*. "None of us have ever been the best of friends," Gilmour reflects. "We don't *not* get along, but we're working partners."

So, are the Floyd about to "dissolve"? Their UK record company EMI admit they've got no clear information either way. For the moment, they're content to accept the comment of band manager Steve O'Rourke. He describes the speculation about Pink Floyd's demise as "absolute bullshit".

'Obscene' League

OVER 9,000 copies of the Anti-Nowhere League single 'Streets Of London'/'So What?' were last week ordered by Bromley magistrates to be destroyed under the Obscene Publications Act. They were confiscated in February from the premises of Pinnacle distributors — while in a series of simultaneous raids, a further 3,000 were seized from Faulty Products, Rough Trade and the MVS pressing plant.

WXYZ Records have now appealed, and the case will now go to the High Court, pending which the records cannot be harmed.

But by that time, 36,000 copies had already been sold — and it was when complaints were received from members of the public, concerning the lyrics of the B-side, that the police took action.

It was the first time a record company had been prosecuted and its stocks confiscated, under the obscenity act. The defence pointed out that it had never been publicised as a pornographic record and that the offensive song was, in fact, the B-side — and it asked why WXYZ had been singled out, when 'Never Mind The Bollocks' and Derek & Clive's albums had been ignored, although this clearly meant nothing to the legal fraternity in deepest Bromley.

Commented label boss John Curd: "We feel the law got carried away over nothing, and we're appealing on a point of principle."

Pic: David Corio

You're either on the busk . . . or off to busk!

AMONGST THE flower power and the tarot cards, the hep cats and hippie hordes that throng Camden Lock on a Sunday afternoon, there is an island of reality — The Chevalier Brothers. Not for these boys the search for the mythical 'cheap bowling shirt' or the endless trudge from one emporium of junk to another. Nay — or in their case, Non! — for these masters of the matinee specialise in the noble art of busking.

The Chevalier Brothers' stock-in-trade is a type of mutant boogie woogie that weaves in and out of some very basic 'billy' doowop and roll. The set is usually about four or five titles long and incorporates such illustrious gems as 'Pink Panther' (dum-de-dum), 'Hi-Ho-Boogie' (Arthur Smith) and 'Co-Co Bean' (an old folksy number from Martinique).

If the strains of the boogie don't pull the crowds then the Brothers' appearance usually does. Marcel looks like the original Serge Clerc cartoon on his big Gibson semi-acoustic guitar, Lloyd the man on the best-looking tea-chest bass in town bowls the gals over with his bowler hat, and unarguably the best sax player in London is Luigi Muscle (Schwarzenegger beware!).

Marcel is the founder member and a Frenchie who really knows his music. He started off with a six-piece New Orleans jazz band in Paris and then graduated (?) to a four-piece punk band (Marcel assures me that it was not, repeat not, Plastic Bertrand). He then started to play zee boogie woogie . . . and from France to England where he hot steps it with his *frere* Luigi and Lloyd. Luigi reckons to play for pleasure alone, though it is no secret that he also blows hard with Bill Haley soundalikes Dynamite. Lloyd is a newcomer, replacing brother Maurice, who was famed amongst buskers for his legendary 'tiger skin' slap bass . . . but as bass players go (tea-chest at that) Lloyd is hard to beat!

There is plenty of cash in busking according to The Chevalier Brothers (who by chance also run a residency at Gaz's Rockin' Blues and other gigs) but basically it's all jolly good fun. The sweat, the sound, the sun — happy days at happy places. The rattle of loose change in the pocket . . . as Maurice would have said, "Thank 'eavens for leetle coins."

—DAVID DORRELL

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

FEARGAL SHARKEY

Portrait of an Undertone: Susanka Kocour

HATES
People who smoke fucking dope
Mike Hedges
Football
Belfast groups
Little men in green uniforms

LOVES
Silk Cut
Money
Sex
Policemen
Yaesu. St. 101. ZD.
My Ferrari Dino
Michael Bradley
Baps with cheese & onion crisps
Big guns
Flash clothes

TV
Tomorrow's World
Taxi
The Sky At Night
Non-Stop Pop
Lou Grant

FILMS
Midnight Cowboy (1969)
The Deer Hunter (1978)
Forbidden Planet (1956)
Life Of Brian (1979)
Midnight Express (1978)
Marathon Man (1976)
Richard Pryor Live (1979)
The Pawnbroker (1964)
The Trial (1963)
The Long Good Friday (1980)

NICE PEOPLE
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Phil Coulter
John Peel
Andy Pandy
Steve McQueen
The Sharkey Family

SONGS

Sin Of Pride	**Maureen Campbell**
Louie Louie	**Kingsmen**
Only You	**Yazoo**
Valentine's Treatment	**Wesley's**
Amelia	**Jim O'Neill**
Diamond Dogs	**David Bowie**
It Started With A Kiss	**Hot Chocolate**
Unrequited Hard On	**The Throbbers**
Long Before Romance	**D.O.O.B.S.**
So Here I Am	**UB40**

BOOKS

Confederacy Of Dunces	**John K Toole**
The Stand	**Stephen King**
Short Stories	**Liam O'Flaherty**
Antenna Handbook	**A.R.R.L.**
Ireland — A TV History	**Robert Key**
The Beastly Beatitudes Of Balthazar B	**J P Donleavy**
Practical Wireless	**Various**
Year Of The French	**Thomas Slanaghan**

Kicks kicks it

KICKS magazine has bitten the financial dust. The government company set up to get small businesses started — which provided *Kicks'* cash — refused an application for further loans in mid-August unless a full-time business manager was employed. No such person could be found at short notice. The cassettezine *SFX* recently went under in the same circumstances.

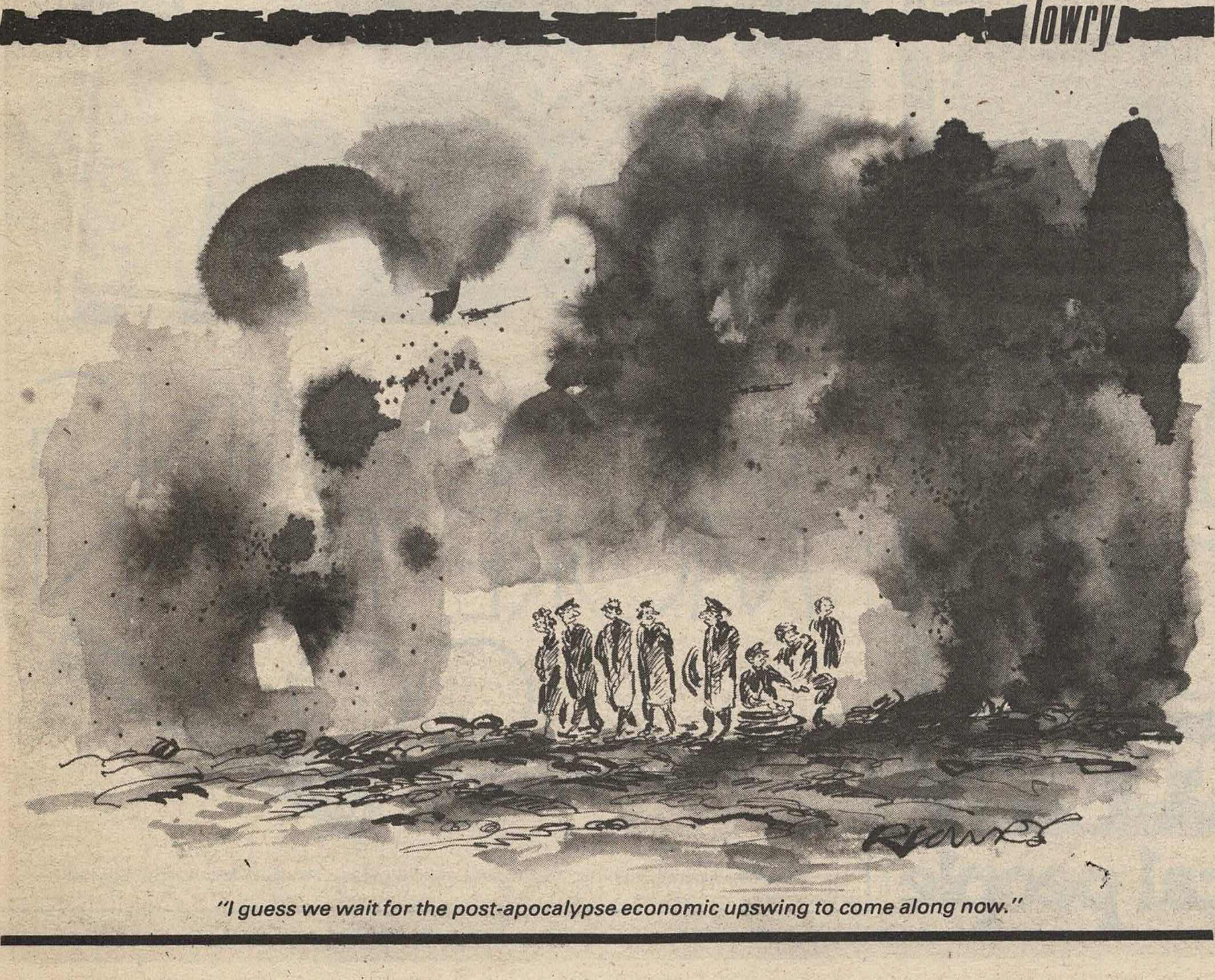
September's would have been the eleventh issue of *Kicks* which, in spite of numerous cash-flow and administration problems, had determinedly broken new and important ground in a market otherwise populated by patronising dross. Andy Dark, the paper's design editor cites the reticence of 'respectable' advertisers as a major problem. New publications always struggle in this respect, but the apparently controversial approach of *Kicks* to 'sensitive' subjects (particularly sexual problems and politics) frightened many advertisers off.

In view of their limited resources *Kicks'* circulation, which varied between 20,000 and 35,000, bears out the success of the *Kicks* approach — treating teens like intelligent human beings.

The assets of Teenage Kicks Ltd are now up for sale. Negotiations continue with a number of possible backers, and it's hoped that a new *Kicks,* perhaps smaller, cheaper, fortnightly, will eventually surface.

"We won't do it if the original style has to be watered down," says Andy Dark. "It's tragic really. We were getting better every month."

—DAVE HILL



"I guess we wait for the post-apocalypse economic upswing to come along now."

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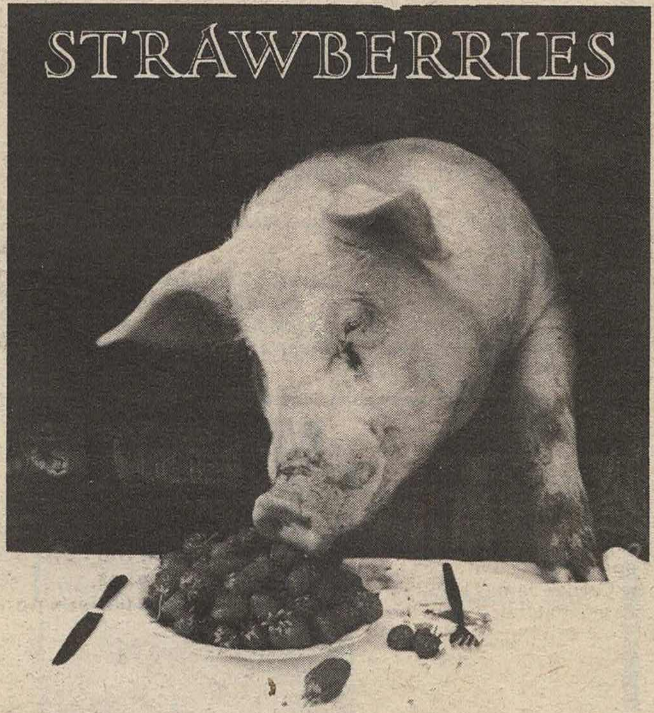

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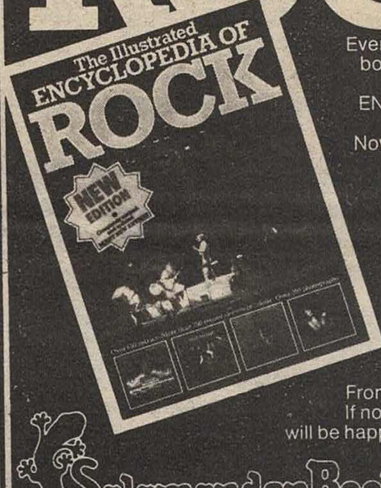

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JUST FANCY THAT!

An image emerged of the group — and particularly of its central figure, singer/writer/guitarist Green — which busily exploited the fact that they squatted in Camden Town, land of intellectual dropouts, and read more books than a decent pop group should.

Barney Hoskyns, NME, October '81

Scritti Politti is centred around a man called Green, who is famous for living in a Camden squat, reading more books than pop stars are supposed to.

Robin Denselow, Guardian, September '82

"Discovered at last," writes the Elephant of 5A, Canterbury U, who noted the strange resemblance of the paragraphs above: "a use for those festering back-copies of NME...rehash and recnstitute the articles one year later!"

A JOKE

Q: Who was the most boring person in the Hyborean Age?
A: Conan the Librarian.

NME, September 11.

London Standard, September 14.

Here at NME, we pay Danny Baker for his jokes. If Tom Johnston would like to contact our office, we'll tell him the going rate.

Next week in London, a unique event will finally join the cut-up school together: Burroughs meets Gristle meets Gysin meets Cabs meets...the Final Academy. CHRIS BOHN meets prime mover Genesis P-Orridge.

A LEAK INTO THE FUTURE

Genesis with Tibetan virgin's thigh bone. (Are we sure about this one?—Ed.)

AT LAST vital connections are about to be made. When the mixed-media event *The Final Academy* opens its short term in South London next week, it will mark an important meeting of like minds, spanning three decades and linking the pioneering spirits of William S Burroughs and Brion Gysin with their erstwhile pupils Psychic TV (formed from the remnants of Throbbing Gristle), Cabaret Voltaire, 2'ev, 23 Skidoo, Richard Neville, John Giorno and The Last Few Days.

Not only will it be a rare opportunity to hear Burroughs and Gysin read, it will also make clear the extraordinary influence they've exerted on the course of popular culture.

In many ways the academy couldn't have been better timed. While the massive industry surrounding Burroughs has obviously geared publication dates to tie in with his visit — c.f. Picador's *A William Burroughs Reader* and *Cities Of The Red Night* — there is perhaps more genuine enthusiasm and curiosity about the man than ever before, not the least because of his credit for supplying the title to the movie *Blade Runner* and his oft-publicised influence on Bowie. And for once his longtime friend and collaborator, the poet, painter, inventor Brion Gysin is about to receive overdue broader recognition for discovering the cut-up technique, which is the single unifying force behind *The Final Academy*.

The like minds mentioned earlier share the common ground of the so-called Third Mind — the one located at the intersection of the cut-up word at the point of which *the future leaks through*, or, less fancifully, where patterns of logic are short-circuited, thereby forcing a rethink. The cut-up was chanced upon in Paris by Gysin in 1959 when he accidentally sliced through some newspapers and noticed a poetic and political potency in the various permutations derived from the different juxtapositions of the surviving bits and pieces. Excited by the cut-ups' power to destroy lines of thought, his colleague Burroughs immediately applied it to the manuscript that became *The Naked Lunch* and has been ruthlessly using it ever since. His aim is to expose the insidious meanings of the messages transmitted by those in control, be they government bodies, the media, or religious cults such as scientology.

An excessive paranoid? Only if you consider paranoia to be the more perceptive view of reality. Systems of control have been Burroughs' longest lasting obsession, cut-ups his method of resistance, science fiction, savage genre parody, pornography, delirious theorising and mordant commentary his weapons. Some would argue he has over-exposed himself. Even Gysin has his moments of doubt.

In the excellent series of interviews with Gysin, carried out by Terry Wilson in *Here To Go: Planet R–101* (published by California Re/Search), he comments:

"William followed by running the cut-ups into the ground, literally. He has a gimlet type mind and enormous powers of concentration. When he concentrates on something he burns a hole in it, like someone concentrating the beam of light through a magnifying glass. He is corrosive. He pushed cut-ups so far with variations of his own that he produced texts which were sickeningly painful to read, even to him, mind you."

But, as another valuable *Re/Search* publication — number 4/5 — clarifies by implication, Burroughs' and Gysin's importance is the way their legacy has been taken up by successive generations and evolved through new technologies to ensure their continuing relevance. As if in anticipation of *The Final Academy, Re/Search 4/5,* cross-refers articles and interviews with Gysin, Burroughs and Throbbing Gristle, arguably the most ardent advocates of the venerable duo's methods.

The TG splinter Psychic TV — ie Genesis P-Orridge and Sleazy — formulated the idea for *The Final Academy*, which was subsequently taken up and organised with the help of performance artist Roger Ely and B2 Art Gallery owner Dave Dawson. The motivation behind the academy is, says Genesis, to loudly assert that the Beats' "theories about the world have not gone away. They are not irrelevant . . . In that sense *The Final Academy* is a rally to remind people that this is a very long movement that has gone on for years. It will mutate and change with the times and equipment available.

"For instance," he elaborates, "William, Brion and the poet John Giorno used writing because in their day

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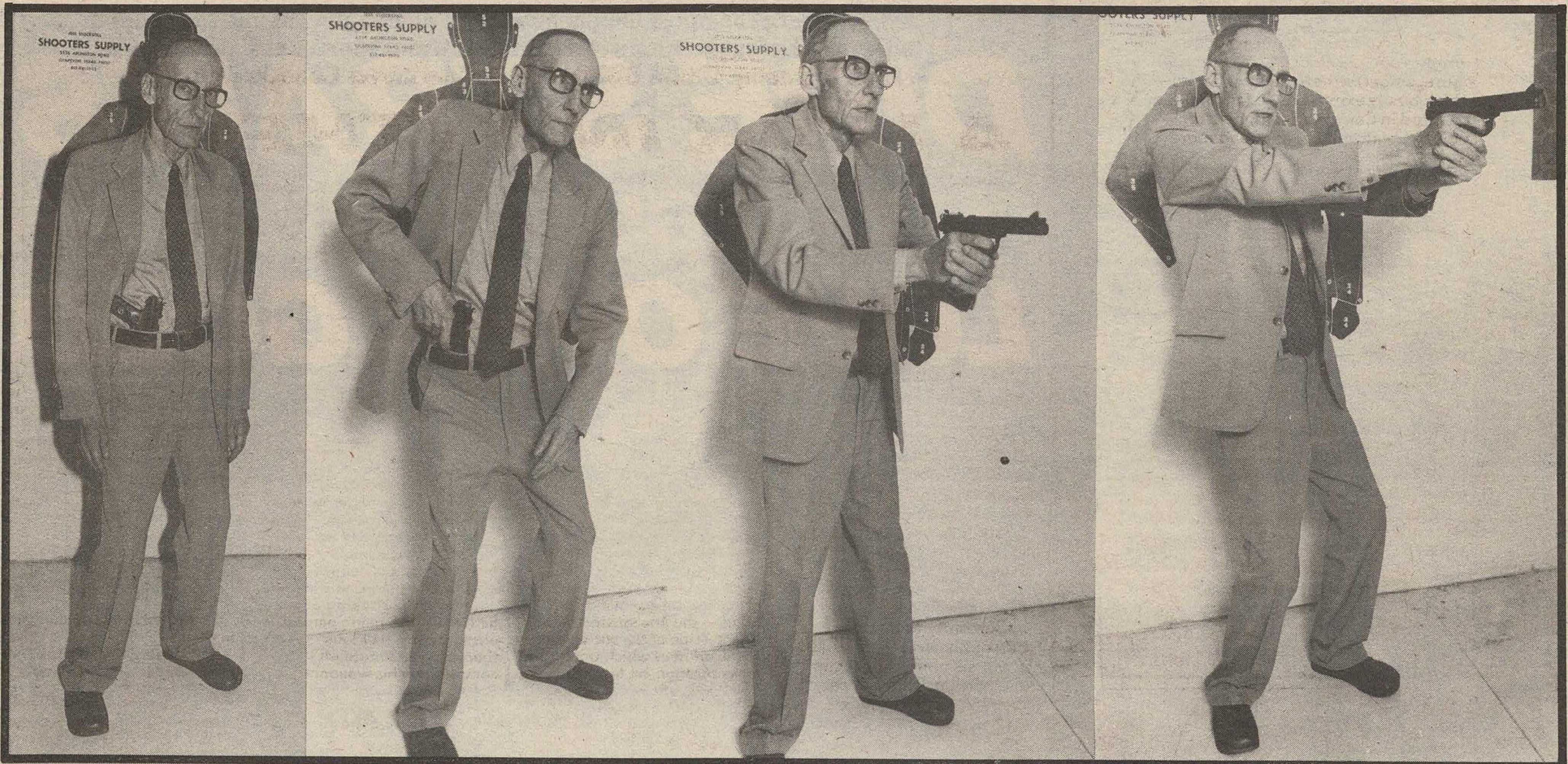

Cutting up rough…William Burroughs, the world's least paranoid man, faces his critics. Pictures: Kate Simon

writing was the most vital, living form for propaganda. Then they got hold of tape recorders and made films with (the late) Anthony Balch, always trying to reapply what they'd discovered through writing to other media. Now you've got groups like Cabaret Voltaire, 23 Skidoo, The Last Few Days and Psychic TV who have followed through and used tape, cut-ups, random chats and sound exactly in the way they've read or at least been inspired in Burroughs' and Gysin's books. They've put it, though, into popular culture, ie music, which happens at the moment to be the most vital form."

Now sporting a Tibetan style shaven head and pigtail, Genesis is talking from his home in East London. His front room is dominated by TVs and monitors. A mass of toy skulls occupy the shelves alongside tapes, videos and books; a massive TG logo is painted above the fireplace. His eyes are as deep-set as his obsessions. His obsessions are to some extent shared by the other participants in *The Final Academy:* control and de-control, re-evaluation and recognition. (He also shares Burroughs' fondness for a lurid, semi-comic but ultimately serious S.F. vocabulary and vernacular).

"I think most people at *The Final Academy* see the fact of control as an all-enveloping process basically dedicated to minimising the potential and satisfaction in life of most individuals, thus making it easier to control them. Once you've recognized that you've made a huge step forward. At least you know exactly what the situation is you're living in. Some people would consider that depressing, but I don't think so at all. I think it's very optimistic because once you've come to terms with the fact, you can decide what to do, which might be a very small thing, but at least you know what and why, which is an incredible step."

But just who is Control and why is it bothering you and me? Control, in the WSB mythology of things, is a nefarious, ill-defined body all the more impossible to spot because the organs of Control now control the controllers, so to speak.

"It's got to that strange stage now where Control exists separate of anyone," explains Genesis. "I don't think anyone controls Control anymore. I think that is what is so horrible. You can't pick the enemy off because nobody knows where it is. It has become self-perpetuating, a force in itself. So you must go right back to square one, which is: the first and most important thing an individual can do is to become an individual again,

■ *Continues over*

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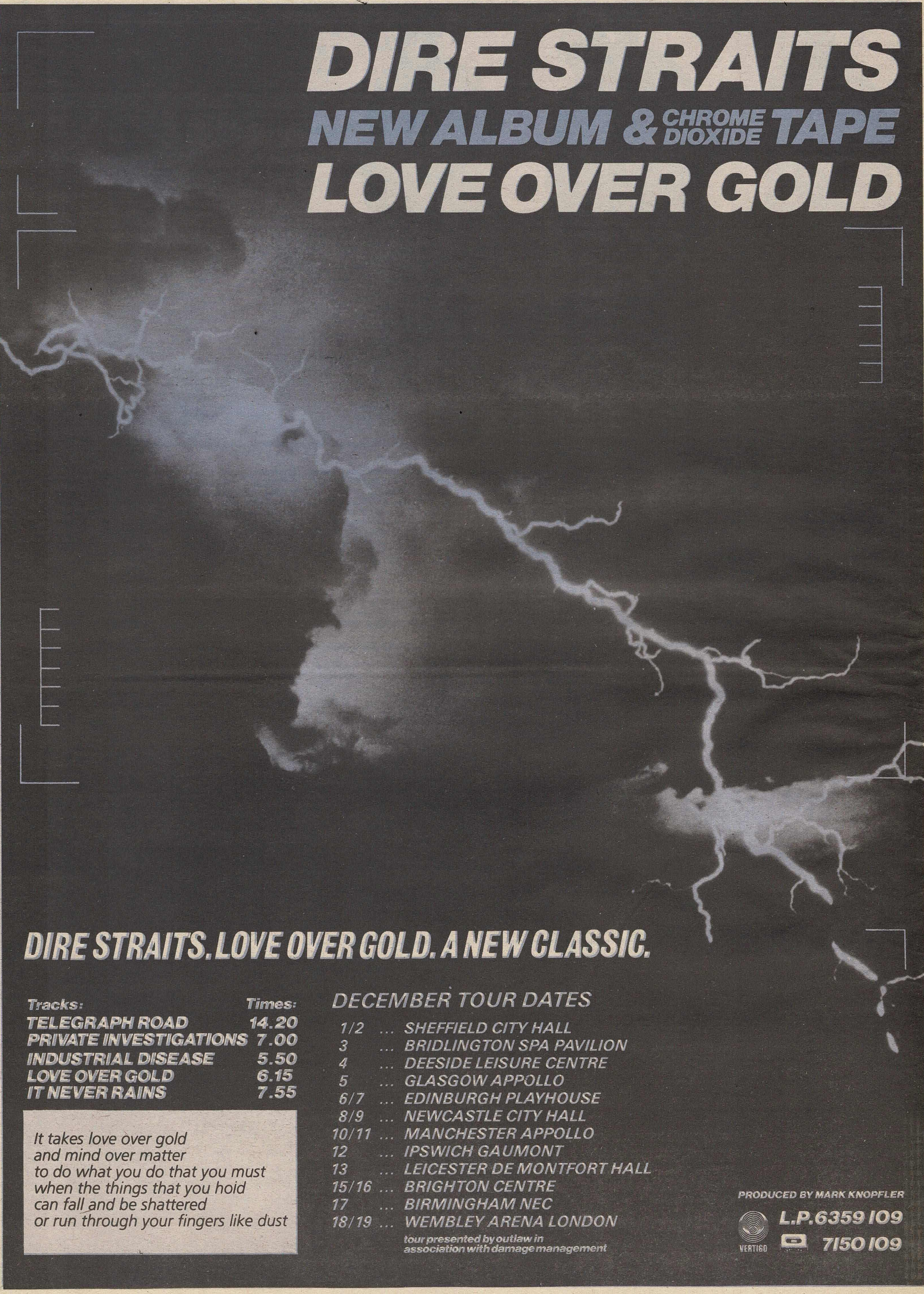

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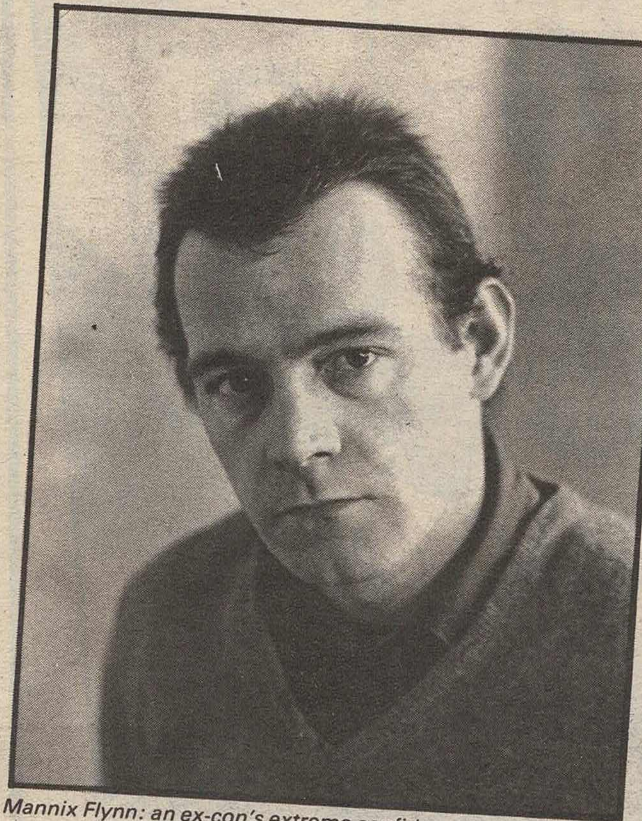
REGINE MOYLETT investigates the many facets of Mannix Flynn — actor, playwright, comic, singer and all-round schizophrenic



Mannix Flynn: an ex-con's extreme confidence. Pic: Nigel Coke

Waking up the fair city

WHAT HAVE an author, an actor, a playwright, an ex-con, a vocalist, a comic and a dad all got in common? Answer: they're all Mannix Flynn, or rather, he's all of them.

Mannix Flynn is one of the six writers involved in the Paines Plough Theatre production *Breach Of The Peace* featuring Richard Jobson — which is touring Britain for the next few months. He is also appearing in Sheffield's Crucible Theatre as Bottom in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* starting October 7, as well as on BBC TV in David Rudkin's *Across The Water* sometime during December. But there's more . . .

Mannix Flynn, a 25-year-old Dubliner, started his adult life at the tender age of eight with his first visit to reform school, Flynn remembers it as a horrible place in the wilds of Connemara run by a religious order — the Christian brothers — who, he sneers, are "made up of homosexuals, perverts, dirtbugs and generally anyone who fancies themselves in a collar".

After the initial bout of institution life, a string of convictions for minor offences followed, until the big one hit in 1973 — at 15 years old, Mannix was accused and convicted of arson. A big department store in Dublin had been burnt down — estimated damage £4.5m — and Mannix took the rap, if you'll pardon the expression, and did four years for a crime he claims he did not commit.

"I was in the wrong place at the wrong time. I walked round the corner, saw the fire, and smack into the same cop who'd caught me two years before throwing a brick through Dockrell's window. So it was come along with me, son."

Four years in Mountjoy Prison and a short spell in the Central Mental Hospital later, and Mannix got out not knowing whether he'd done it or not — "what I mean is, you're the big man inside, *everyone* is innocent, and when you say 'I didn't do it' they think 'Ah, he's keeping quiet about it' and that convinces them even more.

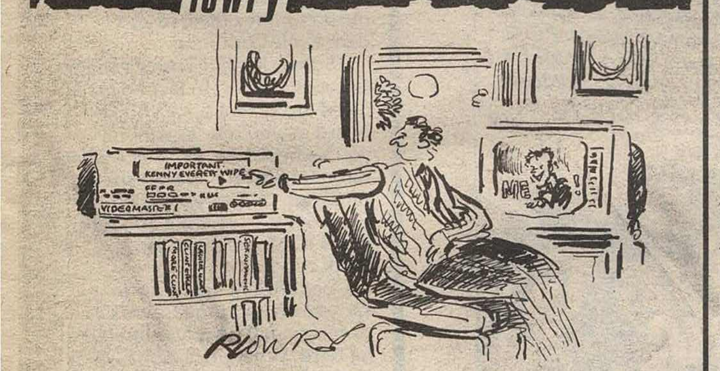
"If I'd gone around saying 'Yeah, I did Dockrells', they'd have probably thought, 'who does this ol' bollox think he is?' They don't know you for who you are — they know you for what you've done. I could have been Lady Di, but they'd still have known me as 'yer man who did Dockrells'."

While in Mountjoy he started writing, and shortly after his release he presented his first play *The Liberty Suit* as part of the Sense of Ireland festival at the Royal Court Theatre. He has gone on from there, writing and acting in theatre, TV plays and movies both in Europe and America. He also does a stand-up performance whenever there's a stage free for 20 minutes, assaulting your senses with a barrage of scathing one-liners, impressions and stories.

If that's not enough, Mannix has recently committed his vocal talents to vinyl, featuring on The Corporation's debut single 'Dub Rap', due for release in Ireland during October. An excellent track which sheds light on living in Dublin's fair city, 'Dub Rap' tells you in desperate terms that *"Dublin is no wonder/Land of saints and scholars / That's just what you're told / That's just what you're told / I want to wake up/This city that always sleeps / A place that has no future / Just a past that always repeats."*

Also coming out soon is Mannix's autobiographical novel *Nothing To Say,* published by Ward River Press. It tells the fantasies and imaginings of a young boy in reform school — and having seen a chapter or two, I can assure you that it promises to be in line with the usual high standard of his work.

If you're wondering how so much can be done by one person, well Mannix works all the time. Catch up with him for a drink in some club on his way to a TV/radio/stage appearance and he'll chat to you. Halfway through a sentence he'll probably whip a piece of paper from his pocket with half a novel and a few scenes from his latest play on it, hop up on the stage, a quick 15 minutes of kicking your emotions round the room — shock, laughter, horror, laughter, back down the table, finish the drink — and he's gone. Only later do you realize that the pretentious idiot-at-a-party he portrayed on stage was who you were last night!



F. ACADEMY

■ *From page 7*

decontrol himself, train himself as to what is going on and win back as much independent ground for himself as possible."

The Final Academy is intended as an index of such possibilities, of ways of escape, deliberately timed to do battle with the trend towards escapism.

"Everything has sagged into inactivity," complains Genesis. "The entertainment business has become an Entertainment Business again in capital letters. Groups are all product and image again. Fun and dance and trivialisation are mooted as gods, almost. Anyone who tries to be any way serious or thoughtful is ridiculed.

"We thought it was good point to reaffirm what the previous era was really all about, that what was eventually painted as gloomy and pessimistic was in fact realistic, and thus optimistic by motivation. Recognition of reality is incredibly healthy, not pessimistic, because it is the first step to optimism."

The tone of *The Final Academy* will be one of celebration; a multi-media event bringing together literature, music, film, performance and art. It will also mark the first public manifestation of Psychic TV.

"It will only be a tiny fragment of what we're doing," remarks Genesis, "a sample of what is to come, not a full-scale Psychic TV event. But it will involve video projection, as our development of Burroughs' and Gysin's theories has brought us to the most powerful medium of TV. The enemy hasn't gone away. It's not just the word anymore, but the word combined with the video image, which is even more potent. And once you recognize the enemy we feel you have a bounden duty to attack it at its roots — that is, how and where it operates.

"The Final Academy," concludes Genesis, "is an apocalyptic term. It is the place where knowledge and anti-knowledge are going to war."

You can check out who wins at the Brixton Little Bit Ritzy between September 29 and October 2, and later in Manchester and Liverpool. There will be an exhibition of Gysin paintings, photographs and attendant documentation at the B2 Gallery, Wapping.

The Final Academy Primers:
☐ Brion Gysin/Terry Wilson: *Here To Go: Planet R–101* (Re/Search);
☐ *Re/Search* issue 4/5 featuring Burroughs, Gysin and Throbbing Gristle (both available from Compendium, Camden Town, or Re/Search, 20 Romolo B, San Francisco, CA 94133).
☐ *A William Burroughs Reader (Picador);*
☐ *Throbbing Gristle Five Albums Box Set (Fetish).*

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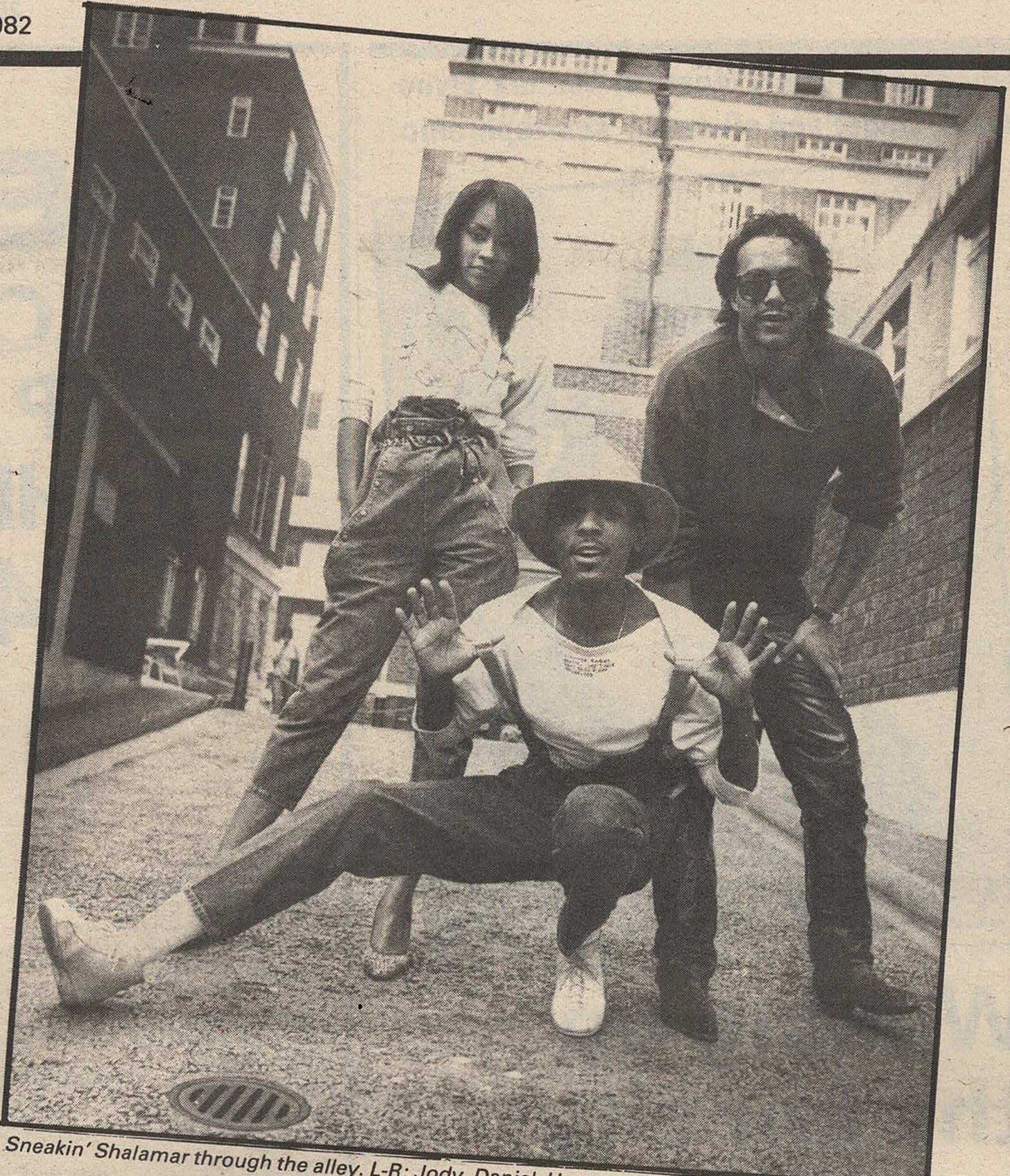
DIRE STRAITS. LOVE OVER GOLD. A NEW CLASSIC.

Shalamar — body pop or mindless soul power? GRAHAM K SMITH experiences the all-American interview scenario

THE NOT SO RADICAL DANCE FACTION


Sneakin' Shalamar through the alley. L-R: Jody, Daniel, Howard. Pic: Clare Muller.

MUCH AS WE may want to lay the ghost of disco to final rest, to shed the lingering memories of banal cotton-wool autodance in favour of a music both intellectually provocative and irresistibly rhythmic, there's always something there to remind us of the sheer gorgeous appeal of brainless gloss.

Not that I'd describe Shalamar as being tuppence short of a shilling in any respect — it's just that their singleminded pursuit of chart success remains uncluttered by constraints of ideological correctness or political consideration.

Despite aggressive positive discrimination in favour of a more 'enlightened' cerebral agility to match the footwork, most pretenders to the crown of golden sales have either tasted the bitter dust of defeat or the false sweetness of compromise. ABC, formerly the shock troops of the 'radical dance', capitulated without a second thought to enjoy what has now become a very hollow victory — while the surprise charting of Flash's gigantic 'Message' (the exception that reiterates the rule) merely highlights the impotence of Britain's Red funksters.

And as if to mock the politicos' fumbling rhetoric, Shalamar breeze effortlessly, time and time again, into the charts.

Shalamar, to you and me and the funsters down the local record emporium come Saturday morning, are Jeffrey Daniel (the one seen distorting his rubbery frame on *TOTP)*, Howard Hewett (macho foil to Jeffrey's effete artistry) and sylph-like beauty Jody Watley. Though in fact, like in a thousand and one similar pop rags-to-riches stories, Shalamar is the vehicle of producer Leon Sylvers and Sound Of Los Angeles Records. Our three spotless icons are a simple public face, an image with which we can associate those insidious hit tunes culminating in today's 'There It Is'.

Jeffrey, Howard and Jody are everything you'd expect homogenised American pop product to be — painfully polite, immaculately professional emissaries, spreading the ruthlessly refined word of Shalamarism. We chat, spar, joke. I question and the answers flow back like a gelatinous palliative — the talk is of albums, tours, hit formulas, the Very Wonderful Leon Sylvers, "what the people want".

A little niggly probing about something as innocuous as possible musical diversity frightens the creature back into its shell. Shalamar ums and ers, stresses how it's got to feel right, how it all depends, how Mr Sylvers records the backing tracks, and how although you've got to progress you can't beat a winning formula — and I only asked if they'd maybe funk it up a little more.

They all agree that a more intensive involvement in the workings of Shalamardom is on the way — in songwriting, in playing, in arranging, even in production — of course that involvement will commence with the *next* album (yup, it's all gonna happen on the next album!).

Famous names fly about the room now Shalamar's chart success has edged beyond the first nervous scratchings of one-hit wonderbums — Stevie Wonder, Quincy Jones, Paul McCartney and Stanley Clarke all get namechecked as possible additions to future Shalamarations, but Jeffrey's quick to point out that "we won't say anything too premature just yet" — attaboy, Jeff, stick your neck out!

It's always a pity to have to meet the perpetrators of such transient subliminal pop as Shalamar's. If my initial reaction to their recent outpourings was of haughty dismissal in the hope that something 'worthwhile' was poised to take its place, an ultimate submission to their subtle melodic assaults was unavoidable. The corporate manufacturing organisation, beavering away behind the dazzling two dimensions of Jeffrey, Howard and Jody, has succeeded admirably in its formularisation of sound and product quality control.

Interviewing the visible orifice of such an organisation really is irrelevant — surely seamless conceptualisation such as this should outmode such trivial and wasteful contact.

Buy Shalamar's album (I'd recommend it to anyone), watch Jeffrey on *TOTP* — that's all you need to know.

If Shalamar were communists they'd be the perfect group.

SINGLES

EXTRA

REVIEWED BY DANNY BAKER

ORCHESTRA MAKASSY: Mambo Bad (Virgin)

(We fade up on a steamy section of jungle. Through the trunks and vines comes Richard Cookenborough hacking his way all the while. Behind him follow several native bearers; they hold the ends of long poles from which hang the lifeless bodies of long dead double basses, kettle drums, saxophones. Bringing up the rear is the loping long-necked Anton Corbijnjnjn — a large-eared Dutch creature that frequently migrates in search of fresh expenses.

Cookenborough to camera: Here, amidst the lush underfoot mosses and overhead trees that almost blot out the sun's rays, thrives one of the most amazing sounds in the world. *(FX: Cash register ringing.)* We've come here in search of perhaps this Earth's most common, and yet least understood species. It is the Great Freetrip or *coverstory preposterous.*

Over the next few weeks I shall be meeting with Africa's greatest musicians. Trying to get to the heart of this bea(s)t, grapple with its culture, and try hopefully to understand some of this delightful dance that we ignorant filthy peasants of Babylon have gone out of our way to spit upon this last nine centuries. I have with me Thoma Exploited, second trombone with Untamed Racket. Thomas, how would you sum up this freewheeling joyful ecstacy that we dumb ignorant filthy western swine have patronisingly labelled Music From Africa?

Thomas: Dunno really, You got your music we got ours, that's all.

Cookenborough: Oh God yes. How wise. And May I personally apologise for everything done in the name of *(spits)* Great Britain.

Thoma: Oh sure. Hey is that right they sold Keegan to Newcastle?

Cookenborough: Furthermore may I assure you on behalf of Graham Lock Enterprises that in no way shall I attempt to present your particular music as typical of this most complex diverse and danceable continent.

Thoma: Really? That's a shame because we are. In fact I'd go as far as to say that once you've heard us you may as well say you've heard Africa. That's what our name means in English: An Amalgam Of Everything Africa Has To Offer. There's no more, that's it. All the other groups think so too.

Cookenborough, now in sack-cloth and ashes, turns to camera: I fell deeply humbled to be here. What price Abba when one is faced with such an untapped musical vein?

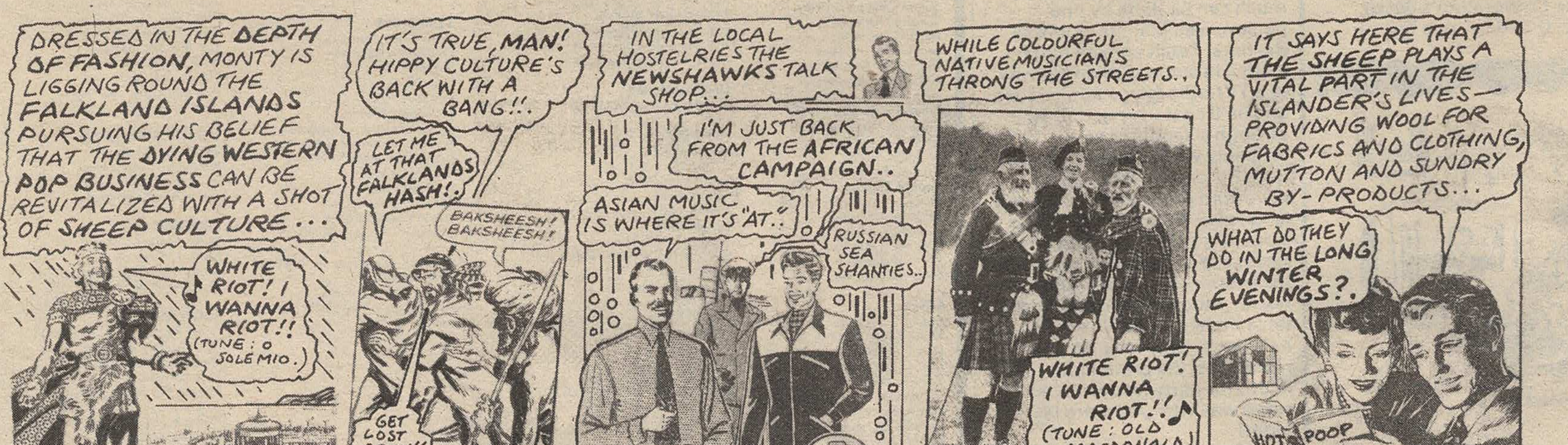
Thoma: Hey do I get anything for doing this? It's not for me you understand but the kids are busting my chops over this ABC album and I halfway promised 'em it.

Cookenborough: This is Richard Cookenborough, knee deep in hotel receipts, in most amazing Africa.

(We fade out as Richard Branson comes on set to enquire if anyone knows who won the Abu Dhabi . . .)

On safari L-R: Branson, Cookenborough, and Livingstone 'Jah' Spencer. Pic: Anton Corbijnjnjn.

not only rock and roll — lowry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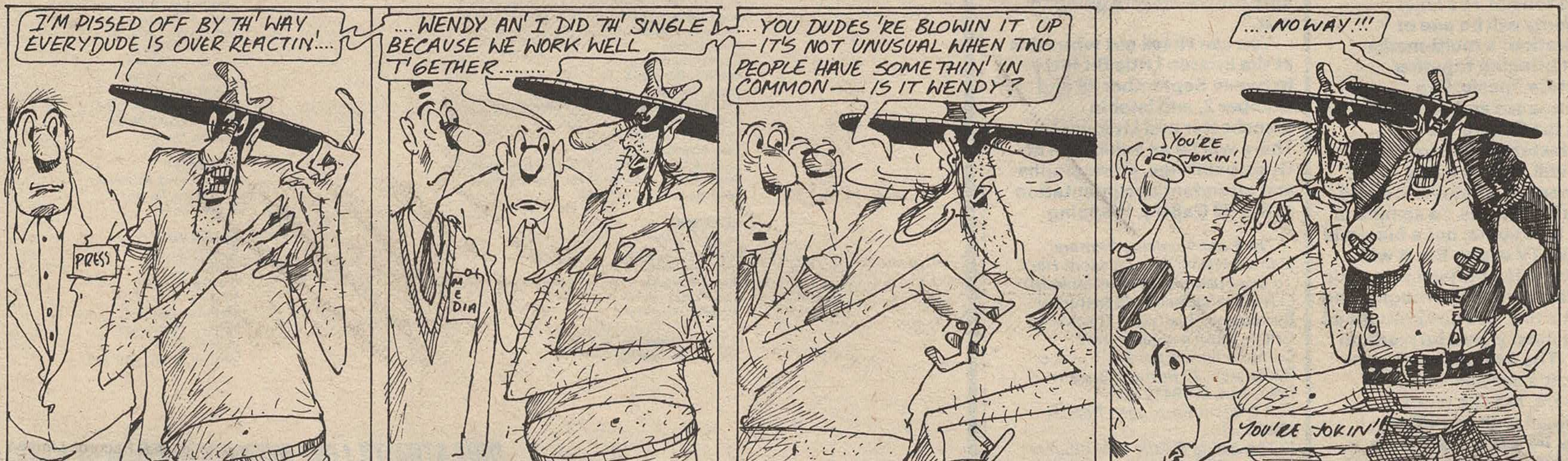
I'M JUST BACK FROM THE AFRICAN CAMPAIGN..
ASIAN MUSIC IS WHERE IT'S "AT".
RUSSIAN SEA SHANTIES..
WHILE COLOURFUL NATIVE MUSICIANS THRONG THE STREETS..
WHITE RIOT! I WANNA RIOT!! (TUNE: OLD MACDONALD)
IT SAYS HERE THAT THE SHEEP PLAYS A VITAL PART IN THE ISLANDER'S LIVES— PROVIDING WOOL FOR FABRICS AND CLOTHING, MUTTON AND SUNDRY BY-PRODUCTS...
WHAT DO THEY DO IN THE LONG WINTER EVENINGS?.
HOT POOP

Next week: The economy collapses, riots in the streets, leading politicians assassinated. We talk to a Falkland islander about passing the long winter evenings with a sheep and wellington boots.

the lone groover — benyon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....WENDY AN' I DID TH' SINGLE BECAUSE WE WORK WELL T'GETHER.........
MEDIA
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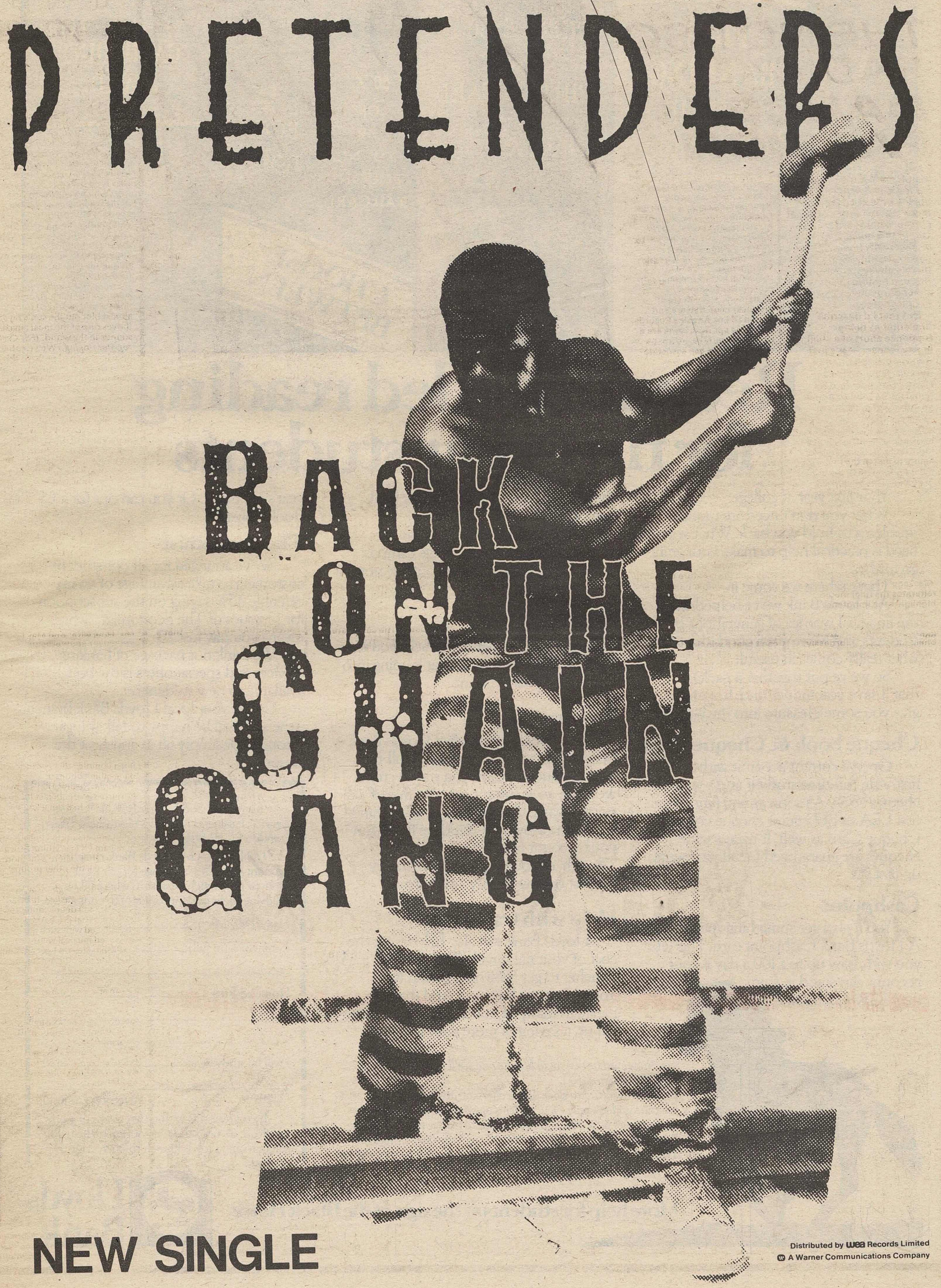
....NO WAY!!!
YOU'RE JOKIN'!
YOU'RE JOKIN'!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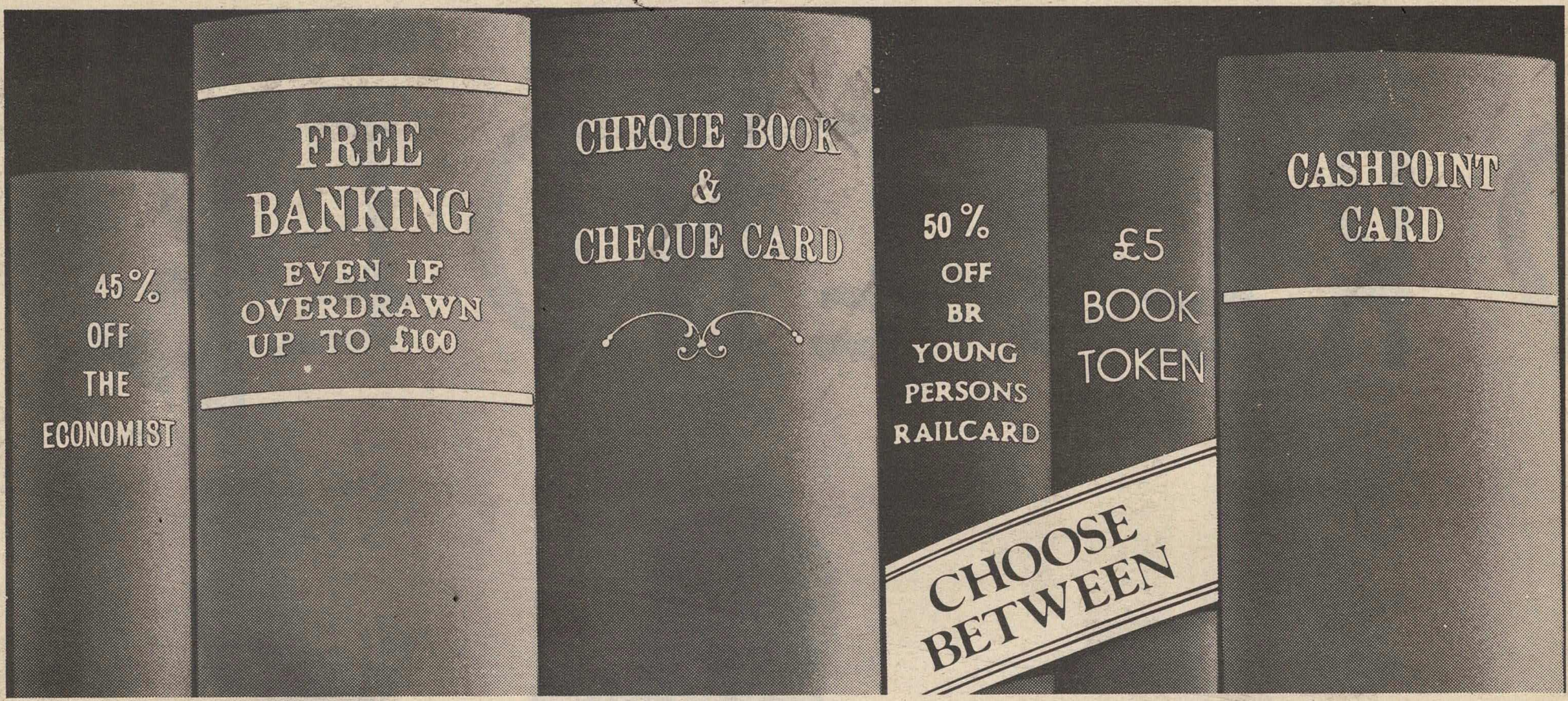
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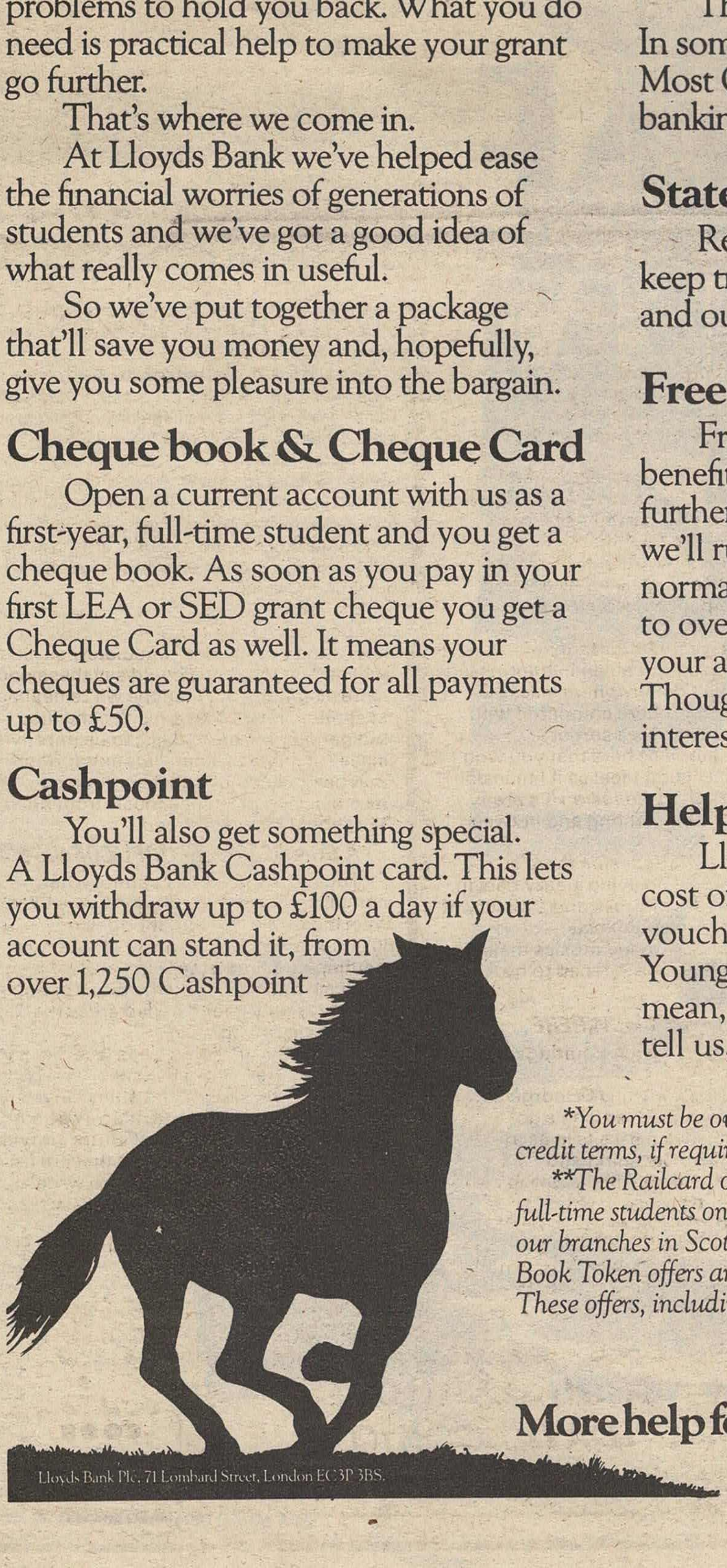
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IT'S... EVERYWHEREMAN

You name it, Beresford had done it. He'd played bass, played piano, played trumpet . . . he'd composed music, improvised music, organised music, he'd written about the damn stuff . . . he'd jammed with jazzers, he'd rapped with rockers, he'd even appeared on Top Of The Pops . . . What with his own magazine and plans for a video, it seemed Beresford had done just about everything a dedicated young musician could do.

And yet, one thing always puzzled Steve Beresford. How come nobody had ever heard of him?

WHO?

WHO IS Beresford? Pianist, guerilla improviser, trumpeter, archivist, Slits svengali, bassist, fuming critic, scourge of purists, doyen of risk-takers . . . enough!

Work in progress for Steve Beresford is a long-term thing. Beresford's got a cellarful of playthings, an A-Z of avenues, a blocked diary of possible engagements.

Musics from Han Bennink to Joseph Szigeti fascinate him; he has performed in grounds from The Slits to Alterations. He co-edits the magazine *Collusion,* makes occasional records, gives bass lessons and somehow finds time to attend any gig in London outside your normal order, be it a Chinese folk orchestra or Sun Ra in concert: Beresford's ascetic, rubbery figure, unsmiling and attentive, can usually be glimpsed somewhere.

He loves to collect records, is a self-confessed print junkie, and is — alongside David Toop, Mark Springer, Derek Bailey, Evan Parker and Paul Rutherford — among the small number of British players whose share of attention lags behind their significance to the point where the spirit threatens to dry up into self-indulgence.

Far from breaking through by sheer persistence, improvisers have tended to stiffen their resolve almost by glorying in their neglect — and their music has grown so introspective it can seem almost impossible to crack into.

But Beresford has no patience with an 'improvising movement' — he won't be seen merely as a participant in those cloisters, a circuit of London Musicians Collective ceremonies and hushed deference to theory and conception. Beresford's energy, tyrannical though it can be in its determination to ignore rules and cheap euphoria, is founded on *enthusiasm* and the exorcism of the snobbery that's long tainted improvised music. He loves good disco as much as good heterophony.

ON CAPTURING THE SOUND OF MYSTERY

Steve has had two LPs recently released: 'The Bath Of Surprise', a scrapbook of solo performances, and the quartet improvisation 'Imitation Of Life'.

"I'd wanted to make a solo record for about 10 years and it got collated along the way. All improvised music records are to some extent pieces of music sellotaped together and I'm interested in seeing the joins."

What criteria went into the selection?

"Whether David (Cunningham, producer) liked it or not. Mostly common sense, showing the noise facet, the minimalist, tune, piano, junk music . . . but at the same time I'd prefer to make an album which doesn't make sense in the way that most do.

"There's an element in recording improvised music that's similar to recording wildlife — you don't know what'll happen next. 'Imitation Of Life' isn't very well recorded but that I see as a very strong performance. It contains, almost organically, all the things about improvised music that purists hate — it's got a bass guitar, people singing and moving about, people playing the same notes. It's impossible to record Tristan (Honsinger, the demonic, never still cellist) properly anyway.

"There's a great ideology of improvised music — that it shouldn't have any rhythms or organised pitches — and 'Imitation' manages to go against all that, but in a logical way that I like. There's something self-regulating about it, like an old steam train. Everyone can do something that's quite excessive but which makes sense. It's a good conjuction of personalities."

Don't you lose the immediacy of an improvisation when you put it on a record?

"Nobody ever says what's the point of recording opera. All musical experiences are theatrical — all of it was written to be performed. The theory that a work is a constant is only very recent. It only grew up with records.

"Of course, I can play 'Good Vibrations' and love each subtlety, every time I hear it. But there's a million ways of making a record. You do things in a specific way if they're being recorded. You start using the microphone and doing certain things which might not make sense performance-wise but do when you hear them back.

"I like the mystery of something just happening in a performance. On a record called 'Live At The Apollo' there's a couple of tracks by The Coasters — they're obviously comedy tracks and you haven't any idea of what's going on, there's all this laughing — they have their own magic *because* you don't know what's going on. And there's things that can happen in improvised performance that sound extremely mysterious on record.

"That makes up in a way for the other mysteries we're denied — access to high technology and media myth-building."

How do you feel about the insularity of improvised music?

"If there was a *scene* I suppose it would be insular. If it's a scene it's one in which people don't talk to each other. It didn't used to be like that. There was some negotiation going on. But people gave up, they got bored, drifted away from the centre . . . they realised that whatever you said people weren't going to listen.

"I still think it's a very important field, that there's lots of things you can do in improvised music that you can't do anywhere else. But there's so little support here compared with the rest of Europe. There's a sort of sectarianism about music here that you won't find anywhere else. I don't feel as if I'm inside any scene. If you look at *Collusion* it's pretty clear that we're floating among and between things."

In the latest issue of *Collusion* there's writing on women DJs, playing sleazy bars in America, the cult of death-rock and a history of total noise, among other subjects.

"Obviously there are many musics that have been and only ever will be listened to by a handful of people."

MUSIC FROM NOWHERE

Do you ever feel as if you're putting on an audience?

"It's funny . . . I was talking to George Lewis (the American trombonist) and he's got a computer that improvises. It sits in as a member of the group, listening and responding to what people in the group are playing. I said, what happens when you *pretend* to respond and you're going against yourself? That occurs in life too. If you feel a quality of banality could be injected which you might not like but you feel is appropriate. There's put-ons going on the whole time — guitarists in rock, especially heavy metal, do put-on solos. Yet eventually there's a point where it actually works."

What of the performance art joke? It's seemed to me that some of, say, the newer American improvisers like John Zorn are veering dangerously toward that level.

"I *hate* performance art jokes. I see what you mean and appreciate that, but I think John is intensely serious in his playing. It could be in the presentation rather than the music — in treating the audience as human beings and acknowledging their existence, instead of their being a blank wall.

"The other side of it is I've known people who've just walked into a gig without any knowledge at all and immediately sussed out what's going on. You could say these people were exceptions but maybe we're dealing with exceptional music anyway. It's the first indigenous Western music to be improvised since God knows when. It *is* extraordinary and maybe we're demoting it sometimes . . . to improvise and produce music from nowhere. That should be *celebrated.*"

A CONTINUOUS SUPPLY OF HISTORY

"You have to be really careful when you start talking about popularity. Every LP the West Indian singer Tim Shondell makes sells 80,000 copies in this country — he's never mentioned. There are selling areas which aren't acknowledged by the press or anybody and equally very over-hyped areas that do commercially much less.

"Obviously 'our' music has less resonance than maybe The Rolling Stones, who get enormous advertising and attention every time they put a record out. It's an ongoing thing to keep them up there. But improvised music has resonance in areas that are far more convert. It's a very hard music to write about."

What about your relationship with pop music?

"All the groups I've played with have been a bit exceptional in terms of how they work. What excited me about The Slits was that a sort of negotiation went on that very rarely

■ *Continues over*

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EVERYWHEREMAN

■ *From previous page*

happens in pop music. When you start using very heavy amplification there's an immediate problem with just hearing the other musicians — with The Slits you could hear almost everything that went on and there was some semi-improvisation. The other good thing was nobody said that you could *only* play in this group, which was the usual trouble I had with pop groups."

Technique?

"A very vexed subject. I think you have to use what you've got. A lot of people who trained (like me) as classical players just turned their back on all of it, dumping their own history. The usual thing then is to steal someone else's history — and it's usually American black music. Even if you learned something under duress that's still important to your development. Piano has a very important place for me. At the same time I could do things which might be very untechnical but which could be in the tradition of Jerry Lee Lewis or whoever. It's usually boring just watching someone playing piano . . . except there's something mesmerising about someone doing something incredibly well, if it's sawing a piece of wood or playing an instrument.

"Yeah, I practice. That doesn't stop you playing with the backs of your hands. The contrast between something very articulate and something very inarticulate is interesting. It's pro-music rather than anti-technique.

"Incidental noises, things that happen when people aren't concentrating, or accidentally, or when they're inhibited from playing . . . that's what excited me about Paul Lytton when I saw him play. He'd be sitting there with five drumsticks trying to do six things at once — he couldn't do it but what came out was the sound of someone *trying* to do it."

Concept over form? Living out a particular attitude or technique at the expense of listenability?

"Mmm. The problem is that some of that music is some of the best music made — like, I think Derek Bailey is basically interested in the way to do something. Anyway, problems like this are present in all forms of music. It's just that nobody says it about the other kinds."

ELITISM AND SINCERITY

"The Peter Brotzmann group that's toured Germany for years, playing places where you'd find a lot of people drinking a lot of schnapps — the music would start off very loud and finish up incredibly loud. I love it, but its — um — limited sensitivity was perhaps due to the venues. I'm constantly bemused by how audiences react. My last trip round Europe people were screaming and shouting for more in one place, absolute zombies the next."

In England, probably. What's the worst reaction he's ever had?

"All the examples I can think of . . . oh, there was a fight once, in Brussels. There's an art gallery at the venue too and people walk across the performance space to get to the coffee bar. I taped off a small area around the piano and halfway through the exhibition organiser rushed in and tore down the tape. Then he was attacked by a member of the audience and it turned into a fight. And we kept on playing. Then I moved these concrete ashtrays there instead.

"I don't think music causes riots. You can play endless junk and feedback and the audience will just take it. There's a level of ambiguity — I'm always working towards clarity. Most things are clear in themselves but the relationships between them aren't clear. That's what makes 'Imitation Of Life' so good, it's so deeply collective and such a clear product of four minds."

Why did you start *Collusion*?

"Main reasons — there's good writers who don't have a place for their material; there's fantastically exciting music that isn't mentioned enough; it's to reassess history, present the simultaneity of all these musics in the world and show they're all valid and not subject to a hierarchy of importance; to expose some cultural and economic rip-offs. And because it's fun. I like making magazines.

"We've already overcome insularity. There's a point where insularity is as much a commodity as elitism and sincerity. I mean, people always turn up at my gigs wearing Throbbing Gristle badges!"

Can you make a decent living out of what you do?

"Not this year I can't. I do some teaching, which I really enjoy, teaching bass guitar. But everyone I know is the same. Bad news, money-wise.

"You just go up and down. Sometimes you're more visible than others."

Next: an instrumental duo record with David Cunningham; a dance music group with Jamie Muir and David Toop; a video with knockabout post-structuralist pierrots The Promenaders.

"Objects are unobservable. Only relationships among objects are observable."
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. . . WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD

WHEN DAVE Barbarossa and Matthew Ashman share a smile, they look about as benign as two basking crocodiles.

"What can we give her that's really good for her interview, Matthew?"

It helps if you harbour a healthy admiration for their music, for after the first ten minutes of sledgehammer innuendo that makes the average twelve-year-old schoolboy sound suave in comparison, enthusiasm for the interview starts to fade away fast.

"We're hoping to get Mike Chapman to produce our next LP. And . . . shall I?"

I persevere partly because I've been in love with their glorious sunburst sound since those early colourful cassettes. I'm also interested in the balance between a group of some of the most creative and innovative musicians working within the confines of pop and the manipulations of a subtle visionary whose ideas were only slightly ahead of their time.

"*. . . And we're trying to get a new manager.*

"There you are, that's two decent things, isn't it?"

"That's fucking brilliant that is," nods Matthew in appreciation. While mutual suspicion melts a little in the record company office used for the interview, bass player Leroy Gorman can be glimpsed skulking self-consciously outside. The group have spent the day in a studio rehearsing material for their third LP, their first without all-purpose mentor Malcolm McLaren. Having existed since their inception in the shadow of pop's most inspired subversive, and had chart success at last after a long line of artistic triumphs and commercial failures, Bow Wow Wow are entering a second stage almost on their own . . .
C90 Go!

A TRUE MAGICIAN

DB: "YEAH, Malcolm, He's alright."

MA: "He's a decent chap. A more decent chap you couldn't hope to meet on a May morn."

DB: "As clear as an unmuddied lake, as a sky of . . . something or other. For a year he hasn't been involved at all actually."

MA: "But you can't get away from people laying that on the group all the time. You just can't get away from it."

DB: "Until we get more muscle, more success, then it'll gradually recede like an old man's hairline . . . He was bigger than the group when it started, and now the group's trying to get bigger than him, you see. Originally he used to come up with ideas for lyrics. He used to give us lots of ideas for publicity and general guidance."

MA: "Creative consultant. You know — God. He didn't write all the lyrics, did he?"

DB: "No. Never. It was like 50-50 on the lyrics. And we played all our own instruments. Honest. People who like us don't care whether we're manipulated or not. So long as we know we ain't, it doesn't matter really."

Is he still your manager?

DB: "In name only".

MA: "I expect he'll stick his finger in somewhere or other. He's just doing other things. I suppose we should expect it really."

You were always made out to be his puppets before.

DB: "That's a load of rubbish. I don't give a shit if people think we're puppets. It don't bother me."

MA: "Me neither."

How much do you think he influenced you?

DB: "What, as people? Oh, he's really influenced me. He's changed my life. If you stick around him for a few weeks you really change."

In what way?

DB: "I dunno . . . He's made me into a, like . . . evil bastard."

MA: "That's true."

DB: "Made me really single-minded. But he's done me a lot of good an' all. It sounds really shitty to go round saying that. He got me to do a lot of things that he can't do himself. That's what Malcolm does, makes people just an extension of him.

"There's nobody going to be as great as Malcolm was for us. That's just impossible. We're just trying to get a guy who's pretty straight. We can get up to our own tricks now."

SEARCHING FOR A BOY, A ROUGH BOY, A TOUGH BOY

YOU don't fit into that clean pop mould, do you?

DB: "No, I don't suppose we do. Thank God."

Do you go out of your way to cultivate the opposite image?

DB: "No. We just are."

I'M TOP OF THE POPS, YEAH!

MA: "I like any music that you care to mention, apart from a lot of bands that are in the charts. I can't stomach them at all. I find them rather nauseating to tell the truth."

Why do you think Bow Wow Wow's different?

DB: "We don't have to pretend the way they do. We don't act. We just do it. We're a natural band — home grown. The others have to practise at being a group. We just are — because we're built on solid foundations. The group is based on an idea and everyone believed in it. Noone veered off it, wavered or pretended to be something else."

GIVE ME BEAUTY IN LIFE

WHAT was the idea?

DB: "The idea was to go against all the synthesiser gr. . ."

MA: ". . . Be the leaders of a generation, as simple as that."

DB: "Shall I shut up then? No, we just didn't want to go down with grey Thatcherism, all that crying over society, crying over your situation, crying about every fuckin' thing else. We just wanted to, er, um, show people we were glad to be alive. We've never veered away from that. We've never become flash over being in a group or got all deep and profound about it, precious about our jobs. The only thing is to play a song 100 per cent and write it 100 per cent, commit yourself to it."

Do the things that you like vary?

MA: "Lee likes disco stuff, I like a bit of rock and roll, Dave likes ethnic rhythms. In actual fact we like the same sort of things. We're blessed with the same critique."

It is stolen but it's put through a modern framework.

MA: "You can't just rip 'em off like that. You can't just do outrageous lifts, can you Dave? It's just not on. A lot of bands do though."

DB: "Let's put it this way, we can do a version of ethnic music because we've studied it in a way and we've done a lot of homework. We've really immersed ourselves in it and we really like it. That's why we sound like we do. We did about four or five months just listening to it."

MA: "From everywhere in the world. We've listened to Aboriginal music, South American Indian music, rock and roll, country music, LSD rock, Japanese music, African music, Indian and Asian music . . . It was brilliant, a whole wealth of music none of us had ever heard before."

DB: "The rhythms are from the third world, put into a rock and roll format."

MA: "You realise how deeply ingrained it is. You realise your roots."

O I LOVE IT WHEN HE SAYS SO SERIOUSLY . . .

DB: "THERE'S an undercurrent of seriousness, there has to be. In all good laughs there is. I take the music very, very seriously. I just don't take all the rock and roll business seriously. Like I said, I'm not precious. Like record companies, managers, being on the road — it's all a dream world. The only thing that's really true is the music you make, I suppose. The rest is just what you can get away with."

SOME TURBULENCE ON BOARD

DB: "YOU just do get away with things that mere mortals wouldn't. If I wasn't in a group, I wouldn't get away with a fifth of the things I get up to."

Is that part of the attraction?

DB: "Absolutely, yeah."

I'M WAITING HERE TO BE SAVED BY SOMEONE STRONG AND SOMEONE BRAVE

MA: "I've got something serious to say. The nation's youth as a whole seems more interested in joining the army than anything else. I find that incredibly worrying. The mere fact that you can now video the Falklands War in your own home and see it cut up the way the government wants it, see people being heroes with their legs blown off, it's going to inspire a nation to want to go to war. People laugh at the simple idea of peace, love and harmony. To

me the Falklands was an exercise in preparing a nation for war. I hope it don't happen."

DB: "It's a bit of a laugh in the army . . ."

MA: "That's what it's portrayed as."

DB: "It's an extension of school, you're going to have a laugh with your mates in another school. You never have to grow up in the army . . ."

MA: "You never have to grow up in a group."

DB: "Well, no. But I'd rather be in a group than in the army. It's just because people are insecure. They still want their parents; their parents will be their captains and colonels. They'll still have orders and regimentation when they've left school They're frightened to strike out on their own."

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH NOT HAVING A JOB?

DB: "PEOPLE should look on unemployment as a blessing and just turn the tables on society and say, Great I'm unemployed, I don't have to work for no government and go out grafting for themselves, rather than join the army. They're indoctrinated."

MA: "We all had the same upbringing, didn't we? We didn't come to the same opinions, it's up to them . . ."

DB: "Yeah, because we got out of it and into a flash group . . ."

MA: "Bollocks!"

DB: "If I was at home and didn't have a job, I don't know what I'd be thinking now."

MA: "It's funny, though, the nation seems to want to go to work. I don't understand it. That's fucking stupid isn't it? Unless it's the right to work for themselves."

DB: "All we can do is go round spreading our happy gospel — music and fun. And hope to convince as many people as possible. The Falklands, that's just a bit of escapism to people, all that. Well, we're another alternative to that sort of escapism, in our own colourful way."

MA: "Fun, what's having fun? You can't always have a laugh, sometimes you've got to knuckle down."

DB: "Yeah, but you don't have to knuckle down under oppression, which is what society is now."

DO YOU LOVE ANNABELLA?

DB: "ANNABELLA? She don't give a damn about nothing. She's as hard as nails. It was a bit difficult to start with, because she'd never met anyone like us before. But after a couple of months she came round . . ."

I meet Annabella Lwin the day after I speak to Dave and Matthew in another anonymous executive office in the RCA building. Just like the Bow Wow boys, Annabella can become irritatingly evasive over the most innocent inquiry. When she does feel inclined, she counters the question with a display of practised charm.

Having grown up in the music business since the age of 14, Annabella's daily experience is probably as close to the average young teenager as that of Lena Zavaroni. Nevertheless, at 16 she's energetic and eager with a sparkling, vivacious temperament. As far as it's possible to judge on such a short acquaintance, she seems to be a living embodiment of Bow Wow Wow's obsessively hedonistic philosophy for a new age of enforced leisure, with an occasional glimpse of something more sympathetically vulnerable under the polished statements that sometimes sound slightly too glib and perfunctory.

COMB YOUR HAIR GOOD-LOOKING, PREPARE TO GO ROCKING!

"THE LIVE shows are what I really enjoy doing, because you meet a lot of people. You've got to have contact with people, obviously. It's nice to see that there are a few people who like us. I love dancing about like a prat. I just sing the way I feel. Once I stop enjoying what we do, I'll pack it up."

THE GOLDEN SAVAGE ON TV

"IT'S LIKE that B.A. Robertson show, apparently I'm meant to have walked off deliberately and everybody's making a big deal out of it. At the time everyone thought it was really damn serious, but it wasn't, it was just something that happened then and there. You can never explain your anger. Everyone has a temper when it's brought out.

"Basically he didn't absolutely insult me, but he just made a couple of comments like, nice legs. The audience were sort of laughing. At the beginning of the show they wanted to film my lips for an opening. Meanwhile he was saying, You're not going to film *her* first, are you? I thought he was a really amusing fellow, but he turned out to be a real wanker.

"When I was on the show I just got laughed at all the time and I just felt completely degraded. I thought it was a bit of a cheek, because apparently he'd asked for me to be on the show."

WHY ARE BABIES SO WISE?

"WHEN I was 14, all the attention was on me. I couldn't understand the fuss because Stevie Wonder started when he was 11. Like Michael Jackson — brilliant, great talents, and they're still around.

"Those videos, I saw myself when I was 14, and it was extraordinary to watch, because I think I've changed a little bit from 14 to 16. I dunno how I'll be when I'm 18, if I'm still in the business.

"When I was 14, everyone thought I was a real kid, and I was. I had a lot to learn and I still have. It was fun for me and it still is. And if you have that sort of attitude, it's good, because I think that's the only way you can get through it.

"I think it's great that really young bands are starting up these days, with 15 and 16-year-old singers, lead guitarists of the age of twelve. I feel responsible for that in a way, because I've had people coming up to me and saying, Do you think you could manage us, and I'm only 15 at the time.

"The music business needs a bit of youth involved in everything, not the fashion crap. I think it needs more youth, because they've got a lot more suss usually. They learn a lot quicker too, once you've got to the age of about 40, I think your brain cells stop producing and die out."

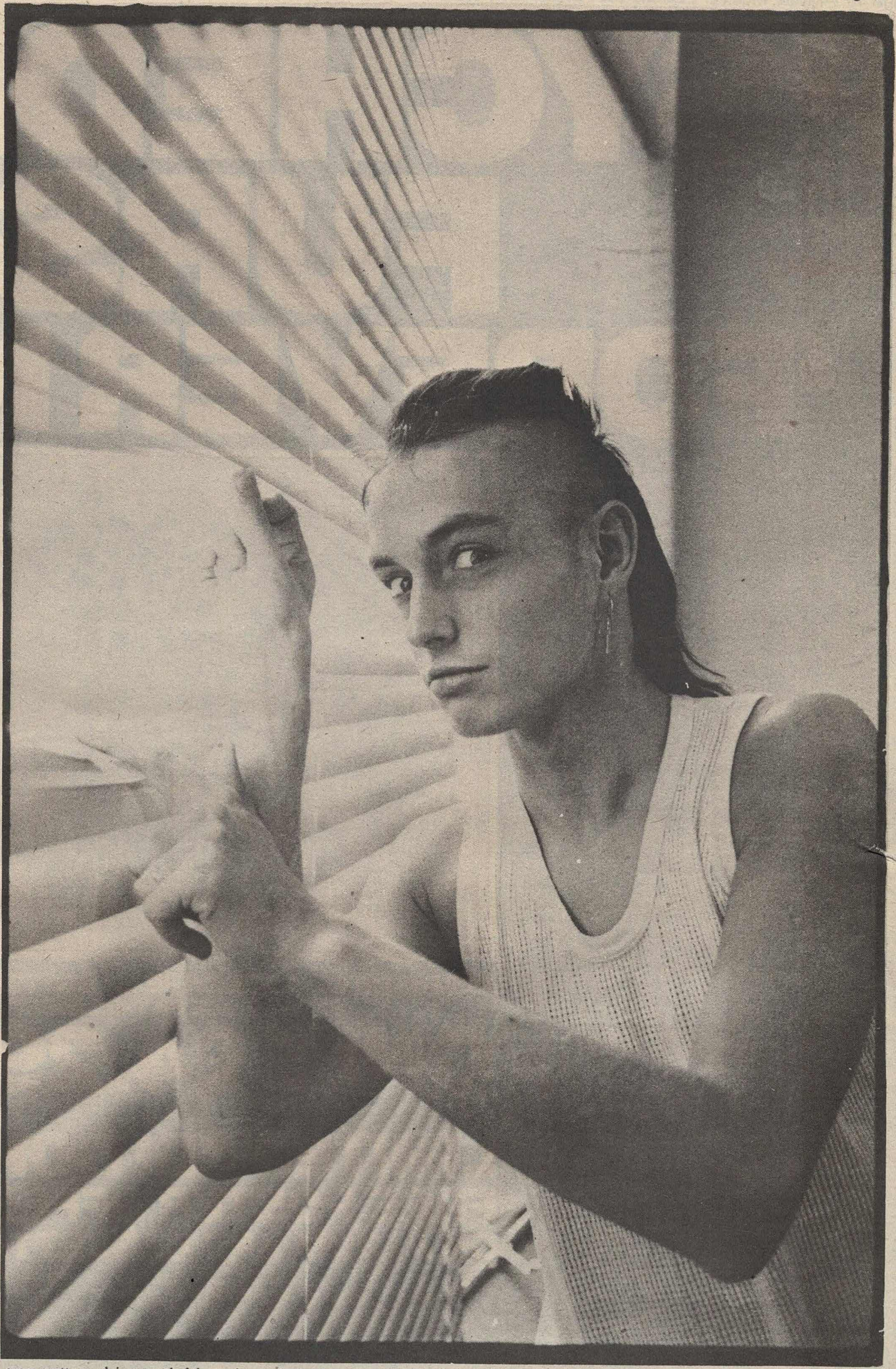
REVERSE ALL THE RULES

"THERE'S TOO many stereotypes. The ultimate woman like Miss World, everyone looks up to her. I wouldn't want to look like that in a million years!

"A lot of women, girls, get put down, because it's very male-dominated in this business and unless you're Diana Ross or people like that, you can't really have much say or much pull. Like if you look around this record company, all these people are men. They run the show."

I'M GOING TO TELL YOU WHY ALL MEN FEAR ME

"I THINK women could do a lot better than men, they really could, because a woman's got that intuition, a lot of ideas, a lot of imagination, whereas men just get down to the nitty-gritty of the business side of it. Some singers today, like Toyah for example, seem pretty much in control of themselves and what they do, which is great. But it took her four years to get that far, which just goes to prove she's gone through a hell of a lot of trouble and grief."



THIS CRIME OF HAPPINESS

"EVERYONE TAKES everything too seriously. It's like sex, that is a serious subject to some people, they wouldn't even mention it in the house in Victorian times. And it isn't really serious. I think it basically boils down to the fact that there are a lot of dumb people out there and people who want to exploit other people. I think sex isn't rude, it isn't disgusting. It's a very beautiful act. People shouldn't laugh at it either.

"I always say you've got to find out for yourself and ultimately that's what always ends up happening.

"That's why you've got a lot of pregnant girls at the age of 17. They don't get told about sex, and because they're inquisitive, they go and find out for themselves. Like anything else in life, I think that's the only important thing, you've got to experience anything yourself that you want to know.

"In America, whatever age that you are, you can act the way you feel. It's a great attitude to take. That's what life's all about, living and enjoying yourself. It's about trying to be what you want to be, act the way you want. I think that's the most important thing — self-satisfaction."

THIS WORLD HAS HAD IT

"I HATE politics — one because I don't know fuck all about it, and two it just depesses me whatever I hear about it."

IT'S WITH YOUR MUSCLES THAT YOU MOST EASILY OBTAIN KNOWLEDGE

"I'M 5 feet 3 now, and I haven't grown in the two years since I've been with the band, it's really pissing me off. I think I've developed a few muscles. I do a bit of body building now and again. It's great, especially when you can win at arm wrestles and things like that."

CONTINUES PAGE 59

BOW WOW WOW have been the pawns in Malcolm McLaren's masterplan for a new youth culture. Now they are stepping out of the shadows in search of a new manager. LYNN HANNA talks to them as they record their first LP without their svengali. Pictures PENNIE SMITH

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SINGLES

LAUGHED AT BY DANNY BAKER

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

IMAGINATION: In The Heat Of The Night (R&B)
I find I'm stuck with a *Single Of The Week* that I can say little to you about. This is the second great Imagination single — the other being 'Illusion' — and perfects the slow cock & roll they've been working on since 'Body Talk'. It's already a chart entry, being played all over the place, but just because it's obvious and hugely popular shouldn't stop it getting prominence over everything else here.

I am barred from mentioning Leee's copious body hair because of an ethical dilemma *(viz:* I am paid handsomely by R&B records to stop attracting attention to this . . . what one can only describe as, *kink).* I notice that in presentation Imagination are no longer ancient Greeks but are now gladiators on a strange planet in outer space, thus maintaining their mystery of romance/legs & debasement theory, which I am not alone in respecting greatly.

Leee of Imagination. Pic Kevin Cummins

RUNNER UP SINGLE OF THE WEEK

DR JOHN: The Nearness Of You (Demon)
You know, I hate to overlaud off-beat records — especially singles — because reviewing becomes too much like being stuck on a tube train when some dick's got one of those mammoth portable radios tuned into John Peel and with volume jammed on Extra Loud. People don't want it. But Dr John's single is ever so good. Just he and his tack piano playing a Hoagy Carmichael song full of fire. It's from a similar LP that crept out last month and that I desperately need, I feel. In the meantime this is my *Most Runner Up Single Of The Week* and that's all I'm saying so now let's descend into the pit.

STEVIE WONDER: Ribbon In The Sky (Motown)
From the 'Original Musiquarium' LP. Q: What sort of fish do you find in a musiquarium? A: A Tuna (Tune-a). Stevie would love that joke. I must send him a tape of it. These days Little Stevie grows increasingly bored with having The World's Silkiest Throat. So he sets himself obstacles to sing around. On his last record 'Do I Do' he embarked on the most childish 'rap' committed to tape, a bizarre senile prattle that, should you ever hear the full version, will cause you to fall to your knees in shame for him. You can just tell the other musicians are making faces behind his back as he lets it rip.

Here, Stevie grinds on a similarly inane burble: *"We'll find strength in each tear we cry/From now on it will be you and I/And a ribbon in the sky for our love".* I checked the label to see if it would read Wonder/Pursey but no — Steve claims this one alone. A lovely, lovely song though spoilt by a little surface hiss — which I suspect is the rustle of band members' clothing as they queue behind the unspoilt 15-year-old genius to stretch their mouths, go boss-eyed, waggle fingers in their ears, etc . . .

ROBERT WYATT: Shipbuilding (Rough Trade)
I possess two bits of information about Robert Wyatt — one being his hit single 'I'm A Believer', the other his odd, precious *Consumer's Guide* in *NME.* From this I deduce that Bob is something of a communist carrying card. (Actually there is a third corner to him which involves low sexual innuendo that I couldn't possibly print and still respect myself. Well not until after he's dead in any case.)

'Shipbuilding' is written by Clive Langer and Elvis Costello and is blessed of a sweet mournfulness, a poignancy, that hovers between heartbreaking and damned dull. It tells the tale, through skilful use of upright bass and grand piano, of Lerk Grzyzcvk a Polish veterinarian who is forced to flee to the Clydeside when the Russian invasion slashes his weekly wage from £118 per week to just under £106 per week. *"Help me Oh magnificent West,"* he wails, *"for what do I know of ships? Or vowels for that matter."* Then in a rare burst of poetic irony he asks, *"How much longer must I be forced to clip the nails of the Great Soviet Poodle when the septic eye of expansionism and empirism demands urgent surgery?"*

Lerk gives hope at the song's end when he is chosen to host a Channel 4 quiz show called *Shall We Gdansk?*

Lerk is married with around 40 children. 'Shipbuilding' is a nice song.

PAUL McCARTNEY: Tug Of War (Parlophone)
In *Road To Utopia* Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour are both white-whiskered pensioners enjoying a cosy Christmas Eve by the log fire. Then, from the street outside, we hear Crosby singing *"A-bub-bub-aboo".* Dot sits upright in her chair, trembling. "Chester," she says, "listen! Do you hear it? Can you hear that voice?"

"Well sure I can hear it ma," admits Bob, "but who would be selling fish at this hour?"

That, essentially, is my reaction to the latest stab at MORE MORE MONEY from the slippery old Bootle Beatle. As Paul sings the title, eponymously lifted from his stingy LP, he actually caterwauls. The word 'war' sounds as though it's being lifted from his socks by rope and tackle. *"Woooooaaaahhhr".* George 'Hairstyles' Martin thunders into a herculean production in an attempt to drown out the syllable but it gets repeated regularly and the distraught 45 surrenders meekly. Message: War is hell.

THE ROLLING STONES: Time Is On My Side (Rolling Stones)
THE WHO: Athena (Polydor)
I was to Southend the other Saturday and as the night closed in and down my coach party and I became ensconced in a terrible dungeon called the Minerva. The Minerva is full of stocky drunk ugly people with free-floating crazy eyes. Both sexes sported bulging cap sleeve T-shirts that had thick arms dangling from them clutching beakers of iceless drink and all over the skin of these arms was the murky green work of the tattooist. Some people had just had fresh ones added and held swabs of cotton wool over their weeping designs, peeping at them every now and then and scraping at the young scabs with their finger nails. Apart from trying to wipe trails of blood on each other's clothes, the main activity of this mob was sucking. Nothing too blatant, just upper body sucking. Thick fat lips latched onto necks and drew. Girls' necks bloomed with mauve love bites made more unsightly by the rings of saliva still glistening around them. Blokes unbuttoned their shirts to get sucked on the chest. The Minerva was jam-packed, pitch black, stank of bodies, and peppered with hunched-up office girls who'd overdone it and brought up pasties all over their boob-tubes. The soundtrack was The Rolling Stones and that tells me everything I want to know about them.

The Who, who I've never really heard, have released a hopeless thing which has as much chance of being a respected hit as I have of being given the freedom of the Minerva, Southend, next time I and my compact little flame-thrower are there.

KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS: Annie I'm Not Your Daddy (Ze)
DON ARMANDO'S 2nd AVENUE RHUMBA BAND: I'm An Indian Too (Ze)
I never was much of a Kid Creole fan till these last two records. But because 'I'm A Wonderful Thing' and 'Stool Pigeon' were monsters I don't think that entitles people to say the earlier stuff, and all that was said about it, was any less ropey. 'Annie', sadly, sees the group slip back into that early clumsiness and chronic over-elaboration just at the point I was toying with the idea of snapping up the long player. It's nothing like as fey and windy as 'Fresh Fruit' but it lacks its predecessors' drive and guts.

The other record here is also a Darnell production and only further underlines my argument that all independently owned studios and labels should be seized, smashed and shut down. 'I'm An Indian Too' is a cute little toy invented by Irving Berlin for his 1938 revue *My Pipe O' Peace Is Just A Piece O' Pipe,* a revue so notoriously bad it closed during the opening line of dialogue. Quite rightly, August resurrects this witty piece of lyricism — but quite wrongly he suffocates it over 8½ minutes. That August — such a *Fall* guy!

DOLLAR: Give Me Some Kinda Magic (WEA)
I do feel that if you're going to include a 'word' like *'kinda'* in your title then it's only neat to include 'gimme' instead of the formal 'give me'. But let it pass.

How many of you know that Theresa Bazar, half o'Dollar (or before decimalisation 2/6) is to tell her life story in the *Sunday Mirror* next week? Theresa, in case you're wondering, is just coming up to 14. I can give you a snippet of what's to come: "I was born in 1968 and my mum says I was a nice baby. We lived in a nice house in Havering-atte-Bower. My dad was nice and so is my mum we used to have two dogs but one went mad and the other got squashed by a careering carpet lorry. I was sad when I found out. My proper name is Genevieve Pepperfeathers but Mr Fotofunt said I had to change it for my singing name. I don't care because Theresa is a nice name." It continues in this chraming vein for some 80,000 words (as told to 'Mick' Morely).

This new single is their first one I can genuinely say is rotten. The last 'Videotheque' was grating, but this is plain lame — produced and written by the duo (who hate each other's private guts). The Trevor 'Tom' Horn legacy of cascading drums doesn't retrieve the number either. May well flop!

■ ***OFFENSIVE? MOI?***
THE BOYS TOWN GANG: Signed Sealed Delivered (ERC)
How everyone sniggered and whooped at the two 'gays' performing on *TOTP* for the smash 'Can't Take My Eyes Off You'. And for why I ask. No, not in 1982. The real fun in 1982 is watching the general public on *TOTP* and trying to spot the fags still in the closet. "THERE'S ONE!" is the triumphant cry most often heard in our house on Thursday evenings. For seasoned spotters like us, The Boys Town Gang are very small (ginger) beer. Bit like fishing in a two-foot pond with a three-foot net, where's the thrill of the hunt? Anyhow, 'SSD' won't be quite the hit the last one was — for a start the song isn't anywhere near as neglected and *good* as 'CTMEOOY' and besides the gag has worn off.

GODLEY & CREME: Save Me A Mountain (Polydor)
THE PRETENDERS: Chain Gang (Real)
Again my Smash The Private Studios argument. Godley & Creme make another novelty record that shatters its spine in a puzzling leap between Smokey Robinson and Jimmy Dean's 'Big Bad John'. Their songs lay flat and neutral with their creators completely in charge of technology but without a whit of an idea what to do about it other than just fill in time playing with it. They should stick to research without inflicting this on us — if the man who perfected the Spitfire had spent the rest of his life buzzing over and annoying people's homes there'd have been a hell of a row, and Godley & Creme are responsible for much the same action. Now grow up the pair of you.

The Pretenders create a very slight noise and preface it by stealing Peter Frampton's 'Show Me The Way' intro. (I saw Peter Frampton at Hammersmith last week — I gave him some money but of course refused to take any matches.) In effect, it looks like The Pretenders are going to have a wee hit.

I link these two 'sounds' only because they both contain the word 'chain gang'. "I was part of a chain gang one. But I and my colleagues escaped. We got past the guards by posing as an immense charm bracelet" — Allen Konisberg, 1968.

ROXY MUSIC: Take A Chance On Me (Polydor)
ROBERT PLANT: Burning Down One Side (Swansong)
I link these two records only to annoy Bryan Ferry. Howdya like that guy? As soon as Abba flake away he's in there, like a Geordie after a retired footballer, nicking a dead group's title. He recently married Lucy Helmore, the mayonnaise heiress, who actually told the *Sunday People* that "the miners should be shot" or something very similar. Of course, Bryan himself once earned a meagre living selling coal lumps, so we deduce the couple had *had a few words* before that particular interview.

Yes, it seems like only yesterday that I'd open the front door and there'd be Bry, groaning under the weight of a 3cwt bag of finest nutty slack. "Howay good sir. How ye doin' f'little bit a coowal leek?" For a joke I'd always ask him when his boat was coming in and he'd say quick as a flash: "Foony yew should be asking bonny lad, boot I got designs on a little mayonnaise heiress at yon corner shop like."

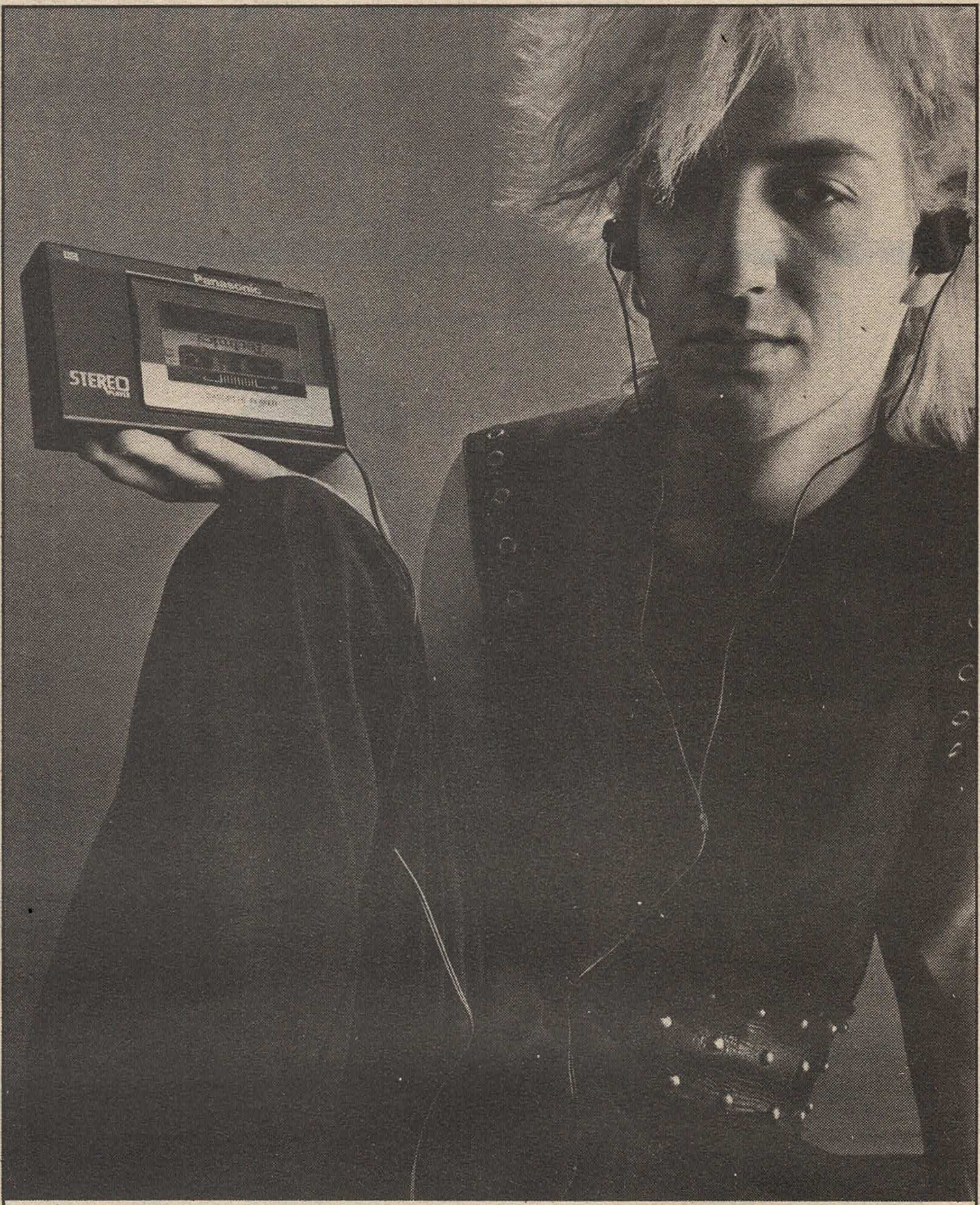
How time plays tricks on us all! The cover to this their latest hit shows diamonds laying over a bed of what looks remarkably like coal or soot deposit. What can such Daliesque imagery portend? Whatever, Roxy Music seem to be getting slower and slower. Maybe the eyars of humping the rounds have finally caught up with the Glitter Queen of the North East.

In contrast, Robert Plant, the hard-working dry-roast nut king of Wolverhampton, sounds in choice form. I like Plant, his voice and his great nuts and he at least didn't run off to the US as soon as he made his first eight million (nor when Wanderers called in the receiver). Not a recommended record, but a sterling one nonetheless and, do you know, I feel like buying a copy of 'Holy Graffiti' or whatever the LP they made was called.

HOT CHOCOALTE: Choices (RAK)
There's little special about this ballad as there was with the slinky 'It Started With A Kiss'. Hot Chocolate were formed in 1931 as Bald & The Heads, later to become Old Bald Head & The Nutters, then Cue Ball & The Side Pockets, Shino & The Reflective Surfaces and finally Errol Brown & His Fine Head O'skin. Undergoing an image change, they briefly stepped out as The Five Wigs and String Under The Chin but after a series of derisory reviews they were once more Old Bald Head & The Nutters. Shortly after the war Errol pursued a solo career as Old Bald Head, known in Wales and Pete Bucketvoucher, but it wasn't long before they were one again, this time as Bald and his Original Heads. In 1966 they played Yarmouth as Super Dome & His Hot Chocolate Bald Heads, where Micky Most happened to be in the audience. He came backstage, suggested a shorter name, and after a period as The Super Dome Bald Headed Band they struck on Hot Chocolate. Things began to look up . . .

The lover of minor classics. *One who appreciates the finer things in life, he's a great fan of Panasonic's RX F20L – the compact 4-band stereo radio/cassette recorder.*

With such features as Tape Programme Sensor, one touch recording and Ambience stereo sound, it's a symphony of technology in a machine that's perfectly minuet-sized.



The "wherever I go, I'm with it" type. *He spends all of his days and most of his nights just truckin' around. "Know what I mean, John?"*

And wherever he goes, his Panasonic RQ J11 keeps him company – and keeps his tapes sounding "triffic." It's the perfect personal stereo cassette player for those fashionable few who like to keep up with what's going on.

The sort who knows his portables inside out. *Not one to be daunted by technological innovation, he's an admirer of Panasonic's RX F80. The stereo FM/MW radio/cassette with the detachable tuner/deck.*

Inside, so to speak, he enjoys true Panasonic portable sound – with Ambience. Outside, he's free to wander with his own detachable personal hi-fi system.

The small but perfectly formed. *She complements beautifully Panasonic's RQ J1. (An eye-catching little number known as the Panasonic Way.) It's the smallest personal hi-fi in the world and it's very available in three startling fashion-model styles.*

As you can see at a glance, this one's a real good looker with some quite remarkable features.

The twin-set. Both into synchro-logic, twin cassette systems, they get double the pleasure from this Panasonic stereo radio/cassette recorder with 4 wavebands and twice the appeal.

Whether it's cassettes times two, or cassette plus radio, the two of them can listen together on Panasonic's RXD 30L. How's that for living in perfect harmony?

The outdoor type. Because he's such a great country fan, he loves to get out and about where the action isn't.

And he thinks the sun shines out of his Panasonic RX 1950. A compact personal stereo cassette player and FM/MW radio to keep him in touch with the outside world while he's outside enjoying himself.

THERE'S A WIDE RANGE OF LISTENERS TO SUIT ALL PANASONIC PORTABLES.

If you're one of the wide range of listeners who would suit one of Panasonic's wide range of portables, just complete the coupon, send it to: National Panasonic (UK) Limited, Sales Promotion Dept., 300-318 Bath Road, Slough, Berkshire SL1 6JB, telephone Slough 34522, and we'll send you all the details. Whatever your features, we have a machine to match.

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PART TWO: GETTING YOUR TACKLE TOGETHER!!

Or: assembling your cut-out-and-cherish 32-page illustrated NME Mighty Reel Owner's Manual: a bumper booklet of faberoonie fax 'n' pix introducing you to our no-expense-spared line-up of terrific taped talent.

We've dangled the bait and trust that you've swalloed the line about the greatest catch on earth — NME's MIGHTY REEL.

There's nothing fishy about what we've netted so there's no need to tell tall stories. It's up to you to make sure this one doesn't get away.

Just re-check the shoal of stars we've hooked and you'll agree — ain't nuthin' like the REEL thing.

What the critics say:

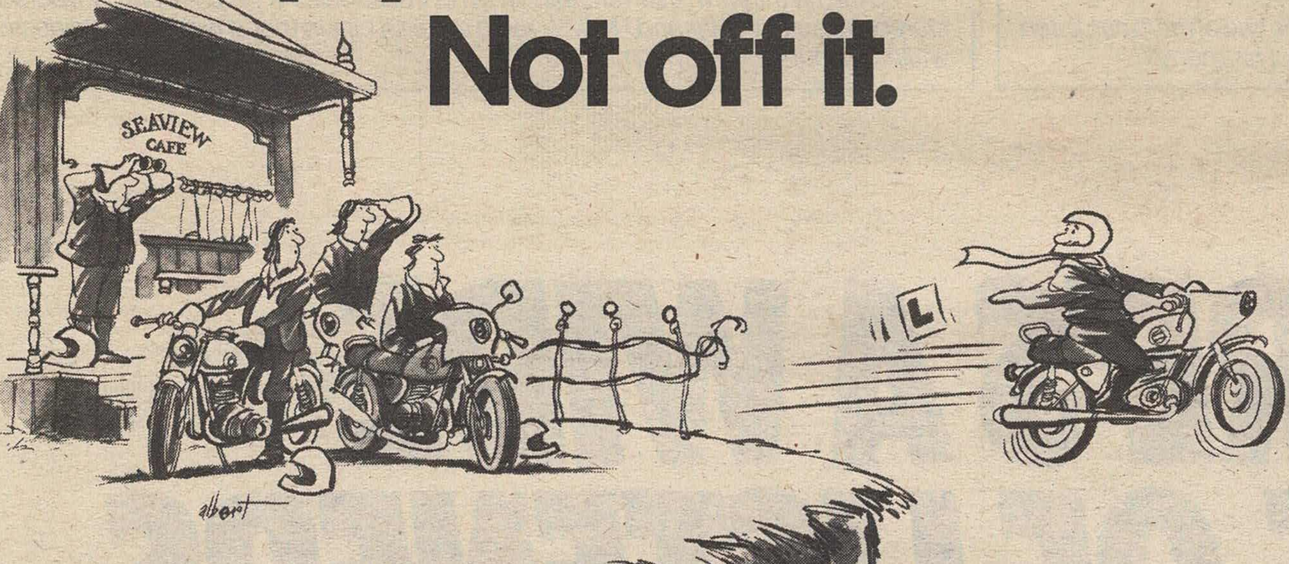
"This one will run and run . . . for 90 minutes".

Take note: all you have to do to ensure your very own copy of the 'MIGHTY REEL' is to cut out 'n' keep any three of the vouchers we're printing over the coming weeks — the *second* is on second is on this very page — and post 'em (to an address we'll tell you about very shortly) with a remittance of just £1.99 and 22 mothing-less-than-sensational tracks will be yours within a matter of weeks, all postage and packaging included.

Full order details to follow very shortly. In the meantime, though, just check out the Owner's Manual to see precisely what you will be getting for your money.

Also upcoming, The NME-Charly Pocket Juke Box Owner's Manual.

The new bike laws. They're designed to keep you on the road. Not off it.



If you ride a bike or a scooter you know how it feels to have a close call.

The more it happens, the better you become at knowing when it's going to happen.

Provided you survive.

Last year over 22,000 motor cyclists were killed or seriously injured. Over half of them were under 20 years old.

The new bike laws are simply designed to make sure young riders get the experience they need to stay alive.

125cc maximum from February 1st 1983.

If you're a learner, from February 1st of next year, you will no longer be allowed to ride a solo machine over 125cc. And if registered after December 31st 1981 it must not have a power/weight ratio over 100 kw/tonne or a power output of more than 9kw (12 BHP). (If that sounds complicated, don't worry, your dealer can explain.)

To give learners with larger bikes more time to pass their tests this law now comes in next February and not this October as originally advertised.

A 2 year provisional licence from October 1st 1982.

On October 1st this year we introduce a new type of provisional licence for learner riders which will last for two years.

If you haven't passed both parts of the two part test in that time you will have to wait 12 months before applying for another bike licence.

The 2 part test.

As you probably know the 2 part test came in on March 29th this year.

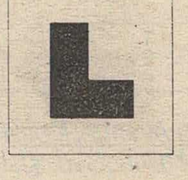
Part I tests your ability to handle and manoeuvre a bike.

Part II is much the same as the old 'L' test and can only be taken when you've passed Part I. You'll stand a much better chance of passing both parts if you take a training course with one of the organisations appointed by the Department of Transport.

The road safety officer at your local council offices (in Scotland regional council offices or police stations) can put you in touch with them.

All in all, you may find the new 2 part test rather more demanding than the old one.

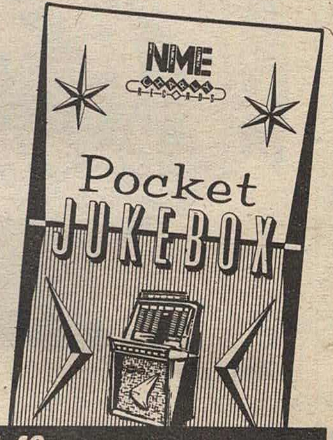
But then staying alive on today's roads isn't easy either.



ISSUED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORT.

Also on offer

NME — CHARLY POCKET JUKE BOX



18 TRACKS FOR £1.40

SO SUCCESSFUL was our springtime double-pack offer — anyone who wrote us off as one-hit wonders better think again — that we are presenting another twin-taped bonanza this time around.

In addition to the 'MIGHTY REEL', we are producing a second showcase cassette of vintage material plundered from the archives of the venerable Charly label.

This bonus tape, the NME/Charly 'POCKET JUKEBOX', comprises 18 highly-collectable momentoes of our musical heritage, an aural gallery of rare, raunchy originals — songs continually covered but never bettered.

Like 'Hit The Road Stax', our recent cassettified salute to the Stax label, this taped tribute to some of the stars and sounds of the flash '50s and soulful '60s retails at the special cheap price of just £1.40 plus just three of the vouchers we will be printing over the coming weeks. And remember, each weekly voucher covers *either* or *both* of the cassettes.

As in the past, we are also offering both cassettes — the 'MIGHTY REEL' *plus* the 'POCKET JUKEBOX' — at the cost-cutting two-in-one price of just £2.99, again inclusive of all postage and packaging costs.

Don't say tomorrow — cut that coupon out today!

NME — CHARLY POCKET JUKE BOX (NME 005)

NINA SIMONE	My Baby Just Cares For Me
T-BONE WALKER	Too Much Trouble Blues
THE SPANIELS	I Like It Like That
JIMMY REED	Take Out Some Insurance
JERRY LEE LEWIS	Big Legged Woman
JULIA LEE	Can't Get Enough Of That Stuff
BETTY LAVETTE	Let Me Down Easy
THE PRISONAIRES	Don't Say Tomorrow
GENE CHANDLER	Duke Of Earl
ROBERT PARKER	Barefootin'
LEE DORSEY	Ride Your Pony
JOHN LEE HOOKER	This Is Hip
LITTLE JUNIOR'S BLUE FLAMES	Feelin' Good
THE DIXIE CUPS	Iko Iko
BETTY EVERETT	Getting Mighty Crowded
JERRY BUTLER (with CURTIS MAYFIELD)	He Will Break Your Heart
GEORGE PERKINS	Cryin' In The Streets
AARON NEVILLE	Hercules

MIGHTY REEL
& & & &
POCKET JUKEBOX

coupon
no. 2

MIGHTY REEL
OWNER'S MANUAL

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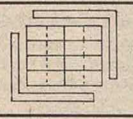

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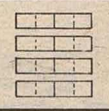

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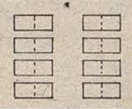

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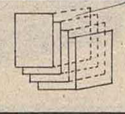

INSTRUCTIONS

32

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5

THE THREE COURGETTES
Now Dance

NMExclusive

Introducing Michael Parker, Jerry Kreeger and Barbara Younger, the West London trio who aim to rejuvenate the forgotten traditions of the vocal group with their busk-hardened accapella assaults. Fresh from the frying pan, 'New Dance' is a previously-unreleased track.

24

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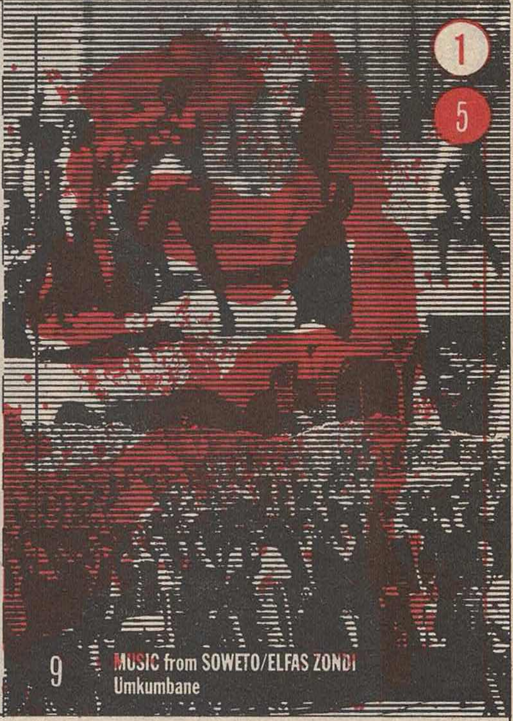

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MUSIC from SOWETO/ELFAS ZONDI
Umkumbane

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11

Dread beat and dark dub diction from the Jamaican patois poet whose startling first British single 'Me Cyann Believe It' surfaced on his mentor Linton Kwesi Johnson's label two years ago. This track, taken from his first album for Island Records, was produced by LKJ and Dennis 'Blackbeard' Bovell

MICHAEL SMITH
Trainer

30

3

④	ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
⑤	HAIRCUT 100
⑥	KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS
⑦	WEEKEND
⑧	MUSIC from SOWETO/ELFAS ZONDI
⑩	BROTHER "D" with COLLECTIVE EFFORT
⑪	FASHION
⑫	YELLO
⑬	THE HONEYMOON KILLERS
⑭	BILLY MACKENZIE/BEF
⑮	MARI WILSON
⑱	KING SUNNY ADÉ & THE AFRICAN BEATS
⑲	ORNETTE COLEMAN
⑳	ROBERT WYATT
㉒	THE RAVISHING BEAUTIES
㉔	THE THREE COURGETTES
㉕	ROCKER'S REVENGE
㉖	FUN BOY THREE
㉗	CABARET VOLTAIRE
㉘	LIAISONS DANGEREUSES
㉙	UB40
㉚	MICHAEL SMITH

2

4

FUTILITY

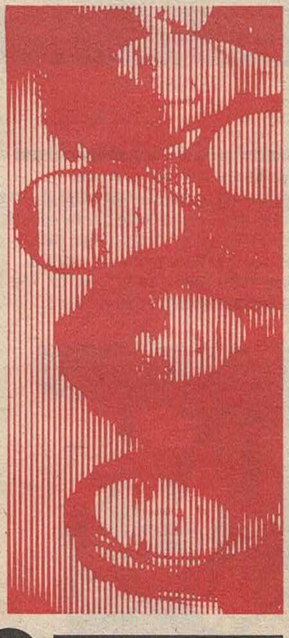
Move him into the sun–
Gently its touch awoke him once,
At home, whispering of fields unsown.
Always it woke him, even in France,
Until this morning and this snow.
If anything might rouse him now
The kind old sun will know.

Think how it wakes the seeds,–
Woke, once, the clays of a cold star.
Are limbs, so dear-achieved, are sides,
Full-nerved,–still warm,–too hard to stir?
Was it for this the clay grew tall?
–O what made fatuous sunbeams toil
To break earth's sleep at all?
WILFRED OWEN

THE RAVISHING BEAUTIES
Futility

22

11



FASHION
White Stuff (The Unfinished)

NMExclusive

Last year's ugly ducklings, this year's beautiful swans, Fashion confounded everyone except themselves with the depth and durability of their 'Fabrique' album, produced by German studio whizz Zeus B Held. Fractured and funky, 'White Stuff' is the mutant remix of one of the tracks from that album.

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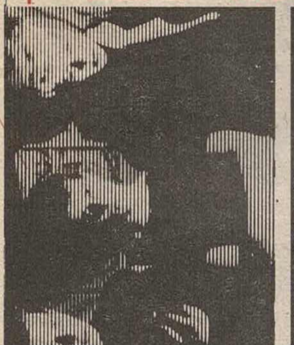
NMExclusive



LIAISONS DANGEREUSES
Dancibar

Germany's leading new electronic expressionists, Liaisons Dangereuses are ex-DAF sound scientist Chrislo Haas, Berliner Beate Martel (from mania D), and French singer Krishna Goineau. Their debut LP 'Liaisons Dangereuses' is an exhilarating showcase for their atmospheric daub and dub technique. 'Dancibar' is a previously unreleased track recorded live at Manchester Hacienda during the band's first British dates in summer '82.

28

Another utterly fab waxing from the Beckenham boys with the big guitars who took the pop world by storm with their debut long-player 'Pelican West'. This groovy live recording – their first ever – was made exclusively for us at one of the crazy combo's recent concerts. It's the big beat that today's pop kids go for! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

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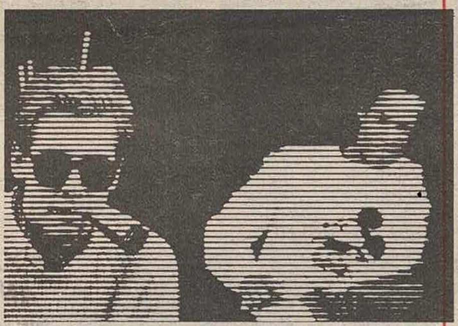
HAIRCUT 100
Calling Captain Autumn



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NMExclusive

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ROBERT WYATT
'Round Midnight

20

13

From Brussels with love. Ostensibly a Belgian group led by independent label svengali Marc Hollander, The Honeymoon Killers belong to that exciting new crossbreed of European internationalists who betray a gleeful disrespect for borders and convention, plundering styles and genres at will, only to fuse them into something infinitely more colourful than their jaded sources.

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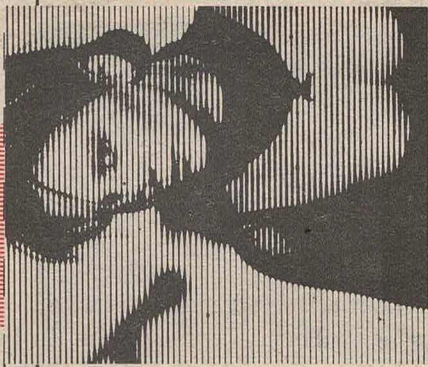

NMExclusive

THE HONEYMOON KILLERS
Petit Matin

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7

FUN BOY THREE
The Alibi

One of Nev, Lyn and Ted's lesser-known tracks but without question one of their best, 'The Alibi' was originally the B-side of the 'Telephone Always Rings' single. This new version is their own special re-mix, humid and hypnotic ... it's the way that they do it!

NMExclusive

26

A little Highlife at Weekend never harmed anyone. One-time Young Marble Giant, Alison Statton (bass) and her guitar strummin' pals Simon Booth and Spike throw the party. Among those invited – Larry Stabbins (saxes), Roy Dodd (drums), Dorson Miller (percussion).

1

4

WEEKEND
A Day In The Life Of . . .

'A Day In The Life Of…' was recorded 'live' at Morgan Studios, on July 21, 1982 exclusively for the *Mighty Reel*.

NMExclusive

7

2

1

From the munificient monarch of JuJu himself, a beauteous shaft of Nigerian sunshine to sweeten souls and succour spirits. The brilliant puise of the new African pop is given light and air by the 20-strong strikeforce of the African Beats in a mere fillet from King Sunny's enormous catalogue of music. Hear, learn and love.

NMExclusive

KING SUNNY ADÉ & THE AFRICAN BEATS
Kita Kita O Mo La

18

15

MARI WILSON
Are You There (With Another Girl)

1

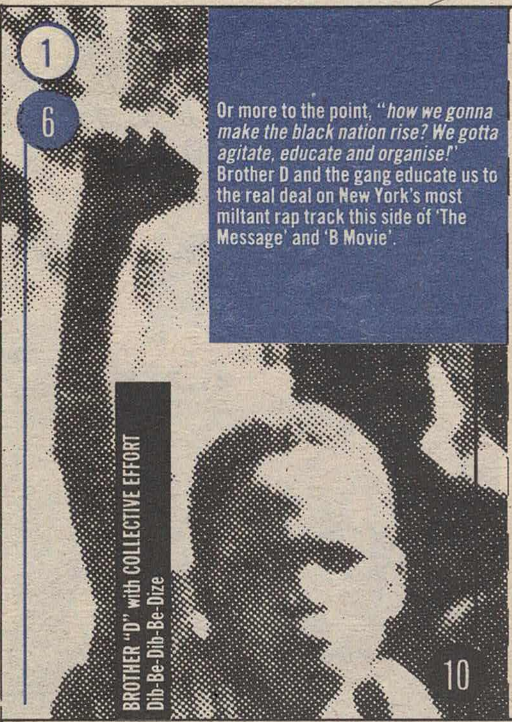
11

Hobbies can be so all-consuming.

Mari's ambition to collect a complete set of Tupperware leaves very little time to see 'special friends' as often as she would like to. That's why she enquires, over the 'phone, "Are you there with another girl?"

Well, are you?

① ⑥



Or more to the point, "how we gonna make the black nation rise? We gotta agitate, educate and organise!" Brother D and the gang educate us to the real deal on New York's most miltant rap track this side of 'The Message' and 'B Movie'.

BROTHER "D" with COLLECTIVE EFFORT
Dib-Be-Dib-Be-Dize

10

23

NMExclusive

② ④

Unblemished beauties wrapped in the last sweet strains of summer: Virginia Astley and associates dapple war poet Wilfred Owen's tragic lament with the silk of strings and a caring rapture. A parting caress to innocence in the flushed complexion of the song.

NME

ONE BITE…
YOU'RE HOOKED

LAND THE BIG ONE…
EVERY THURSDAY.
35p

2

31

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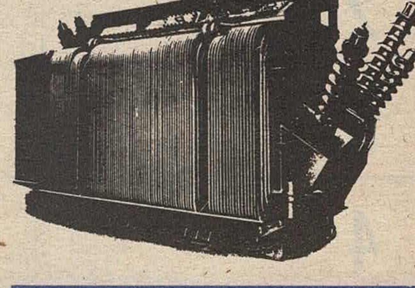

THE MIGHTY REEL is a product of
NME Very Wonderful Ideas Inc.
Manual designed by Richard Krzyzak

① ⑧

YELLO
Sensation (No More Words)

Outside Yello, vocalist/performance artist/fruitcase Dieter Meier buys 'Yeses' and 'Nos' from the unsuspecting passers-by, composes soundtracks to a novel he has written and subsequently buried unread, and generally keeps the people of his native Zurich amused or perplexed. But then, what else can you expect from a man who's named Yello's next LP 'You Gotta Say Yes To Another Excess'? The answer is *anything*.

NMExclusive

12

21

"No matter what fashion dictates, Monk's tunes always sound fresh and contemporary – so there's really no hurry to record them. I'd been planning to cut this for ages, but never got around to it until I was asked to contribute something brand new for this tape."

NMExclusive

② ③

① ①

ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
Town Cryer

An alternate version of the song that appeared on El's 'Imperial Bedroom' LP.

"There's a fast version … an uptempo version which we did really drunk one night like … The Attractions go to Rio. I do this Barry White vocal on it …

"The song … it's about giving up feeling sorry for yourself … little boy lost in a big man's shirt. It's a proud song, though it's admitting that you're a wingeing old sod." – Elvis Costello.

4

29

② ⑩

The Moseley minstrels sign on again with a track from their third album, 'UB44', complete with a wicked dubwise extension, mixed exclusively for the 'Mighty Reel'. Slick UK skanking at its very best.

UB40
Forget the Cost

NMExclusive

① ⑩

BILLY MACKENZIE/BEF
Secret Life Of Arabia

More music of quality and distinction as Sheffield's leading Practical Electronics subscribers provide the backing for Billy MacKenzie's 18-carat rendition of the Thin White Duke's heroic ode to a dark eastern enigma. This new discomix was crafted exclusively for us by Messrs Marsh and Ware.

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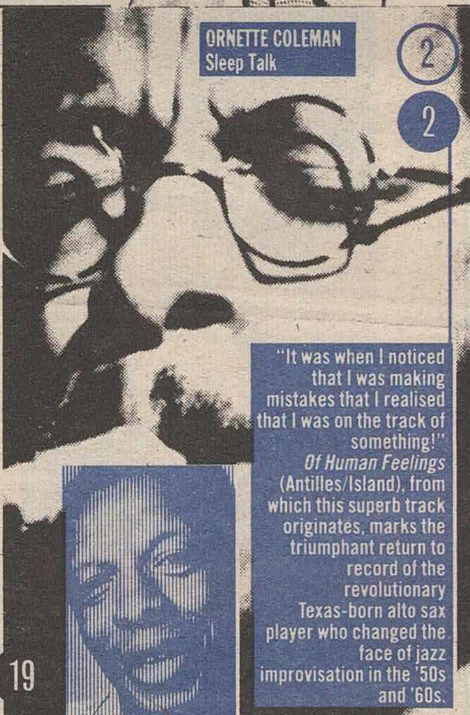

ORNETTE COLEMAN
Sleep Talk

② ②

"It was when I noticed that I was making mistakes that I realised that I was on the track of something!"

Of Human Feelings (Antilles/Island), from which this superb track originates, marks the triumphant return to record of the revolutionary Texas-born alto sax player who changed the face of jazz improvisation in the '50s and '60s.

① ③

KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS
Loving You Made A Fool Out Of Me

The Bronx's answer to Cole Porter teams up with his former Savannah Band sidekick/chanteuse Cory Daye on this Spanish version of a track from the 'Tropical Gangsters' album. Fresh fruit from foreign places? Here's looking at you, Kid.

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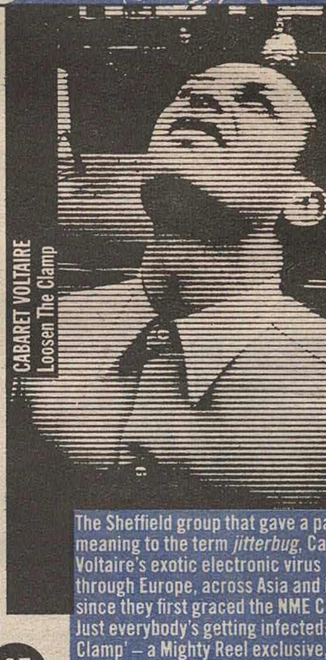
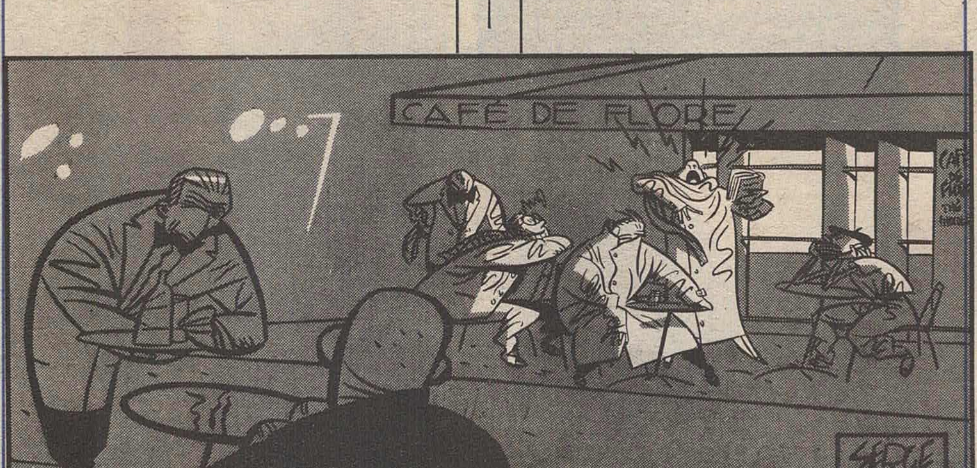


CABARET VOLTAIRE
Loosen The Clamp

NMExclusive

② ⑧

The Sheffield group that gave a paranoid new meaning to the term *jitterbug*, Cabaret Voltaire's exotic electronic virus has spread through Europe, across Asia and into Japan since they first graced the NME C81 Cassette. Just everybody's getting infected; 'Loosen The Clamp' – a Mighty Reel exclusive, recorded at their Western Works studio – ensures that you will be, too.



16

17

① ⑤

A wire from a whole new dimension of dance. A swinging and urgent missive of affirmation from a workshop alight with defiance. The place is Soweto, South African township and battleground, the music is the delerium of melody and harmony and drum that is SA's glorious native pop, and the time-unmistakably – is right now.

8

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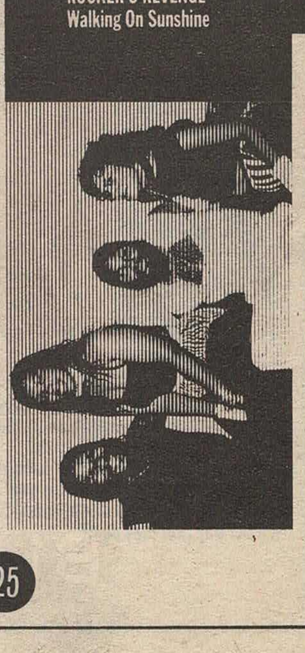
ROCKER'S REVENGE
Walking On Sunshine

② ⑥



Initially available only as a prohibitively-priced import on the obscure New York label Streetwise, Ronnie Calvin and crew's radical re-working of the old Eddy Grant number soared into the British top five within weeks of being picked up by the London label.

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woofers and tweeters

sylv welcomes barney with open arms.

barney hoskyns talks to **sylvester**, the tweety pie of the disco scene. doggies **chester simpson**.

HAD I BEEN expecting some shimmering trans-sexual diva to sweep into the room like a hostess into her salon, the rotund, maternal figure who welcomed me to his house couldn't have been a more reassuring anti-climax.

Sylvester, one time figurehead of camp glamour and androgynous sexuality, today lives in the quiet, elegant hills overlooking San Francisco's gay Castro district, a somewhat mellower legend than of yore.

When in 1980 the fever of Saturday nights finally turned back into the same old disillusion of Monday morning, many of the stars of disco found themselves washed up by the outgoing tide of fashion. Disco made it easy to have a hit but almost impossible to sustain a career. You couldn't forget 'After Dark', 'Hot Shot' or 'In The Bush', but you might not recall the names on the labels.

Come to that, three months ago you might almost have been forgiven for asking, Whatever happend to Donna Summer? — The fluctuations in the careers of the disco superstars have been severe, to say the least.

One of the few who has stayed comparatively afloat in Sylvester. Three years after 'You Make Me Feel Mighty Real' and 'Dance Disco Heat', he's still in there, and working harder than ever. That isn't to say it's been downhill all the way . . . Even with an album released and European tour in the offing, Sylvester knows there's little security in this business.

"I mean, whatever happened to Anita Ward? She made a great record! She's probably back teaching school again. You see, it all depends on your background as a performer — like with Patti Labelle, she still has a career as a performer because of her shows.

"And me, I can still go back and do jazz if I have to. You see, you can become a star with one record, the problem is staying there, remaining at the top. I can tell you truthfully, I have lived on my legend sometimes with nothing, no money, no *anything*, but everytime I walk into a room the illusion I create was still there.

"I learned that from Josephine Baker. I met her once before she died. She said that the illusion you create onstage is *all.*"

A FEW STRAY portraits of La Baker bear down from a wall otherwise plastered with awards and platinum discs. It's as though she was a protective angel. Perhaps Sylvester once dreamed of being another Josephine, for what steered him through the ups and downs of success more than anything is a passion for stardom itself.

Far from playing the role of explosive sexual outlaw that the gay community originally created for him, Sylvester has long indulged a devotion to glamour bordering on the childlike. Instead of throwing tantrums, he giggled like a shy teddy bear.

As a gay black, he feels he has been lucky. Looking back over his life, he seems to remember only fun and games.

"13 years ago, I came up here from LA to take drugs. Then they were all free, everyone was making them in their apartments. For two whole years I did nothing except have fun."

Indeed, Sylvester only started doing shows "for something to do". In the mid-'70s somewhat improbably, he fronted a "heavy rock and roll band", recording a handful of very unmemorable records on Blue Thumb. As a backing singer he worked with Boz Scaggs and was on Joe Cocker's Mad Dogs And Englishmen tour. He even ended up hanging out in London with David Bowie and a pre-sex changed Amanda Lear.

Missing out on disco's first phase, the era of 'The Hustle' and 'Never Can Say Goodbye', Sylvester waited till the aftermath of *Saturday Night Fever* before entering the fray.

"I was real late in disco, because I'd always done rock and roll and jazz. When it first happened, Gloria Gaynor was the one, but she was followed by awful records like disco versions of the *I Love Lucy* theme and 'The Firebird Suite' — everything. Then all of a sudden you had Donna Summer, Grace Jones, Gregg Diamond, and Dan Hartman — who I had known from my rock and roll days when he was with Edgar Winter. I only came in at the peak, and there were so many doing disco records I didn't think I'd have a chance."

But Sylvester was already a local legend in San Francisco, and not just on the gay scene. His flamboyant drag shows at The Palms and The Castro had given him a modest reputation as a "queen of the outrageous".

'Mighty Real' was really a shot in the dark. At that stage, we were still experimenting. Patrick Cowley was heavily into Moroder, Euro-disco sound. But he only had this one little machine, and his first synthesiser. He'd be taping records, making little mixes all the time when he brought his stuff along, we'd already cut the back track of 'Mighty Real' — when we heard what he was doing we just

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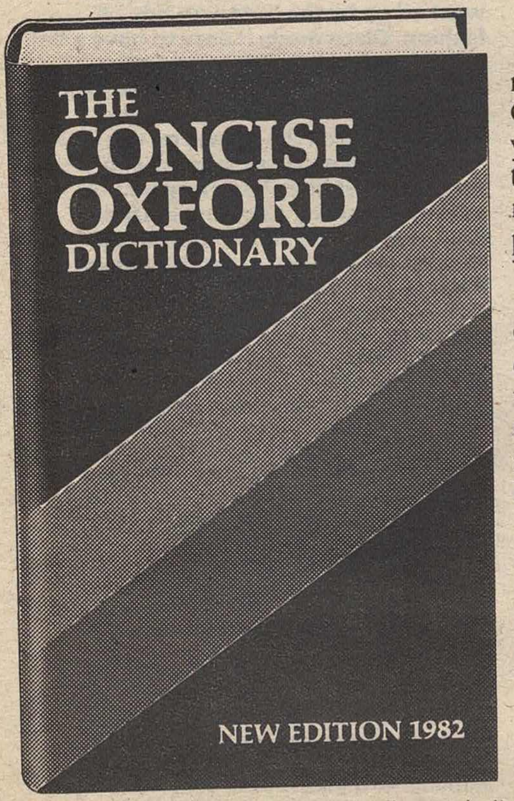

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sylvester

continued

went back in the studio and mixed the song again.

"I had no *idea* what was going to happen. I mean, we were singing gospel. Most gospel singing, even just the three girl back up chorus, had been kept really kinda low, and here we are out there *wailing*. It sort of gelled."

Backing Sylvester on 'Mighty Real' were the girls by name of Two Tons Of Fun, for whom Sylvester afterwards wrote 'Taking Away Your Space', one of the most shattering pieces of soul music ever heard by these ears.

One morning Sylvester woke up to find he was the star he'd always played in his dreams. 'Mighty Real' was in the Top Ten.

"I've always lived out my fantasies of being whatever I wanted to be — I did all the things that I thought stars do. When I actually became one it sort of freaked me out."

SYLVESTER, HOWEVER, is a born entertainer — stardom swims in his blood without going to his head. He has never allowed the periodic lulls in his career to get him down, for at the end of the day he's always got his innate charisma to fall back on.

"I studied theatre, so I've always had a sense of theatre and style. I always believed that when you're onstage, people are psychologically looking up at you. You have to give them something to look at. I always believed in *glamour*, and I have always given people a *show*. Of course, as I got more successful, the rhinestones turned into diamonds."

In riches began responsibilities: Sylvester quickly became a figurehead for the entire gay community, something he has frequently tried to shake off. Is he still trying to break free of the role?

"Yes, because I don't think I have a good understanding or relationship with the gay community. People still look to me as some sort of spokesman, but I think that my career has transcended the gay movement. I mean, my sexuality has nothing to do with my music. When I'm fucking I'm not thinking about singing and vice versa. I remember when the ads talked about the *real* queen of rock and roll! You know, that is *not* what I'm selling."

It's nonetheless a gay run and operated label, Megatone, that's come to the rescue of Sylvester's somewhat flagging career. Coincidentally, Megatone is run by Patrick Cowley, and currently its biggest selling record — especially in England — is 'Do You Wanna Funk' — the fully fledged return to the disco spirit of '79 by Cowley with Sylvester.

It might be a minor lesson to numerous LA executives to learn that this powerfully condensed Euro-disco version of the Boris Midney sound was made for the grand total of 500 dollars.

Something Sylvester has done very well in the past is to update classic songs like 'I Who Have Nothing' and 'Cry Me A River', turning them into epic operatic works.

"I like challenges. There are certain songs which people assume cannot, or should not, be sung ever again. I'm surprised that there is a disco version of 'Respect' out, as bad as it is — it's like a rule, *no one ever covers an Aretha Franklin tune*, because no one could sing it as well as her. Well, I'm exicted that someone actually did it. I mean, I'd like to do a disco version of 'I'm Not Going' from *Dreamgirls* by Jennifer Holliday! That's how far *I'll* go! I'll take it to the edge of a cliff then jump off.

"I did that with Neil Young's 'Southern Man' and that's now considered a rock and roll *classic*".

WITH 'DO You Wanna Funk' and the forthcoming album made for 3,000 dollars, Sylvester is plugged into a new groove — what he calls his wave phase. Out of the fat and into the frying pan.

"I still can do a little glitter, but it's a lot more tasteful, like little T-shirts, little cut-ups . . . my hair is blond, it may be blue tomorrow, that sort of thing; little squashed boots, wrap around sunglasses."

Sort of Sun Ra on the Sunset strip?

"Well, you know the look! At some point I'm going to wear a sequinned mini-skirt, I don't know why, but I just have a feeling that I *should* — over pants, of course."

Sylvester survives . . . does he still see a star in the mirror?

"I don't *know!* Sometimes I fight the star system and purposely do things wrong. I don't want to be a victim of what I do, like Elvis Presley or Donna Summer. That's like the Candi Staton song, you know . . . I'm a victim of the song I'm singing. For a start, there's nothing worse than a fallen star, when the light burns out and you still have these illusions.

"When I realised I was a product, something to be auctioned and sold to the highest bidder, that was the end of *my* illusions. I knew then that it was up to *me* to keep my sanity together.

"I like to think I don't *act* like a star — that I can still crawl around and sleaze with the best of them!"

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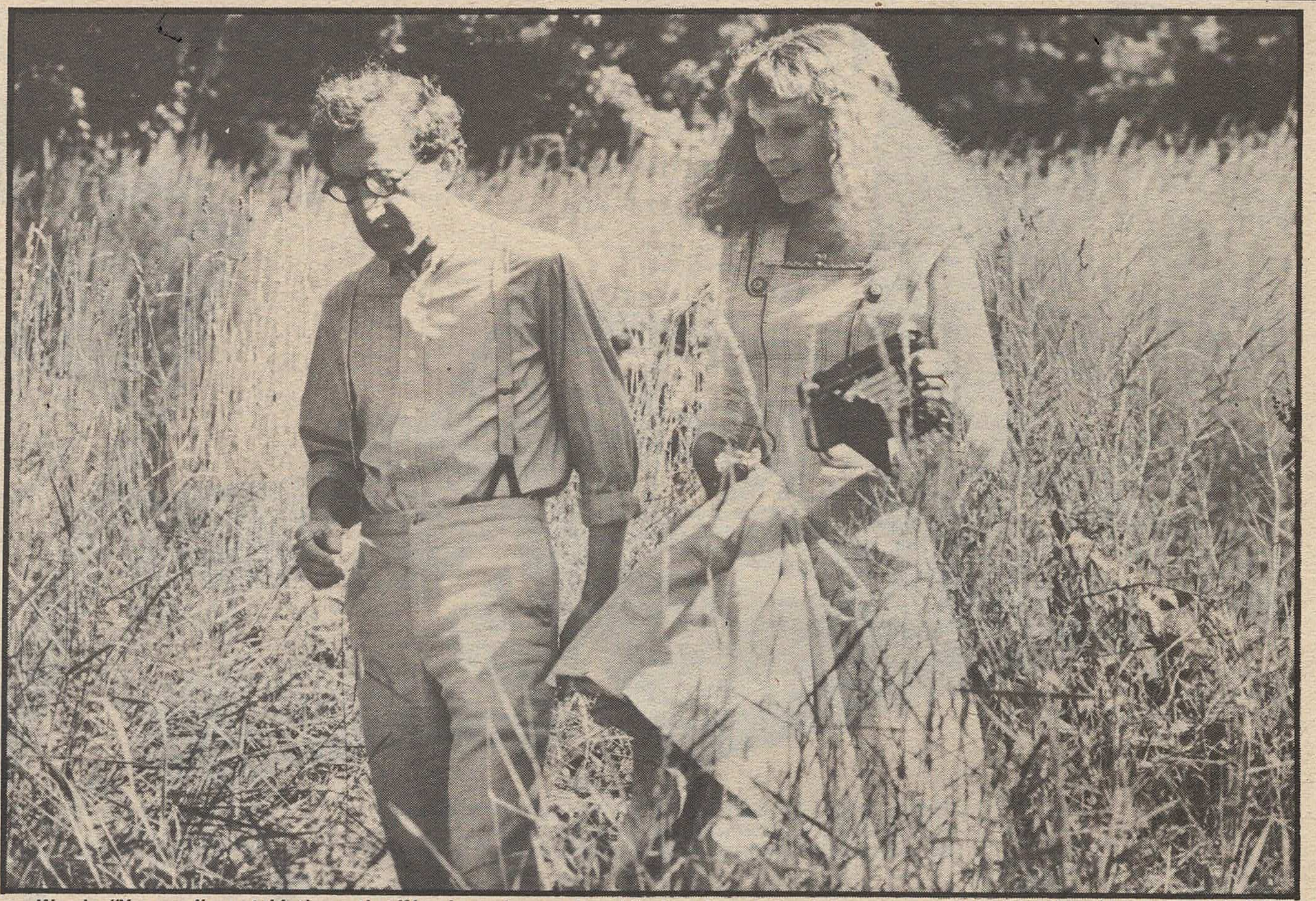
Everything you need to know about Sex Comedy — but were afraid to believe



Woody: "You see, I've got this theory that if I make my humour less ridiculous, less obviously funny, more subtle, more thought out, more 'nice', I guess, then people will take me seriously as an artist and not think of me as an insignificant little jerk."
Mia: "But Woody, you sure as hell still look like an insignificant little jerk."

A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy

Directed by Woody Allen
Starring Woody Allen, Mary Steenburgen, Mia Farrow and Jose Ferrer (Warner Bros)

THESE ARE reflections through a golden eye, shot in a warm haze of recollection, growing dizzy by dusk and promiscuous by nightfall: Woody Allen is beginning to face up to getting old, and *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy* is a moment's pause in a director's work. It is an affectionate indulgence; and by and large it fails.

As he has confessed in interview, Allen has ideas for films all the time. It might therefore be mystifying to observe how little he's strayed from his recurrent obsession with the sticks-and-stones civility of a precious intellectual elite, where sensibility and conscience are scrutinised like company stock bulletins. Woody's turned this theorem over and over in mind, writing and celluloid: can't we talk about it over a couch?

Cap that with the now familiar guilt and inferiority worries of a Jewish misanthrope and the diagnosis should surely make for the diminishing returns of a formula director. Except for this: Allen is an enormously accomplished film-maker. The way he puts his movies together is what holds the attention, even as you're aware that we've gnawed this old analytical bone before. If *Love And Death* was his last real 'comedy', the ensuing quintet demonstrate a grasp of image and realisation that speaks of an acute cinematic skill.

Which makes *Sex Comedy's* drab visual brief the most disappointing aspect of an unadventurous film. Set in the pastoral solitude of a turn-of-the-century upstate New York, it marks a return to colour after the monochrome shadows of *Manhattan* and *Stardust Memories*; but having settled on the gauzy, yellowed focus of a gentle equinox it's as if Allen and his regular photographer Gordon Willis see the picture as a vacation and leave the cameras set up as mere recording instruments. It is Allen's least artful film since his earliest gag machines.

Which would be acceptable enough if the flimsy, episodic content of the script had more substance. Those are the very qualities that made Allen's slapstick so funny, of course, but *Sex Comedy* is conceived as a chamber piece.

The director's Andrew, financial adviser and amateur inventor, partners Mary Steenburgen's Adrian, a cow-eyed spouse unable to summon interest in sex; they've invited her professional cousin Leopold (Jose Ferrer) and his bride-to-be Ariel (Mia Farrow) for a country weekend, together with Maxwell (Tony Roberts, Allen's favourite buddy-partner) and his 'friend' Dulcy (Julie Hegarty).

It's the most compact and skittish setting Allen has ever devised — it even resembles the basis of a Feydeau farce, for Ariel turns out to be an old and unrequited flame of Andrew's, Maxwell is destined to fall for her too and the elderly rationalist Leopold is tempted by the vacant but surprisingly worldly Dulcy.

Yet hardly anything happens: secret trysts are arranged, mysterious glimpses of the past or the future are afforded by a magic lantern of Andrew's invention and memories and desires are sifted through — and it all amounts to nothing more than a breath of breeze on a summer night.

IT SEEMS like Woody meant to have some fun here, after the stylish gloom of *Stardust Memories* (actually a film of almost incandescent imagination), and from the blank typescript title inwards the inconsequence of the film's character comes as a relief from the murkier journeys into the Allen psyche.

But he's gone too far to make farces anymore: even as his characters are guying the metaphysics of lovemaking you can see his worried ways breaking out again. Two keynotes — marriage is the death of hope and there's nothing worse than a missed opportunity — ring through the text like knells of fatalism. He just won't let it alone.

Then again, why should he? There's enough in an erratic script to muster a current of steady amusement in the situation, if not exactly a surfeit of laughs; and though Roberts and Farrow are tired and uninvolved, Steenburgen's Adrian is an expertly loopy creation and Julie Hegarty makes the flouncy, tressed and biologically aware Dulcy a smart addition to Allen's gallery of oddball women. Jose Ferrer struts past the ensemble with statesmanlike vigour — appropriately, he delivers every line as if it's a Gettysburg address in microcosm, determined to dispel the nonsense.

No, not many laughs, not terribly well made — so should anybody still care? Yes, I think I do — for all his insecure miseries Woody still takes pleasure and pride in his films, and that sense continues to pervade his elegant cinema.

The funniest thing in *Sex Comedy* is seeing Andrew capering around his companions on a walk back from the woods like a dog eager to please its masters. If this one doesn't please too much . . . there's always next time.

Richard Cook

The Nest

Written and directed by Jaime De Arminan
Starring Ana Torrent, Hector Alterio (Premier)

THE NEST begins with a white horse in the middle of a vast green field, standing uneasily motionless, waiting for something. It ends with the same horse in furious, exultant motion. In between is a quiet, measured account of the mutual obsession of a lonely old widower, who dotes on riding, computer chess and 'conducting' the symphonies and operas that blare from his commanding wall of hi-fi gear, and a 12-year-old girl whose father is a policeman, who knows *everything* about birds and whose teacher casts her as Lady Macbeth in the school play because she is the only child in the school evil enough to play the part.

Goyita (the amazing Ana Torrent) first attracts the attention of old Don Alejandro (Hector Alterio) by beaning him with an egg while he is in the middle of a wood furiously conducting an imaginary orchestra while seated on his horse. She leaves him a series of clues, and — intrigued — he finally tracks her down to the school where teacher Marisa (Patricia Adriani) is rehearsing her as Lady Macbeth. We first meet her as she is delivering Lady Mac's big speech, and the implacable intensity with which she recites it informs us — if not Alejandro — that she is something as dangerous as she is special.

Their relationship develops and it is speedily established that Goyita is dominating the shit out of poor old Alejandro: Torrent and Alterio are an extraordinary pair; his pleading eyes and tremulous lower lip give the lie to his attempted off-handedness and urbanity, while her flinty voice, ramrod posture and piercing eyes demonstrate a power none the less real for being under shaky control.

Goyita is pathologically jealous: she forbids him to speak to Marisa, demands that he burn all of his dead wife's clothes and effects and then blows him out for disobedience. Their relationship causes a local scandal, and finally she demands that Alejandro demonstrate the truth of his devotion to her by committing a murder.

The Nest is Spanish, though Alterio is — or was, before he emigrated — one of Argentina's leading stage actors. Alejandro is a courtly, hermit-like Quixote who has the misfortune to meet a pubescent Lady Macbeth; even his old buddy Eladio the priest (Luis Politti, no relation) cannot save him. His relationship with Eladio is full of joshing and ritual abuse that doesn't quite hide the truth; Alterio, Torrent and director-scanarist De Arminan are all masters of suggestion.

The final fate of Alejandro is more moving than that of Batty in *Blade Runner; The Nest* is ultimately far creepier than *The Thing*. Because — after all — it contains no monsters; ain't no-one here but us humans. And *that's* terrifying.

Charles Shaar Murray

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YE OLDE WORLDE NEXT WEEK BOCKS

YOU PROBABLY don't remember me. My name was, and God Damn it, *is* Amadeus Adolpho Anwar 'ted' Power. Oh, I know hundreds of crumbs stumble in off the street and claim to be he. But I am. Yes I've changed — drastically, probably for the worse. You'll remember I was engaged in telling you The Complete & Utter History Of Rock in 116 parts. I was about to lay the Drugs installment on you when . . . when this whole mess began.

I took off for Tibet to complete my research and attempt to penetrate the mysteries of the Happy Sap Festival that takes place every eight hundred years in Wing Ho Fat Yard, Nepal at about a quarter after four, although quite often it runs a few minutes late.

I was in the court yard singing "Why are we waiting," when a guy comes up to me and says "Do you wanna buy any dirty mosaics?" I say sure, and he takes me to a temple. The temple was The Shrine Of Most Divine Shiva which is guarded by fierce looking devotees round-the-clock. We managed to burst through by placing money in a devotees hand — Dick, I think he said his name was, Dick the Devotee. Once inside, I remember no more.

I awoke three months later, high on a Russian hilltop and dressed as a cossack, except instead of a furry hat I had two scoops of vanilla ice cream on my head. For weeks I was a paranoid wreck confusing the most basic realities with fantastic plots and visions. Then one day at my sister-in-law's — I cracked. Over breakfast I began raving. I became convinced my brother would eat me in a vinegar sauce. You can read about my months of hell in *NME* next week, in a piece entitled "AM I MY BROTHER'S KIPPER?"

Also, Richard Cock meets the arc-angel PETER GABRIEL in a frank exchange of quasi-religious mores. Then there's THE THE, the group with the worst stutter in the world. Plus MILKSHAKES, the outfit hailed as Kent's latest unrecorded four piece.

But above all there's me. So next week in *NME* read: "Power — My Tortured Months To Hell And Back, What I Learned There And The Dread Lesson Each and Every One Of Us Can't Afford To Ignore". Oh . . . oh hang on . . . they've held it over for the Milkshakes piece. I see. Well maybe the week after then, eh? It needed a bit of tidying up anyway I s'pose . . . can't be helped . . .

Lenny: "Woody Allen? Never heard of him."

Lenny tell you a story...

Lenny Bruce
Directed by John Magnuson
Starring Lenny Bruce (Palace)

ANOTHER of Palace's simultaneous theatre and video releases, *Lenny Bruce* is diehard aficionado fodder best avoided by those with only a passing interest in the man and his mouthings.

Filmed in a San Francisco club at what turned out to be Bruce's penultimate performance, it's a plain, no-gimmicks, black-and-white account of a man at the end of his tether, obsessed with obscenity and his (by then) endless legal battles. The first two-thirds, in fact, consist solely of Bruce picking through transcripts of his trials, plucking out an allegation here and there and attempting to refute it, meandering off at a tangent — then another, and another — and eventually getting hopelessly lost in his own cross-references and contexts. It's not exactly funny, especially as the obviously junked-out comedian rattles along at a furious pace, slipping into off-the-cuff impressions and gags for no apparent reason. There's laughter in the audience, though: embarrassment, presumably.

After his legal lecture, he dashes off a few old routines — 'Father Flotski', etc — but either fails to finish them or abbreviates them into some kind of private shorthand, the quicker to be rid of them. If you're not already familiar with the punch-lines, they'll make no sense at all.

Still, it's a fascinating picture of a man drowning in circumstances, adrift in laws he never made. And sinking fast.

Andy Gill

IN THE CAN

Ian 'Pan-Am Terminal' Penman brings to bear a Hollywood "style" consciousness on the circuit releases.

Blade Runner (Ridley Scott). Cribbing from an astute little article I read in Los Angeles, the problem with *Blade Runner* is, it's too *clever* to be a movie — more like a thesis on how to establish atmosphere; in (better) models like *Mad Max II* and *ET* (and *Poltergeist!*) you are *there* in the surrounds. In *Blade Runner* it's more a case of "Oh, there goes a futuristic craft. Oh, here comes a robot. Oh, here comes a clever approximation of a future cityscape." I happen to think it works on no level whatsoever — the violence is relished, the narrative resonance is non-existent, the pace is baffling. Money on flash pomp. Like a heavy metal album at 16 rpm. **(Warner Bros)**

Not Arnold Schwarzenegger

Conan The Barbarian (John Milius). A completely accurate evocation of warlike mores and the impulse to power (ie you could probably hear worse reports coming over from that 'Christian' war in the East today). Milius giving comic book fantasy the eagle eye — it's a work in fantasy, and only the insecure know what's "wrong" with it. You could criticise Milius for devoting his obvious 20th Century intellect to such boldly sublimated allegory in the first place — but the finished product is a perfect circus act, muscles for one liners, clowns made of morality. If *someone's* got to make *Conan The Barbarian . . .* **(20th Century Fox)**

Batty Sting in Brimstone

Brimstone And Treacle (Richard Loncraine). It *would* have suited our theatrical British TV heritage better, but let's be grateful for thoroughly chauvinistic qualities surfacing in a neat little movie. Where else in the world . . . would you get a Dennis Potter script, which dices acid humour and acrid philosophy — hot and cold flushes alternating between the necessity of Good and the admittance of Evil *(it's here!)* Loncraine's direction is just fine, Sting marvellous for a 'rock star', Denholm and Joan above reproach. The ending *isn't* a cop out. **(Brent Walker)**

Moonlighting (Jerzy Sko — sorry, Monty's handwriting gets blurry after 3.30 — limowsky). "Why'ya wanna moonlight, Jerzy?" "Well . . . I can't sleep nights." "They got Cultural Grants for that." "Yeah, I know, I tried makin' movies . . ." **(Miracle)** (Hey! — you said it fella!)

Poltergeist (Tove Hielberger). Curiously brilliant and smooth-running modern Scare Pic for something so "supposedly" dogged with internal difficulties, kiddie concerns and Hollywood 'dirty' money. If you don't "claim" to be forcibly persuaded by at least some of its workings you're an asshole whose nose is up there with the Space Shuttle. How's that for objective cultural aid?! **(UIP)**

The Thing (Carpenter).
The Wall (Bricklayer).
The Mat (Kjatsat).
The End (Djors).

ON THE BOX

Friday September 24
There are no films on television today, not one. Not even a rotten old B-film. Well, there might be but the BBC sent us the schedules late and then Derek Johnson threw them away before I got a chance to look them over. Well done, Derek! Expect to receive an impressively realistic but entirely false press release detailing the mass suicide pact between Pink Floyd and Haircut 100 and shove that in your rotten old news pages.

Saturday September 25
Taras Bulba (J Lee Thompson 1962). The exciting tale of a vodka distillery, a bit heavy on the tomato juice in the boardroom battle scenes. Yul Brynner as John Harvey, benign head of the Cossack Arms, Tony Curtis as his son Simon, devout follower of Moscow Dynamo FC. Late result: Taras Bulba nil viewers, Whatever Else Is On The Other Side 15 million. **(BBC2)**

Buck Rogers — The Movie (Benny Hamill 1979). In the great tradition of *Taxi Driver — The Movie* and *Movie Movie — The Movie,* this Buck Rogers classic really delivers the goods. Gil Gerard as Buck is probably the greatest actor since Spain's gifted Lopez Ufarte. Four stars! **(ITV network)**

Klute (Alan J Pakula 1971). Intricate thriller in Pakula's familiar dark style, with eye-catching performances from Jane Fonda (very mannered as the prostitute) and Donald Sutherland (very dour as the detective.) Roy Schieder pops up briefly as a nasty. Anything else? Oh, yes, BBC will cut it each time Miss Fonda says "Fuck". **(BBC1)**

The Wrong Man (Alfred Hitchcock 1957). This may be the greatest film ever made. It was certainly made by the greatest director who ever lived..This will be the greatest paragraph you ever read about it. *(Oh, get on with it. — Man wearing large hat in third row).* Henry Fonda, in a beautifully understated performance, plays a lowly New York jazz musician wrongfully arrested for robbery. Vera Miles, as his wife, goes slowly and quietly bonkers. It's based on a true story and is extremely downbeat (ie no clambering over Mount Rushmore or hanging off the Statue of Liberty, etc.). *(I want my money back! — Grumpy man sitting behind man in large hat.)* **(BBC2)**

Martin Scorsese (right) with Big Joe, the man who does all his video copying (laundry extra).

Sunday September 26
Cash McCall (Joseph Pevney 1961). Neat teaming of James Garner and Natalie Wood in lightweight romantic comedy with an unlikely big business background. *The Apartment* it ain't. **(BBC1)**

Ivanhoe (Douglas Camfield 1981). Men with big choppers run amok in mediaeval woods. No wonder Olivia 'The' Hussey looks so perturbed. **(ITV network)**

Roseland (James Ivory 1973). Look, I wrote about this one a couple of weeks ago. I said it was no good then, and I say it's no good now. I'm *very* annoyed that it's been rescheduled and will deduct the appropriate amount from my licence fee accordingly. **(BBC2)**

Tuesday September 28
The Searchers (John Ford 1956). Revered by Martin Scorsese, Paul Schrader and John Milius (fine chaps all) this complex Ford western can happily be acclaimed as a masterpiece. John Wayne's Ethan Edwards is his finest characterisation. The video's already primed. **(BBC2)**

Monty Smith

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TOB

A BALMY, DOWNCAST late afternoon in Los Angeles. A tiny office suite, property of 20th Century Fox, reached via a basement corridor lined with packing cases, cardboard boxes stacked haphazardly, leaning towers of film cannister...

The ghosts are all in my mind: associative movie-cultural apparitions, as flimsy and asymmetrical as the rusty old saloons, hotels and subway fly-over that flanked my entrance to the resilient old lot.

I'm sitting opposite Tobe Hooper and we're talking haunted house movies.

Last week, they had one of my all-time favourites on network TV, I say. Robert Wise's *The Haunting*. Do you know it? I start to ask, but my interviewee's off and enthusing.

"OH! *The Haunting!* Oh, absolutely. Well, eight years ago when *Poltergeist* started, I was at Universal pictures. I'd taken over Bob Wise's office; he'd just left. I'd always been a fan of *The Haunting* and I always wanted to make a ghost story and wondered why it hadn't been done, except for *The Haunting* and then *The Uninvited*.

"Anyway, Wise left this book in his desk, that I now have. Title of the book is *The Poltergeist*. That kicked the whole thing into gear, this book about the recordings of poltergeist phenomena.

"I've just felt somehow blessed with it. I was so impressed with Bob Wise's picture when I was a kid. I guess I must have seen it a couple of dozen times, maybe. It's very thrilling!"

Kids captured by the movies. We'll see a lot more of this in today's main feature.

THE SAME unnecessary interference which went some way toward obscuring *Poltergeist* in the USA may yet intrude upon our viewing pleasure. It is one of those business 'scandals' all out of proportion to its factual origin — something that serves to keep the jackals' jaws from rotting shut.

Poltergeist and *E.T.* are played off, to dertermine a 'better' movie — and the former X-rayed for its real author. The rumour that has pestered *Poltergeist* is that Steven Spielberg, as well as co-writing and producing, all but directed, using Tobe Hooper's official credit as a shield from some US legality prohibiting any director from working on two movies at once. On-set feuds were 'overheard'. A full page ad taken out by Spielberg in *Variety* (the Hollywood trade paper) to congratulate Hooper on 'delivering the goods' with *Poltergeist* was seen as crafty subterfuge.

I'd say the whole picture — Spielberg as De Mille megalomaniac, Hooper as cynical hack sitting back taking the money — was one painted by ignorant people. Ignorant, at a great remove, of the facts; ignorant, probably, of the complexities and roles of the movie-making process; and, well, just plain ignorant.

Meeting and speaking to Hooper confirms such suspicion. Then, actually re-viewing *Poltergeist* with him (in Fox's massive Daryl F. Zanuck mixing theatre), the nervous, burbling enthusiasm and the downright *pride* and boffin's exuberance ... well, these are not attributes one would expect to flow freely from a guilty con man.

Tobe Hooper is hardly the substitute axe-maniac one deduced from a media which forever presents him as the demented guiding spirit behind *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre;* he seems pepped up less on Evil Itself than the same boyish devotion to cinema common amongst more notorious Hollywood Brats.

Still only in his late thirties, short and stocky, neat and bearded, his looks pin him somewhere between Scorsese's flopsweat soothsayer and Spielberg's chemistry-student-next-door. Slightly taciturn, he is also possessed of an impish smile which, in unison with an unforthcoming gaze, cause me to doublecheck his consistently down-to-earth replies. In other words, he seems like a nice guy.

The office behind us displays a wall papered with bizarre sketches, the rudiments of a story. Preliminary work has begun on his latest 'project', called *The Lights.* He puzzles over a small, chewed-upon cigar, and decides *The Lights* is a "sci-fi spiritual thriller".

"It's about a trek back into the jungle to the genesis of man, that's what it is!" Simple enough.

Born and raised in Austin, Texas, Hooper's childhood turns out to be typically Brattish — as I found out when asking if he could remember the first movie he saw. Anything in particular make that crucial impression?

"No, I can't say really, because I was a movie freak as a kid and I saw everything, and most everything I saw, I saw many times. I *lived* in a movie theatre — my Dad owned a movie theatre (amongst other things) and it was my babysitter, I just stayed in there. I don't even remember my favourite films ..."

When did you decide you wanted to make them?

"I came to that conclusion when I was about 11 years old. Before that I either wanted to be a magician or a mad scientist, so it became obvious to me ..."

To become a combination of both? "Yeah". Was it always horror that fascinated him most?

"Well, always was horror, sci fi, yes, but among my favourite films ... *Mildred Pierce, The African Queen, The Eygptian, Land Of The Pharoahs* — always loved magical pictures.

"I became identified with the horror genre after I made my first feature, called *Eggshells* (subtitled *An American Freak Illumination)*, a film about the disintegration of the peace movement in the '60s. It was a special effects picture, sort of. In fact, it was about a poltergeist in a commune house *(laughs)*, but it wasn't a horror picture, it was a 'loving experience' *(laughs even more)* as I saw it. Looking back on it I say that laughingly, somewhat facetiously. It only got about 50 play dates, independent distribution. It was a low budget film — cost about $60,000 to make — and so I could only raise money like that. The horror genre was the only thing open to do, where I didn't have to have stars, where I could virtually make the picture by myself. So I designed the *Chainsaw Massacre* and made it on a very low budget. It was like $90,000 cash ..."

There's a long and lurid story about the financing and distribution of *Chainsaw* (the *LA Times* devoted nine somewhat turgid pages to it, spread over two Sunday editions which happened to coincide with my visit) but we'll leave that on hold for the moment.

"So *Chainsaw* hit and got me identified with the horror genre. It was like typecasting after that. People who were willing to give me larger sums of money to make films knew that I had already proven myself in the horror genre ..."

As the voice trails off, his eyes seem to light up.

"When, in fact, comedy is the thing I really love! *Chainsaw* is a comedy as well, but truly a horrific piece. I did another early film called *The Heisters*, an out and out comedy. It was kind of a slapstick, used real characters in situations that animated characters had been in before — they get virtually destroyed and come back ready to go in the next scene, fully mended. Oh yes, I definitely have plans to do a comedy."

Do you think we're going to see a lot more of the kind of real life animation both *E.T.* and *Poltergeist* revel in?

"Yes I do. In the '80s it's the thing I'm interested in seeing. And it seems to be the movie-going public in general is anxious to see something that won't depress them, that they can have fun with. I'm quite sure that we're going to see less of the violent thriller, and more of the fantastic."

Poltergeist gives the Haunted House movie a new vocabulary of peripheral change: the parapsychologist sports a Walkman, the clown's eerie grin is enveloped by a Darth Vader mask, next door's micro chip remote control changes *your* channel. The failsafe narrative is revved with the best special effects a budget can buy and infused with the poetics of plastic illusion — the metaphysical spot welded onto cartoon strip dynamics.

You can read all or nothing into this tale of happy family, the Freelings, and their unique lodgers. The plot is sited on an ugly duplex: the spooks infesting the shiny new homestead spring from something rotten stirring in someone's business acumen. Dead weight presumed lost returns to blight the finished product. Or, Milton Friedman should be so unlucky.

The Freelings' youngest daughter Carol Anne is the first to hook up with the poltergeist presence, which communes through the great god cathode. Whilst Mom smokes dope and swots up on 'nocturnal perambulations' her daughter is sleepwalking into the TV set. (Make of this what you will, McLuhanites.) The dead souls are unhappily stranded between earthly delight (which Carol Anne represents) and spiritual rest (which she can help them attain). She disappears. Then the delerium tremors really start to kick in.

The impolite ways of the poltergeist are

Carol Anne clowns around wih disturbed spirits.

E OR NOT TOBE?

And that is just one question raised by the fantastic ghost story, *Poltergeist*. Did Steven Spielberg do more than produce the film, and if so what was the role of director TOBE HOOPER? IAN PENMAN goes towards the white light with an exclusive Hooper interview in Hollywood.

apparently well documented. Their 'presence' rarely lasts longer than a couple of months (as opposed to those bothersome hauntings, which can go on for ever) and usually seems to be associated with someone in the household who is under 20. (Within which there is a weirder percentage seemingly connected to young girls coming into puberty — a 'fact' alluded to in *Poltergeist*, rather cheekily, through the developing sexuality of the Freelings' oldest child Dana).

It's probably wise to keep a safe sceptic's distance from the murkier reaches of this phantom subject — and the only times when *Poltergeist* threatens to lose its immaculate momentum are when first the visiting expert and then again the Good Witch-style exorcist unravel their Astral Directory raps.

Poltergeist doesn't, thank heavens, rely on 360 degrees of blasphemy and guts to 'cleanse' its house; the exorcism, when it comes, is as tacky as it is terrifying, a cross between *Jason And The Argonauts* and *Altered States* (it certainly shares a silly streak with the latter — trying to show the Unshowable seems to bring this out in movies). I for one am beginning to wonder if the tennis ball sequence is a gag of the slyest order.

But although over a third of the budget went into the piggybank of George Lucas' Industrial Light & Magic special effects company, some of the simplest of the (we're told) 100 optical illusions remain the most memorable: the classic hallucinatory corridor that just keeps growing, the play room's hilarious vortex, the stark beauty of the ghosts, when first fully glimpsed.

I only had to mention one sequence for Tobe Hooper to skyrocket into a spray of shorthand "explanation": "All that was done at George Lucas' ILM cloud tanks. I would shoot 65mm plates on Vistavision, DX the sky, shoot the clouds moving in the tanks, and bi-pack that information."

Right. Very good. (Assumes broad grin of "total comprehension".)

QUITE SIMPLE: all it requires is for you to take away what you want from *Poltergeist*, whether or not the work of either Spielberg or Hooper previously impressed you. Follow the signs that naturally accumulate during the film's progress, rather than blazing a trail based on allegiance or suspicion.

Whoever was 'directly' reponsible for individual 'bits' — and both men obviously contain their equal shares of mischief and malevolence — what they have assembled is an ingenious modern entertainment machine, that also discreetly signals surprise clusters of 'subversive' meaning; the ghost in the . . .

Still, there's no (point) doubting Spielberg's more-than-ghostly presence in *Poltergiest*. The story and much of its resonance seem to support his continued pursuit of certain interests — and the nice thing is, he's advancing and analysing those obsessions rather than letting them run wild, run the show. These are the workings of a mind captivated by the pulsebeat of technology but increasingly doubtful of its capacity to house human flesh and dreams.

Science — certainly in *E.T.* — has forgotten the child's sense of *wonder* at nature, and works with a "limitless desire to kill everything which speaks in a soft voice and which recoils from lab illumination and ossified questions" (Durr).

Disregarding the other fool's disclaimer which pegs one or both as "just" kid's movies (so what if they were), anyone with a heart and an open eye who's seen both *E.T.* and *Poltergeist* will tell you: they're two sides of what is, in essence, one synopsis quarto. They are fantastic journeys through other worlds — or *lost* worlds — that remain moored in one spot, stationary in the American front room.

The common themes are homelessness, displaced spirits, a yearning for rest, and the child's acceptance of sweet truths the adult mind negates in jagged complexity.

Was *Poltergeist* changed or rewritten much along the way?

"The genesis of *Poltergeist:* Steven and I got together sometime during the production of a film I made called *Funhouse*. We had first talked about my doing a film called *Close Encounters Of The . . ."*

There's a long pause. It could be one of those terrible lapses of memory (I know them well) but the rest of the title is such a household phrase in pop culture, I fear any aid will be adjudged rudeness.

" . . . well, it was *Close Encounters II*."

(Now I see. *You* try getting your tongue around the other version.)

"That ended up being *E.T.* — and that wasn't me. I wasn't interested in doing that — although maybe I should have been! Nonetheless I told Steven I wanted to make this film about poltergeists, and we started working on it together in London while he was shooting *Raiders* — it took turns and changed over the eight years. I first wanted to do it in Sensurround process . . . but the stereo and 70mm these days is far more effective."

Did you ever have any brush with poltergeists?

"Yes I did, I cetainly did. I had an experience in a house where the water glasses in the kitchen exploded twice and little ornaments flew off the shelves. It wasn't as terrifying as it was exciting. In association at the time, though, it was right after my Dad passed away, so it was more . . . I guess I was amazed."

Do you believe in a definite Good and Evil?

"Oh yes, as much as I believe in polarity differences, a battery having a positive pole and a negative pole. Good and Evil to me is associated with that — positive and negative in terms of measurable energy."

Poltergeist crosses over to the 'other side' to throw into stark relief many of our most cherished and familiar supports — it scares the living everydaylights out of our material world, the hi-tech hearth. It starts out in the land of sit-com, a long opening sequence of faultless timing and charming veracity; this is very assured cinematic storytelling — before your mind is aware of any manipulation, the eyes have been sold. The vividness of detail makes for an atmosphere 'realer than real' — a subtle means of orchestrating the tension leading up to later, bigger, jolts.

The Freelings are caught going about average family business — the breakfast mayhem is pure '50s monochrome Americana — that is so well choreographed, alongside all the other rows of families, that you don't notice till it's gone. Things are given the audio-visual equivalent of italics, so that quotes from *Close Encounters*, Disney, *The Wizard Of Oz* — and from many archetypal childhood experiences — don't seem at all out of place. As Robert Durgnat said of Altman's *Popeye*, it is a fusion of "the accuracy of the *model* with the fantasy of the *toy*". It also dissolves the space between Adult 'themes' and the glee of a child let loose with Special FX.

At which point we might pause awhile and consider a problem peculiar to the UK, as regards *Poltergeist* — under the heading 'Parental Guidance vs. Parochial Censorship', or, *They Don't Know What Scares You*. In the States, *Poltergeist* is rated 'PG' (Parental Guidance) along with *E.T., Secret Of Nimh, Tron*, etc. Over here it's classified 'X', whilst stuff like the marrow-jarring *Blade Runner* ('R' for Restricted in the States) and *Who Dares Wins* get away with 'AA'.

We have to wonder what the British Board of Censors have in mind when making these judgements; those latter two 'AA' examples patently deal with adult *ideas* (albeit in a decidedly simplistic or stupid way). The worst thing *Poltergeist* could persuade anyone to do would be to become a parapsychologist (or maybe give up TV for a while). It *is* exceptionally scary — but it's a *fantastic* film, entirely free of any callous, earthbound violence, virtually free of 'language', and the most vicious element is probably the combined temper of Dolby Stereo and 70mm.

I remark to Hooper that — when I went to see *Poltergeist* for the first time, at a small neighbourhood theatre in LA's Culver City — people had taken along their kids . . . who were still able to laugh by the end. Me, I would have been *demolished* by it as a kid, but the new, numb, TV-suckled kids (assumes 'old timer' accent) . . .

"Right. *Poltergeist* I designed to be a 'safe' experience, a PG picture. No one is terminated or killed in the film, even the only graphic scene in the picture is an illusion" — you'll see, folks, you'll see — "in the context of the screenplay. I designed it to resemble a big Mattel toy, a big, colourful, safe piece . . . and I'm happy to see that's working. I hope we're not causing too many nightmares."

The British Board of Censors — fuzzy from shelving all that planed-down porno, martial arts disembowellment and prom night terror — must've had the shit scared out of them.

IS ANYTHING taboo? Anything you wouldn't put in one of your films?

"Absolutely, oh absolutely! A lot of things. Fact, I'll have real trouble killing anyone in a film. But there's a lot of things, a lot of subjects I wouldn't approach, wouldn't touch with a ten foot pole."

Intrigued — thinking they'll probably all be covered in my first two screenplays — I probe for any that come to mind.

"Oh, well, there's so many things in the horror genre and then all those spin-off films of the *Chainsaw Massacre* that I wouldn't have anything to do with, or in some cases wouldn't even go and see. I won't single any out, but there are some of them that are just blood-letting pieces — and I just don't see that there's a place for wholesale slaughter in our consciousness. It can't do us any good, it doesn't set a proper example, and in some of these things even the catharsis value. . .it's negative, harmful to our humanity. There are some things you shouldn't even bring to thought."

What separates *Chainsaw Massacre* (in which there actually isn't much visible or explicit *bloodspill)* from that ilk?

"*Chainsaw Massacre* was one of the first of those pieces, and it was a calculation on my part, it was like a mathematical problem. I think it had a purity about it, that because it was original *for the moment* takes some of the onus off of its being an intentionally dark experience, rather than say a thrilling or frightening one. In other words, no harm was intended."

(Also in the *LA Times* article, Kim Henkel — Hooper's writer on *Massacre* — recalled that "the criterion for acceptance was, if Tobe chuckled when he read. . .we knew it was alright. We intended to scare people, but it had to be funny.")

Why or how is it that films like *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* occasionally 'hit' the mood of the moment?

"That piece came from allegory to me — I think there is a kind of universal undercurrent in that piece. But it was in fact analagous to our political situation: running out of gas, corruption, Watergate, that kind of *madness* — you're laughing at things you're frightened by."

Which is worth bearing in mind, now that the new 'hit' movies tingle with optimism and playfulness, rather than the swing of a psycho's blade. Robert Durgnat, again on Altman's *Popeye*, seems to sum it up when saying that "such Innocence Regained is partly about America not hating itself despite a heritage of violence, both externally and domestically directed."

I tell Mr Hooper about an interview with fellow 'psychotic' David Cronenberg I had read, where the director talks about some of the strange 'readings' his films elicit. Quote: "In fact, some of the amusing political interpretations of my films by French critics turn out, in a strange way, not to be inaccurate. For instance, *Shivers* takes place in a very middle class high-rise. . .so they said I was talking about the malaise of the bourgeoisie. At first I laughed, and then I said 'Well, they're not wrong.' Experientially, when I lived in that same tower, I felt the same sickness and wanted to get out."

How does *he* react to intellectual analyses? Does he read them?

"Do I read my own films, or-?"

No, do you read the readings! (?)

"In my experience with my pieces I know what we've done more completely a couple of years after. I think that the reading comes back slow, and there's truth in it. I've had people tell me things about my work and I've said 'Of course!' "

You think this will happen with *Poltergeist?*

"Sure. I don't think the reading is back on it yet!"

I mention a few of the 'innocent' signs scattered through *Poltergeist:* the biography of Prez Reagan that Dad — Mr Free Enterprise, "the best damned salesman we've got" — is reading.

"Yeah! Sure. It's a joke for the moment, but it was part of this whole spirit that was being hosted in there."

How about the visitors in the swimming pool — where there'd normally be bronzed bodies?

"It may have something to do with that. . .no, I'd better not say what I was going to say."

Why not?!

"Well, maybe I should. Maybe it *has* something to do with the whole political line that runs through the picture, along with the Reagan-omics, the whole development of a community on top of a cemetry. . .Yeah, that's an incomplete idea."

They're always the best. How about the ghosts in the TV?

"The TV was just a method, a piece of machinery that picks up radio signals from a dimension that we can't see. So it was a communicating device between a dead zone and the living."

Are you a TV addict?

"Oh, well, I even sleep with it. TV puts me to sleep. It's like I need TV and an electric fan to fall asleep. I like the combination — story going on and white noise. Yeah, TV addict and movie fanatic — I need it!"

Can you draw any comparisons between working for TV and in the movies?

"Many differences. Working for television here you design things to play in restricted time units between the commercials — the dramatic structure has to take into account the interruptions. Then of course the subject matter is different between the two mediums.

"It's really interesting, though, because some of the things that a motion picture audience wouldn't care for anymore play better on TV — some of the material that used to be in the movie houses on first run, 'A' pictures. And some of the material that used to be on TV is now on the motion picture screen. We're sort of transposing, there."

It would be easy to flippantly put this down to *Outer Limits, Twilight Zone* and *Alfred Hitchcock Presents* being rerun everyday on American network TV — but there's a grain of truth in such free assocation. Both Hooper and his producer on *Poltergeist* have had their fair share of TV experience: Spielberg started there on such incongruously disparate entities as *Night Gallery* and *Marcus Welby M.D.* — and *Duel*, don't forget, was made-for-TV; Hooper's best-remembered work for the tube was a four-hour adaptation of the Stephen King book *Salem's Lot*.

Not only does Spielberg's 'moral' tone in both *E.T.* and *Poltergeist* strongly resemble those old *Limits/Zone* spoken editorials (you know: man has trouble enough finding empathy for his fellow mankind, so how's some poor schmuck of an alien that's never even heard of *envy*, or *possession*, or *aggression* gonna fare?) but the feel and fabric of the stories is very much in the sit com tradition. It's the comedy of absolute improbabilities or risible opposites — the same kind of source Jonathan Demme tapped for *Melvin And Howard:* one day you're a short order cook, the next it's raining millionaires and Martians.

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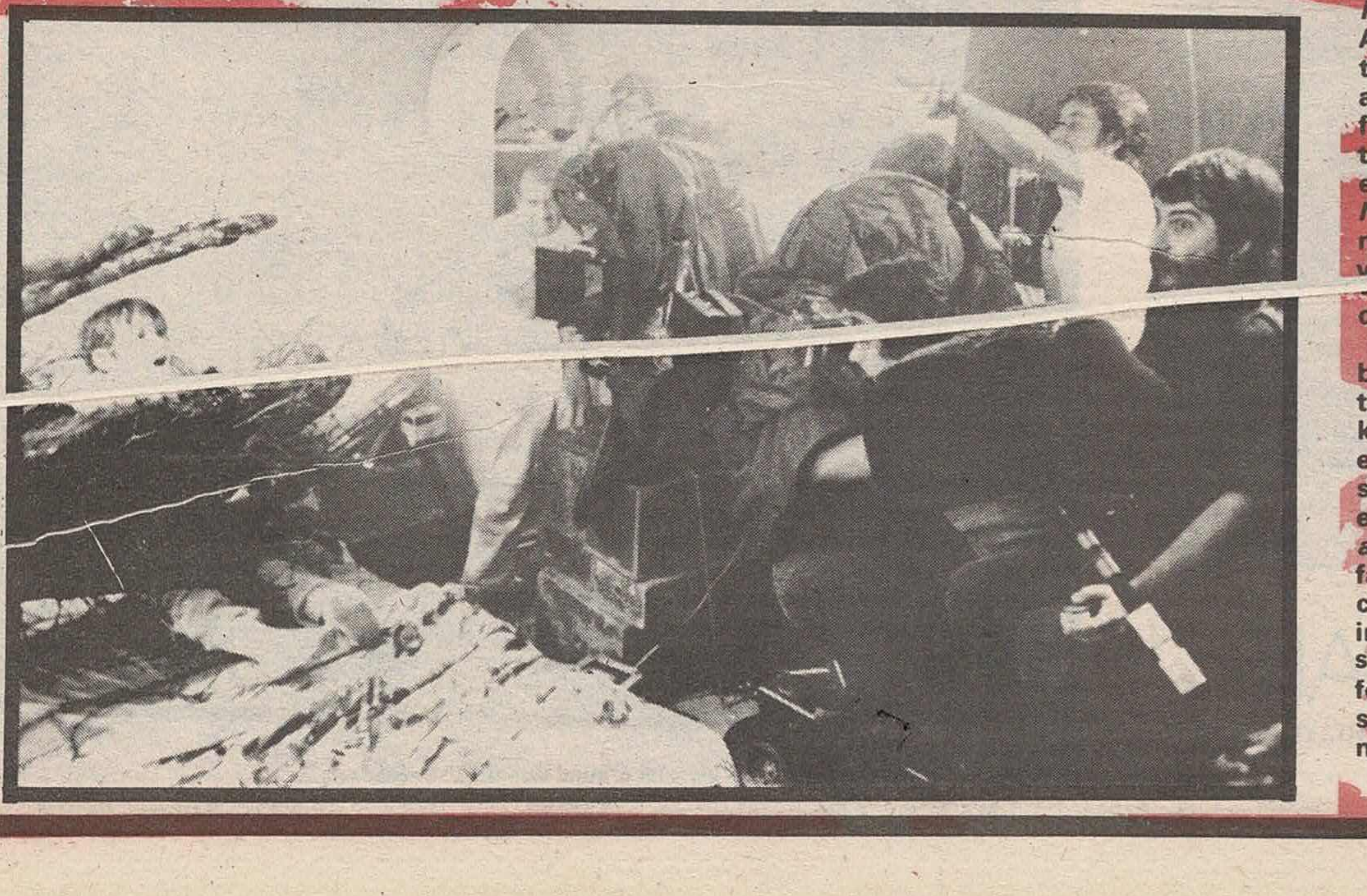
Tobe (bearded) on the set of *Poltergeist*



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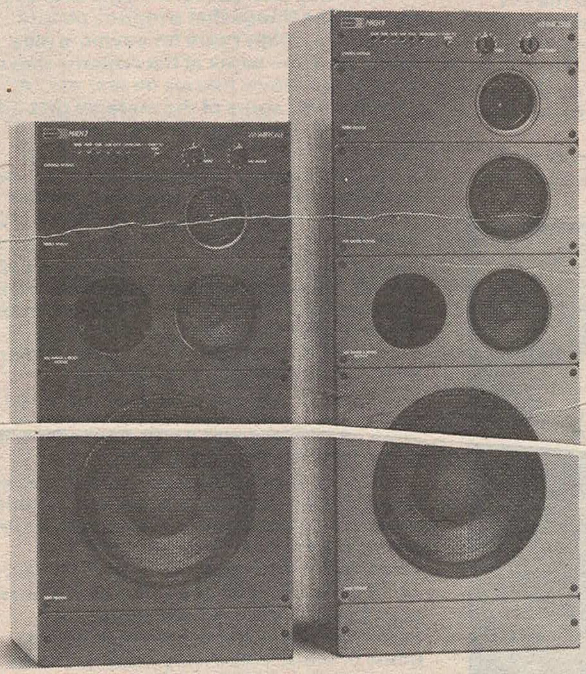

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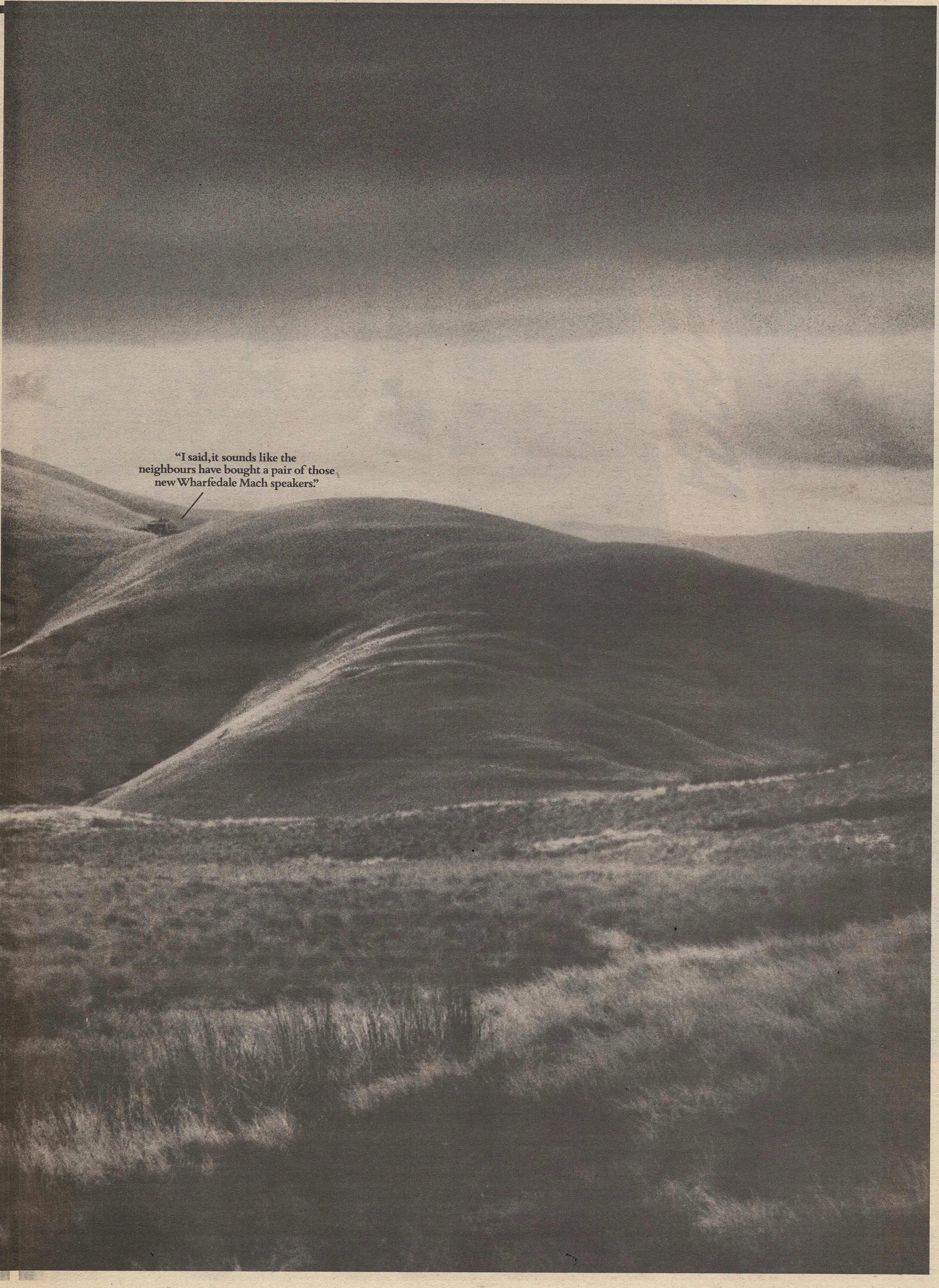
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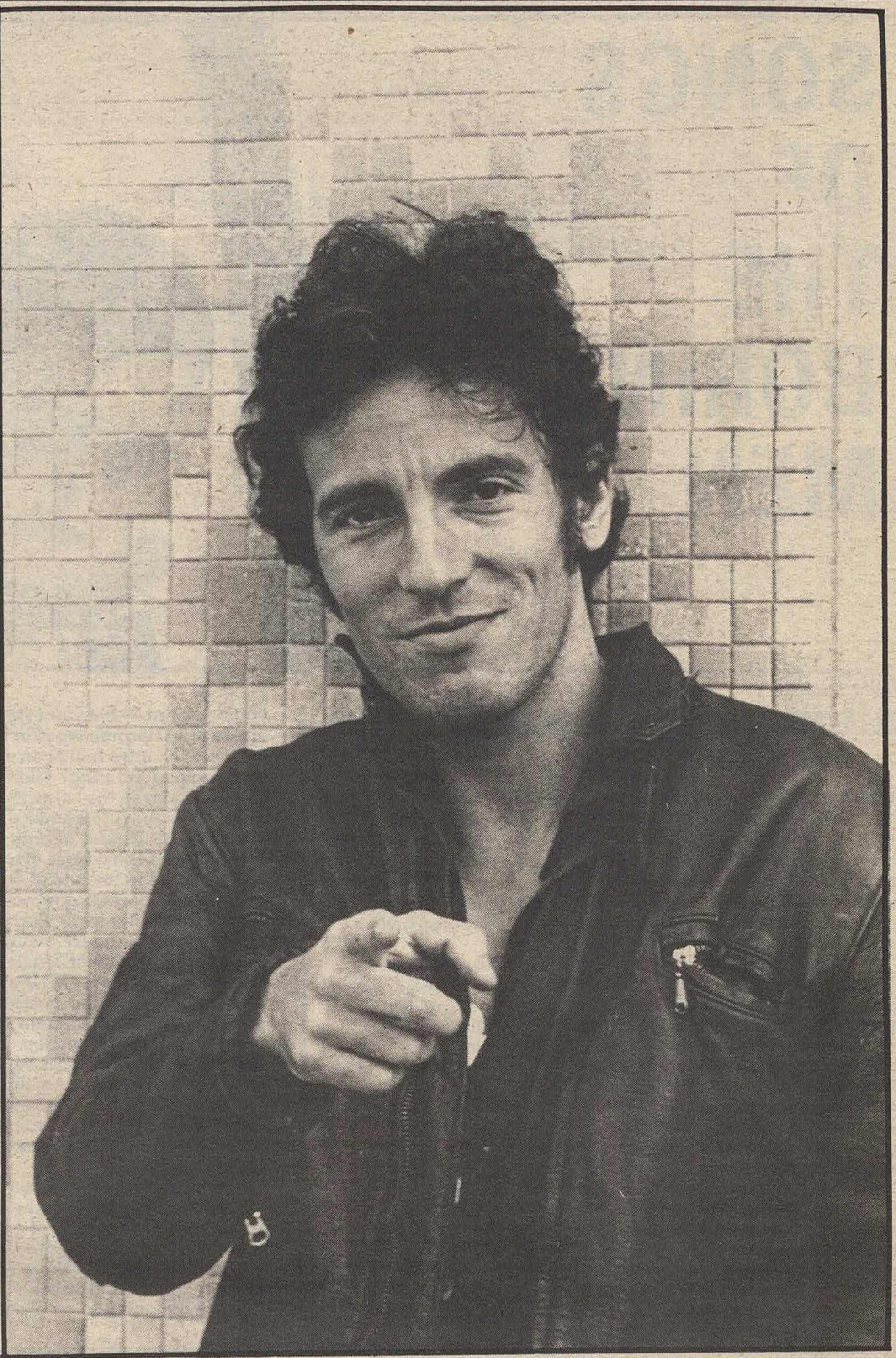


Bruce Springsteen *Pic: Bob Sorce / LFI*

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Nebraska (CBS)

"WHO COULD have ever thought that there could be such a thing as redneck grace?" (Pauline Kael).

BLUE COLLARS chafe, rubbing necks raw; depending which side of the picket line you fall, the redness peaking between the neckline and the hairline is a stamp of dignity, the mark of sullen resignation or the first growling sign of discontent. However, we're talking lines of longitude not latitude, those that stretch down from the Badlands bordering Canada, through the American heartland and South Texas: the tracks traced by Woody Guthrie, the dirtroads trodden by vagrants and workers looking for a job (or a bit part in a Roger Corman depression movie), the westward trails of Tom Joad in *Grapes of Wrath.*

'Nebraska' additionally follows the coast from New Jersey to Atlantic City, but in essence Bruce Springsteen is tapping the same myths and legends — those of the American worker whose stability is threatened by economic collapse.

He has always invoked the dignity of labour with absolute honesty, at best four years ago on 'Darkness On The Edge Of Town'. On 'The River', though, his songs strayed from the genuine understanding he gleaned first hand from his own childhood into a misbegotten and awkwardly generalised sympathy for the working man's lot, worsened by the guilty fear that he no longer belonged. For the first time he sounded horribly patronising and he further stretched the credulity gap by exploding slight songs with the blustery melodrama of the E Street Band.

Of course the bigger he gets the farther away he shifts from the roots he undoubtedly cherishes. There is no way back and thankfully 'Nebraska' doesn't pretend there is; but by bravely ditching the excesses of the E Street Band for solo guitars, harmonica and voice he's made a valuable sideways leap, allowing him space to breathe free again.

Not that an acoustic guitar automatically implies soul searching integrity. On the contrary, the styles he works in here provide a sensible distancing device. He focuses his continuing obsessions through the third person of dustbowl updates, prison ballads and personable country blues.

He bypasses the cloying introspection normally associated with singer / songwriter / performers and steps into that much more fruitful, peculiarly timeless zone of Middle America, as defined by populist culture, ranging from the '30s Warner Brothers hard times movies to Roger Corman's New World depression pictures; from Woody Guthrie's optimism through Chuck Berry's car fetishism and Dylan's early documents of communities destroyed. Everywhichway you look in 'Nebraska' you see the same pinched, hungry faces and this time, unlike on 'The River', their sinking cheeks are only coloured with the faintest blusher.

Here, periods are deliberately collaged, more than confused. We could be experiencing the economic collapse of the '30s or the present. We might be watching a '50s Dean cult movie — *East Of Eden* — or its cynical '70s rejoinder — *Badlands.* The voice reciting these tales, though, is distinctly Springsteen's own, even when he is doing little more than recounting the plot of Terence Malick's brilliant *Badlands* — retitled 'Nebraska' — which starred Martin Sheen as an apparently motiveless killer and Sissy Spacek as his blank spectator of a girlfriend.

At first Springsteen's version appears all awry. His morose, almost self-pitying vocal and disconsolate harmonica wail is totally at odds with both the film's estranged tone and his lyric's callous first-person confession. But the way in which he turns the classy punchline explanation of his actions — *"Well sir, I guess there's just a meanness in the world"* — is so neatly and simply executed that I'm stunned by the man's craft. Not to mention a mischievousness missing in his work since his first two records.

No longer ground down by the need to prove his honesty by wearing his heart in his holler, he's now writing and singing in the testy troubadour tradition of entertaining with a kick. Which in no way betrays his earlier obsessions; where these manifest themselves most obviously — in the sentimental childhood reminiscences 'Mansion On The Hill', 'My Father's House' and 'Used Cars' — the record threatens to succumb to a feated listlessness that depicts his family as somewhat dim, which I'd imagine to be the opposite of the noble, long suffering stoicism he intends.

In this context, those who turn to crime appear far more heroic than they should. But whereas such oversimplification sounds stupidly glamorous in a rock and roll song, it rings a bit more truthfully grim when set off against the LP's references to prison songs and death row movies. My favourite combines both: 'Johnny 99' is wonderful *I Was A Fugitive From A Chain Gang* hokum in which Johnny offers the bank repossessing his home as poor mitigation for a robbery turned murder rap, before entering into the new style sentence bargaining introduced by Gary Gilmore.

'Highway Patrolman' casts Springsteen on the other side of the law, as a traffic cop torn between blood ties and doing his duty. There's probably a movie precedent for this one, too. (*How about* Prince Of The City? — *Ed).* In fact much of 'Nebraska' suggests that Springsteen has spent time off since his massive world tour holed up at home composing to a stack of gothic Americana videos and a copy of *The Executioner's Song.*

For the most part, at least, they've kept him off the New Jersey streets. I'm intrigued to know where he might go next.

Chris Bohn

TICKLING FANCIES

Dave Gahan *Pic: Peter Anderson*

DEPECHE MODE

A Broken Frame (Mute)

JIM KERR of major group Simple Minds marvels that he has sung on *five* LPs, and now Depeche Mode — laughing till the end of time but not sure if they can smile anymore — dart in to drop their second LP at our feet: it's not so much a career, they're just absorbed, mingling thoughts of love and honesty, virtuously oblivious of the strange 'obligations of the street' that some ranty commentators feel is mandatory for all beating, feeling, wakeful pop groups.

Depeche Mode, they bounce, they brood, and things open up.

I have, enough times for even the dullest fixed ranter to appreciate, explained why the peachy modests are, if not pathological grotesque smashing into bourgoise sobriety, then something far more ironic and subtle than the 'banal inno-paps'. Those who can only take the hard rusting edges that lie here and there as a reality will continue to liken Depeche Mode to a handful of sand wrapped in a handkerchief *(eh? - Ed.)*: But then, there's no need to shriek until the cows speak the language of God. *(Eh? again - Ed.)* Depeche Mode may not drive me crazy but I feel no jealousy or resentment towards their brand of abundant vitality, nor feel a need to snigger at their simple cares and sorrows. If they tickle rather than heckle I see nothing obscene in that: and of course the *authentic* heckler is a rare thing within rock-pop-or algebra.

It's too easy to carry through the sheer fallacies that from rock-pop-or cookery can surge spectacular interpretations of life, brilliant significations of emancipation, startling cries for unity. At best there are noble, enchanting individual efforts that can attach themselves to other efforts to form instructive patterns. Pop, after all *that,* seems to be a matter for the individual: is your own house in order? In terms of 'is your own house in order?' Depeche Mode are as smashing as Throbbing Gristle. The tickles are not wasted, whereas the heckles usually are.

Depeche Mode: nothing necessarily follows, and anything possibly may.

So who can really say that Mode's splendid, singing combinations of sound and incidental lacks grief or soul or mystique once it's accepted, and it must be, that Depeche Mode enter into the spirit of pop writing with honesty and a slight nervousness? One streaming Mode instrumental passage could well contain more heart and petulance than an entire Jam LP: it's difficult to say, taking it beyond dogma.

For me — and right now I have control — the Mode talk about the passing pleasures with an ace precision, and are a consistently excellent illumination of pop's mystical ability to ravish the senses through a combination of sweet regrets and agile delight. However slight or too-sweet it may appear to the casual listener there is — *in truth* — far too much detail, succulence and rude sense for the music to be dismissed with dull complaint. Tender, deceptive, and with perhaps sharper joys than steel and ice . . . again, who's to say?

Depeche Mode: avid for delight, serious about dream and love, and such a moving sound from such a carefree touch.

On 'A Broken Frame' the subjects are Mode favourites: tears running down the cheek, the dangerous fragility of childhood, songs springing from the casual overhearing of a chance remark. This is what they do and it's foolish to spite it: they have acquired a conviction that they aren't really willing to give up for yours. What can be immediately appreciated is their quickening concision, their increasing artfulness, Martin Gore's impressive songs, songs that connect firmly with the folk-wisdom and folk-metaphysics of the vanished Vince.

If Depeche Mode could have become the trapped inno-paps cynics stubbornly assumed them to be once Vince blew the Yazoo, all motion and no progression, 'A Broken Frame', brief, cunning, certain, is as much as anything an assertion that the Mode is no headless chick.

CONTINUES OVER

SONGS OF THE BORING MEN

David Thomas

Pic: Anton Corbijn

PERE UBU

Song Of The Bailing Man (Rough Trade)

THOUGH IT jigs and capers about in a kind of pixilated fit of the shakes, this is a saddening record. The trivialising of this group — which once put a monster in a pair of rock and roll shoes — is not entirely of their own doing but the unvarnished truth is that Pere Ubu have outlived their excellence. Whimsy was never a part of the angry intelligence that made 'The Modern Dance': now it has consumed their real energies.

Like 'The Art Of Walking', 'Song Of The Bailing Man' is a giggly batch of squeaks and jingles, rhymes and noodles. At least traces of the appalled fright that used to possess Ubu remained in their last LP, particularly in the chilling 'Lost In Art'; nothing of that exists at all in the 11 irritating little rondos on offer here. The absolute lack of substance permeates everything, from David Thomas' scatterbrain vocal identities to the furious business of the instruments. It all rushes past, snickering to itself, not bothered whether you're listening or not. Why should I listen?

Because . . . aw, look, I saw this group play the single most astounding 'rock' gig I've ever attended and I can't understand why they're so far off the mark now. Or perhaps I can: it's become clear how every member of the Ubu that made the first three albums was a compulsory element in their particular destroy-and-rebuild approach to the dark guts of rock'n'roll. Mayo Thompson is a good player without ever coming close to Tom Herman's inspirational guitar derangement — did you ever see them play 'Laughing' and notice how Herman wouldn't let Thomas start the vocal until he knew the intro had been wound up tight enough to bust the seams of the song? Thompson's intellectual frivolities don't amount to the same thing.

Nor does Anton Fier make a convincing replacement for Scott Krauss. Krauss' drums were always the straight touch, the flintlocked character of the rock beat, which never let Ubu drift off into the toyland of abstraction. Fier's fussy timetables and clicking marimbas remind one of nothing so much as Art Tripp's role in the early Mothers Of Invention — it's no accident that 'Song Of The Bailing Man' resembles an infant's expurgated version of 'Uncle Meat'.

Sarcasm was never in Ubu's make-up either, and the way 'The Long Walk Home' breaks down into a fractured smoke'n'shades movement or the self-parodic 'West Side Story' disintegrates menace amount to poor crumbs of recompense for their lost degree of danger. Adam Kidron produces them like an anaemic jazz ensemble hung up on their own tricksiness. Their avowed intention — to cut out the rambling flab and return to the unshakeable structures that built the pulse of their industrial stepping — has been missed altogether.

Pere Ubu have moved from the city to the country. 'Song Of The Bailing Man' is concerned with hats, dogs, insects, ruminations on fossils and a man who wanted to bail out the ocean. *"It's good for ducks / So don't complain"* goes 'Stormy Weather' — okay, but there's times when being a Happy Guy isn't enough. Pere Ubu are down on the farm and I don't see how they're going to get back. Ever.

Richard Cook

DEPECHE MODE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

They could have got silly, withdrawn into ditties or got all weepy, sweeping brushes along epic linoleum. But they have kept their head, developing the games that were boxed on their last LP 'Speak And Spell'. The wandering of Vince has not harmed the Depeche balance: armed with innocence, apt to blush, yet open to life's sins and challenges.

The opening two songs tell the tale. Encircling the trembling shadows with 'Satellite' and then bursting bluntly into the yellowing dilemma of the meaning of love, as if aware for the first time of *potential*. Depeche Mode don't consider for an instance set attitudes; what it is assumed a group like them should or should not do. With such an uninhibited spirit their variation on blues, or *folk*, ('Shouldn't Have Done That'.) is as fresh as The Undertones. For those who insist that Depeche Mode are timid, or whatever it is, the songs 'Leave In Silence' and 'Shouldn't Have Done That' show a group consumed with curiosity, yearning for more than the shallows. And with Depeche Mode it is their potential that excites as much as anything. When they find more places and hear more . . .

Depeche Mode shed their light under some dark cloud, with that determination to move forward. There is something sombre, an accident or five, some amorous melodies, there's furtive tears and turbulent nonsense; smiling and youthful and blueish voices; here they romp, here they float, and there — sore grievances and the foaming joy.

I'm all for it. **Paul Morley**

The Furs

FURS LOVE NEVER DIES

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS

Forever Now (CBS)

ONCE UPON a time, the Psychedelic Furs were everyone's epitome of the vulagarity and pretence of rock music.

That was years ago, and in the midst of albums of pure pain, passion and power like 'Unknown Pleasures', 'Thirst' and '154', the Furs' melodrama did seem flat and fake. Richard Butler used to spit out ditties about his old flames with all the vitriol of Rotten attacking the establishment (small 'e' — this was before doing the same thing while waving an angry fist in the air became a passport to street cred) and the Furs, with their endless pouting, prancing and preening, held the unenviable title of glib glam tart upstarts of pop.

But then something changed. The brightest hopes of pop fizzled out, the remaining few dwindled into sulky obscurity, and the main music scene opened its arms ostentatiously to the Alternatives so the ranks of the charts were filled with bewildered souls stunned by commercial success who had to soften their ware considerably to stay at home in the simpering, easily digestible soft-porn world of *TOTP*. (How quickly The Funboy Three switched their attention from mad world rulers to telephones!) Meanwhile The Psychedelic Brats wiped their noses and grew up. Their closed anger evaporated, leaving Butler's sandpaper rasp rubbing uncharacteristically melodic songs the wrong (or right) way. A new simplicity disposed of all the trappings necessary to carry off their past pomp, and the Furs dropped the psychedelia and concentrated on the music.

Their venture from hollow blasting tirade of noise to more mellow present state doesn't mean they're now churning out bland euphonic little tunes. On the contrary, just as the Bunnymen maintain searing power in the undercurrents of even their most restrained songs ('The Disease', 'Turquoise Days'), there's a suppressed tension bubbling under Butler's newly-tamed drawl, even in the catchy chorus of their most commercial single to date, 'Love My Way'. (This is not to suggest 'Forever Now' has one tenth the worth of 'Heaven Up Here', but not being an outstanding record doesn't make it a bad one.)

Nor have the Furs dropped all links with stridency — in spite of the muted voice and maturer mood, they still use the more grating edge of their instruments . . . a sign to come, no doubt, of regression towards 'Rock' (shudder) but then couldn't we say the banalities (and numerous cover versions) currently filling the charts are insultingly regressive in their safety?

Of course, to a (too) serious listener the Furs may still sound strained. The secret is to take them, like all good things, in small doses or with a pinch of salt. I still wouldn't take them home to meet my parents, but honestly, they aren't bad for your health anymore.

Leyla Sanai

SOUNDTRACKS FOR 6T's

VARIOUS ARTISTS

For Dancers Only (Kent/Modern)

IT WAS funny to see an article on Northern Soul in last month's *Face* alongside Robert Elms' "Hard Times" cover story. Elms' hackety-hackety-hack feature was a desperate attempt to bring validity to disposable fashion — the whole world's a catwalk just waiting for Le Beate Route to set the trend — while the continuance of the Northern Soul phenomenon with the emphasis on energy, sex and dancing actively creates and celebrates good times.

The kids don't need a weather man — or, for that matter, a media propagandist — to tell them which way the wind blows; don't need to sit and think what pose to pull next — they just need a proud, brash soundtrack to live and dance by. And although there's been some marvellous dance music over the years — Miami, Philly, disco — there's always a fresh crop of British kids, predominantly white and in their early teens, hooked on relatively obscure black dance music from the mid '60s. They dress up, dance obsessively, take in turns to outdo each other's display of footwise wizardry, buy overpriced imports. Simply, they keep the faith.

The cult has been here for ages, it doesn't need *The Face,* the *NME* or anyone else to encourage it. However, over the past 18 months the upswell has been marked; there's probably as much demand in London as there is in the Northern clubs for the music — record shops besieged by young mods searching for floaters or stompers or grinders and packed houses all over the country for 6T's discos.

And so Chiswick have called upon Harboro Horace — a DJ on the scene — to compile a compilation of some of the best stuff on the Kent/Modern label. While Motown took the world by storm, Kent/Modern was one of a host of labels who never achieved the same popularity though they were just as much a part of the sound of young, black America. Most of the music you hear on this LP has been written out of the history books but now, as well as saving you lots of ackers on the originals of, say, The Ikettes' 'I'm So Thankful' or ZZ Hill's 'Baby I'm So Sorry', it's brought — thumping and charging through the speakers — back to life.

And how! It's not hard to see the timeless appeal, be it loping tenderness and seduction (The Ikettes' 'I'm So Thankful'), het-up frustration (Ike and Tina Turner's 'I Can't Believe What You Say') or earthy lust (Lowell Fulsom's 'My Aching Back') — respectively, a 'floater', a 'stomper' and a 'grinder': there's a pulse and a spirit running through the music that invites communal strength and demands emotional and physical catharsis.

At its best it's frantic, shattering, truly titanic stuff. And at its worst it's miles better than most of the records recommended in this column every week. Although the productions aren't on the same grand scale, Kent/Modern has, like Motown, a fresh, pungent sound that can never be accurately initiated or revisited. It's soul music imbued with the manic insight of Phil "little symphonies for the kiddies" Spector. Hear the opening two tracks — Mary Love's 'You Turned My Bitter Into Sweet' and Felice Taylor's 'I Can Feel Your Love' — and experience the violent liberating rhythms with tambourines, saxophones and gutsy confident vocals right up there in the mix to make a glorious, exhilarating torrent of sound.

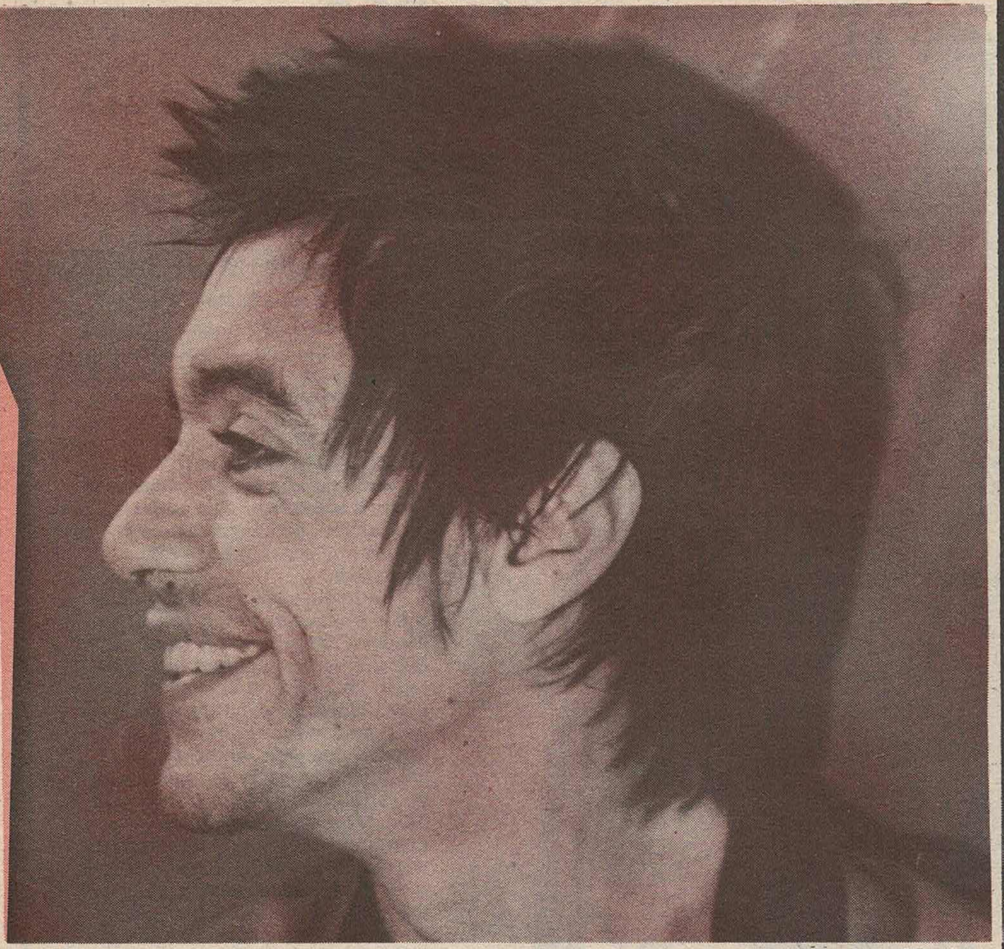
The usual explanation given as to why Kent/Modern and all the other independent soul labels of the '60s never achieved the respect and fame of Motown and Stax is because their acts lacked identity. Bullshit! It was because they were run on minimal budgets, couldn't afford record pluggers and were ruthlessly crushed by an inherently racist record industy ("hard times"? Don't make me laugh.)

And where will it all end, this fascination with '60s soul? Well, Harboro Horace says he found enough tracks for three or four more albums while compiling this one disc; and there'll always be kids who hunger for a music that's sharp and abrasive, music that has strength and compassion, music that helps give them enough pride and confidence to step out and take control of their dancing, their loving and their living.

Yeah,I'm happy to say this music will be around long after you and I and everyone else has gone.

Gavin Martin

Ike & Tina Turner



Iggy Pop *Pic: Alan Messer*

MONDO ZOMBO!

IGGY POP

Zombie Birdhouse (Animal)

INSTALMENT '82, in which Iggy bites his nails and wonders what to do.

At least that's my best guess at the moment, and I admit that I'm confused. Involved, but uncertain and confused. Since Iggy Pop stopped being the crazy, twisted beast of myth, and was reborn as Bowie's 'Idiot', I've loved his work for its glorious, defiant gestures, the faces Iggy pulled, the fabulous jokes he cracked (that especially) and that certain sense of just giving in to impulses you really should resist.

'Lust For Life' saw Iggy oozing ridiculous quantities of energy and sex, and on 'New Values' he was restless, tetchy and bored. Two great LPs, where everything was bellowed right out loud with a shrug and a big bad laugh, and it was good and bold and as gratifying as hell. Iggy was tongue-in-cheek, often unhappy, but relishing it all. He could be a pain, of course — sometimes when live, and certainly on 'Soldier' — but at best he was thrillingly in control. The imbecile winking at his watchers. What a star.

'Zombie Birdhouse' is Iggy Pop's first LP on Chris Stein's new Animal label, and it seems we've got a rather different deal. About half the tracks here are galloping, ahem, rockers (Pop's records are an exception to the general rule of Now) with a slightly, and tellingly, ungainly stride. The other half are basically broken ballads or freaks. Most songs are dominated by blundering drums (Clem Burke) and Rob DuPrey's unsettling layers of tense guitar. Stein plays bass on a handful of tunes.

Almost all of these songs are hard to pin down; the music difficult to hear. The singer/creator's pulse is elusive, his health erratic and not easy to diagnose. The nearest I can get is that 'Zombie Birdhouse' is a selection of responses to disgust and unease. This time Iggy isn't romping, but grappling with some serious nastiness.

Some clues? Maybe it's all in the gags. (Not the most joyous ever made.) One occurs in a sprawl of TV chin-wag and loose-headed noise called 'Watching The News', where Pop's drain-like tones surface from the mush with this declaration: *"The president today announced that he's pushing all the buttons in a giggling fit."* Hmmm. I laughed right out loud, there, but I'm not sure if it's funny.

Iggy gets futile on 'Life Of Work'. He gets nervy on the single 'Run Like A Villain', and mysterious on 'Angry Hills'. There *are* hints of the previous curiosity and confidence too. 'Bulldozer' finds Iggy grossly grunting a grotesque parody of bullheaded power lust, and following this 'Platonic' is so tenderly well-mannered it's absurd; imagine Gengis Khan making daisy chains. But only on 'The Horse Song' does the loony laughter sound entirely like fun. The rest is a little hollow, a bit like bravado.

'Zombie Birdhouse' is no piece of cake, and will strike many different chords. Craziness is still central to the plot, but this time The Madness stalks Iggy, where he used to invent and impose it himself. I'd like another fortnight to consider this hot but unnerving entertainment; but, for my sins, I'd suggest that Pop's progress has been from Demented American to Deadpan American; that the latter still holds, but maybe we should fit 'disturbed' in there somewhere too.

There's a track called 'The Villagers', one of the best. it goes *"Man is the village animal/United by the glue of our loathsome qualities/We are sneaking, peeping toms/In revolt against each other . . . In the space age, the village idiot rules"* Brrr! Iggy's no idiot, and I'm still laughing . . . but nervously.

Dave Hill

. . . AND MONDO NYMPHO!

VANITY 6

Vanity 6 (Warners)

IT HAD to happen sometime. The American music monolith was always liable to throw up a female act based on the successful sex-funk formula patented by Prince, and it has done precisely that with Vanity 6 — three dodgy North Hollywood boilers touting cheap titillation as art.

The three suspender-clad vamps are pictured on the cover of this debut album. pouting on a bed of crumpled sheets, a fair indication of the sort of stuff on the record. The songs are all uncompromising enough, skipping through everyday subjects like sexual fantasy ('Wet Dream'), seduction ('Nasty Girl'), oral sex ('Bit The Beat'), the act itself ('Drive Me Wild'), rejection ('He's So Dull') and the subsequent bitching ('If A Girl Answers, Don't Hang Up') — all treated with an eye for intimate detail.

But whereas Prince could get downright dirty and carry it off by virtue of his musical muscle, Vanity are a rather limp, lacklustre imitation of the original blueprint. The songs have their humorous moments but the overall performance, for all the explicit lyrics, lacks the proud, majestic sexuality of a Donna Summer. These girls might be obsessed with sex, but you'd never guess it from the flat, lethargic way they sing about it.

Even the playing of backing band The Time, the group behind last year's fine 'Cool' single, is shallow and one-dimensional, although the candy-coated Farfisa pop gloss with which they have varnished one or two tracks is an interesting departure from the hard electrofunk they have made their trademark in the past. This highschool pop pastiche is particularly effective on 'He's So Dull', a perfect parody of the dumb American teenager in his blue jeans and '63 Ramrod, and the eerie 'Make Up', quite the best track on the album.

The tough humour that remains a redeeming feature throughout the record is at its height, however, on the hard, butchy rap 'If A Girl Answers Don't Hang Up': *"The only kinda man that would play with you / Is one that plays with himself / None of my friends can stand the sight of you / Much less the smell / If I wasn't a lady I'd take my money / And buy you a brand new face / Then I'd take my underwear and stuff it in your mouth / And you'd love it cos you got no taste ..."* Pure smut for perverse people.

What exactly Vanity 6 are getting at should become more apparent with their forthcoming promotional visit to Britain ... are they really such 'nasty girls' or just more new novelties?

Adrian Thrills

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EGO'S ON AND ON!

JAMES WHITE AND THE BLACKS

Sax Maniac (Animal)

JAMES WHITE must sometimes feel like he's carrying the weight of the whole world on his shoulders, judging by the sheer extremity of the body of his work over the past four years (including composition, arrangement and of course the proto-grievous assault that constitutes his actual playing technique. A psyche suffering from the most extensive torture been repeatedly laid bare.

If White (ne Chance, ne Siegfried) commenced his career with a reputation for loopy aggression, the subsequent events he has had to suffer (frequently the fruit of his own arrogance, shortsightedness and under-achievement) must surely have resulted in an almost suicidal emotional and artistic exhaustion. Throughout the disco and funk excursions of the earlier Blacks and Contortions White has ruthlessly, savagely appeared bent on the utmost exorcism of the social and personal ails he has inexorably attracted, like some living, festering drain absorbing the world's ills purely to spew them out again as a relentless musical bilious attack.

No record deal for three years, a conspicuous inability to keep any sort of regular band together, some truly hideous, buck-raking live performances and the shattering death of his closest ally — all have etched further jagged scars on an already disfigured career. Surely now would have been the time to rest, or at least holiday in pastures different from the ones he has criss-crossed so repeatedly in what now appears to have been a vain search for the secret door into some sort of improvisational enlightenment.

But White is still scratching, clawing, hungrily gnawing for release, nowhere nearer its sweetness than when he began. Instead of pacing himself by a cooler return to his jazz roots, he has simply hurled himself back into the maelstrom of spastic riffing he copyrighted on that seminal 'Off White' LP. Oblivious to the heavy exhaustion his music now so obviously sags under, he stumbles blindly on.

So, despite the expertise of this latest brand of Blackness, 'Sax Maniac' contains very familiar fare. White's original blueprint, of dislocating and distorting the essential commerciality of mainstream dance, relied on a cut-up technique using all the common constituents of funk bass and drum, ricketty rhythm guitar and punctuating keyboards, spiced by equal measures of precocious diffidence and (too) broad objectives. The effect is of a frustrated, disturbed child viciously hammering the different pieces of a jigsaw together, desperate to make some sort of order, however convoluted that order may eventually turn out to be — an eagerness to create *something,* the actual act of creation more important than the product.

While White's new band (which unfortunately possesses all the hallmarks of being assembled solely for these sessions) may mark a tiny step towards a greater understanding of his chosen niche — the bossy horn section, featuring a couple of Defunkters, actually begins to make statements rather than skirt issues in the glory of amateur discord — the sad state of the production succeeds in subordinating all to the master's wailing saxophony. If only White wasn't so bloody keen to stamp himself so heavily on his recordings, and more prepared to listen to the *group* instead of his own bursting ego . . .

James White, however, seems to have already succumbed to a terminal case of tunnel-vision, as his options fall away and his fans (like me) get disillusioned by the waste an Ego and a Habit unavoidably produce. At the time of 'Off White' it seemed he had so much to offer; now he just looks like a spent force.

Graham K. Smith

James White

Illustration: Ian Wright

TOO MUCH MONKEY BUSINESS?

PINSKI ZOO

The Dizzy Dance Record (Dug-Out)

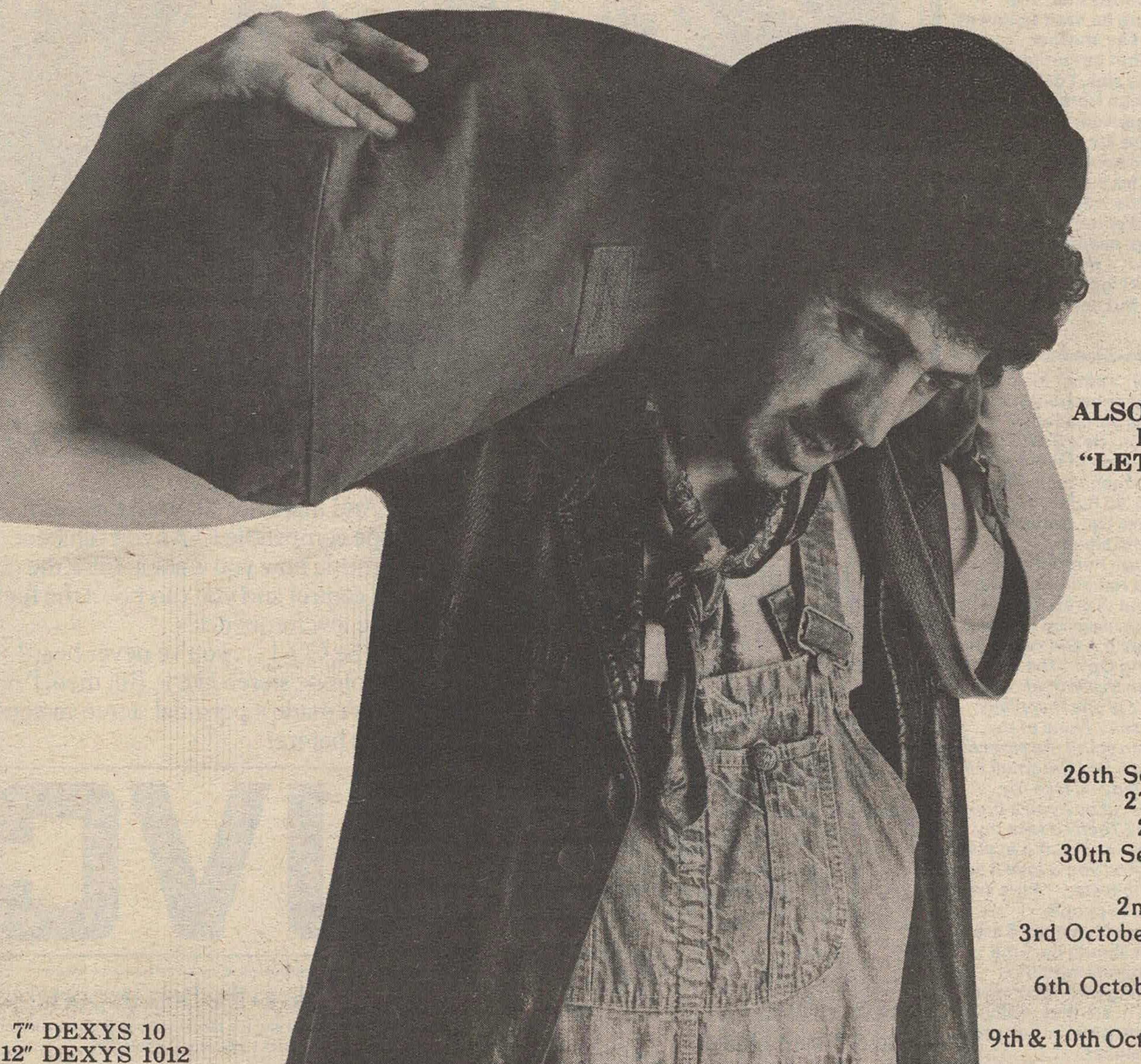
A SATISFACTORY mid-term report, even if Pinski Zoo continue to make out as under-achievers. The raucous chaos emerging from a brave idea — the torrid energies of 'Meditations'-era Coltrane melted down and fused with an observer's response to the hard facts of pop and dance — demands an editor's scissors and an authoritarian production, and 'Dizzy Dance Record' is only half committed to that approach.

The 20 minutes of this 12-incher run out in frustration as a result. 'It's A Monster Steve' is really no good, everybody talking too much to no avail; 'Spasm And Split' works better, with pianist Steve Iliffe's askew harmonic theories wrestling obsessively with Jan Kopinski's cavalry charge saxophones (I think you should calm down sometimes, Jan). Most of the time Kopinski is content to blow rather aimlessly into the tailwind of the percussion section — in 'Dizzy Dance' itself (undanceable) the tenor's concentric squiggles almost fall into shape but again it's Iliffe who comes off best, despite the boxed-up piano sound.

Adrian Sherwood has no idea how to produce PZ properly. On a record in which the bass drum is the only clear sound nothing truthful can be made out. The 'production piece' here is 'Erase My Memory', where the single idea of blowing up the saxes into a cavernous echo in the machine is set on overload until it's merely tedious.

The real dilemma is that nobody is producing these outfits *as jazz groups* — that might not be their genuine identity, but we should still have David Murray producing Rip Rig & Panic, Roscoe Mitchell doing Pigbag and . . . I think James Blood Ulmer should have a go with Pinski Zoo. Or maybe Evan Parker. Either way, these are strong ideas in need of strong discipline.

Richard Cook



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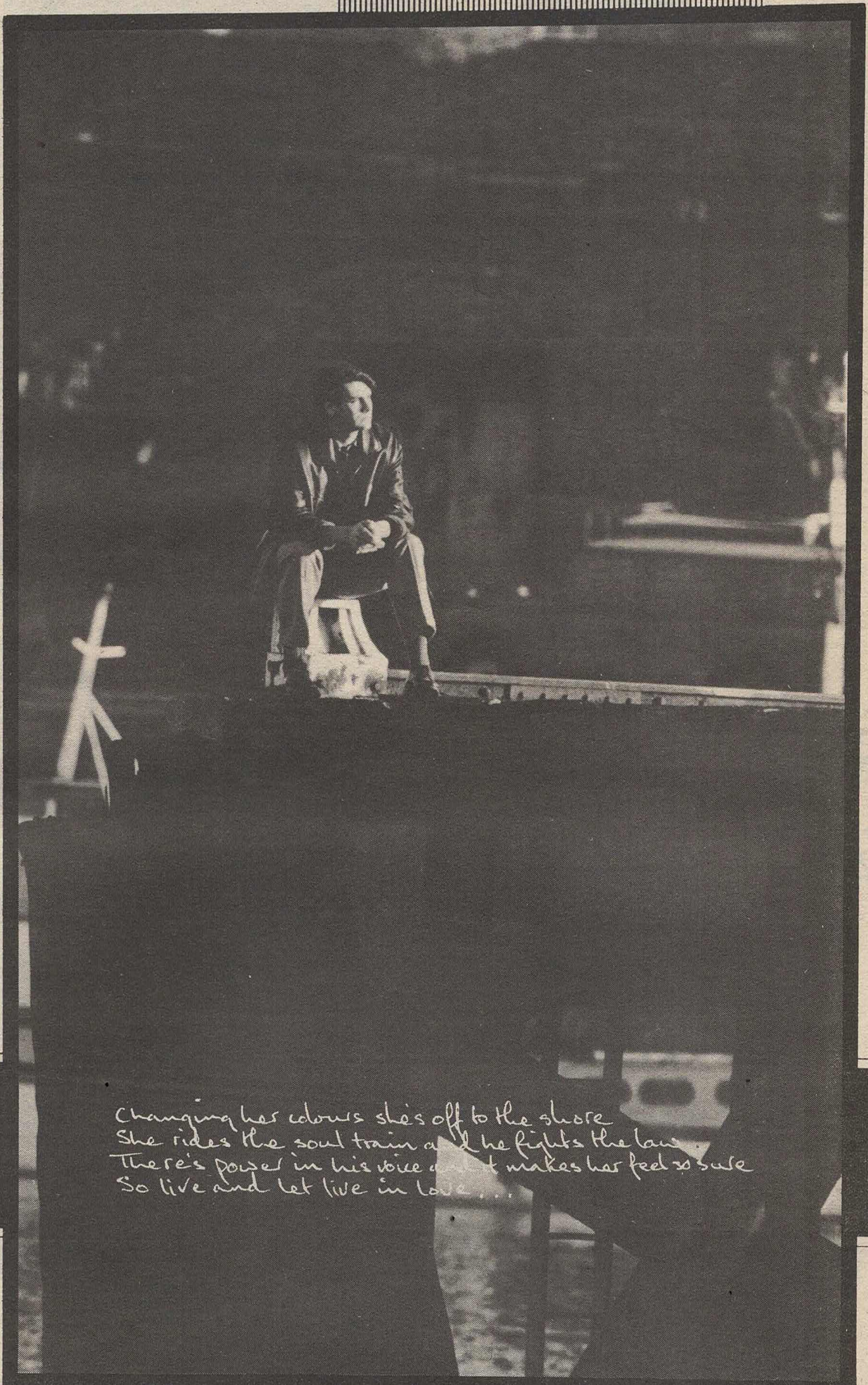

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tour NEWS

Tangerine Dream in autumn return

TANGERINE DREAM complete their current European tour by returning to the UK in mid-autumn, when they'll be headlining a string of nine major concerts. They play Glasgow Apollo (October 29), Derby Assembly Rooms (30), Croydon Fairfield Hall (31), Manchester Apollo (November 1), Bristol Colston Hall (2), Oxford Apollo (3), Sheffield City Hall (4), Birmingham Odeon (5) and London Tottenham-Court Rd Dominion (6). Tickets are on sale now priced £4.50, £4 and £3.50 (Croydon and London); and £4, £3.50 and £3 (the other seven venues).

As usual with this group, they'll be playing the whole show, with no support act. It's not yet known if there will be any new Dream material released to coincide with their visit, but founder member Edgar Froese has his sixth solo LP issued by Virgin on October 1 — titled 'Kamikaze 1989', it's the original soundtrack music from Rainer Werner Fassbinder's last film of the same name.

BUDGIE UNCAGED

BUDGIE, just back from playing a series of concerts in Poland, have lined up their first UK tour for several months. They'll be featuring material from their new album 'Deliver Us From Evil', for RCA release on October 8, based upon the concept of the everlasting fight between the forces of good and evil. They've also just released a new single called 'Bored With Russia' which, not surprisingly, they weren't allowed to perform in Poland.

After shows in Ireland at **Dublin** Francis Xavier Hall (October 29) and **Belfast** Ulster Hall (30), they play **Oxford** Apollo (November 2), **Lowestoft** South Pier Pavilion (3), **Gravesend** Woodville Hall (4), **Farnborough** Recreation Centre (6), **Ipswich** Gaumont (7), **Sheffield** Leadmill (11), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (12), **Manchester** Apollo (14), **Hanley** Victoria Hall (18), **Colwyn Bay** Pier Pavilion (19), **St Albans** City Hall (27), **Cardiff** University (29), **Birmingham** Odeon (30), **Bradford** University (December 4) and **London Hammersmith** Odeon (7).

● Tickets for Siouxsie & The Banshees' gig at Glasgow Apollo on November 15 are £4, £3.50 and £3 — and not £3 only, as stated last week. And tickets for the Michael Schenker Group's shows at Hammersmith Odeon on November 26 and 27 are £5, £4.50 and £4 — not £4.50, £4 and £3.50. In neither case was this *NME's* fault, but we've been asked to clarify the position.

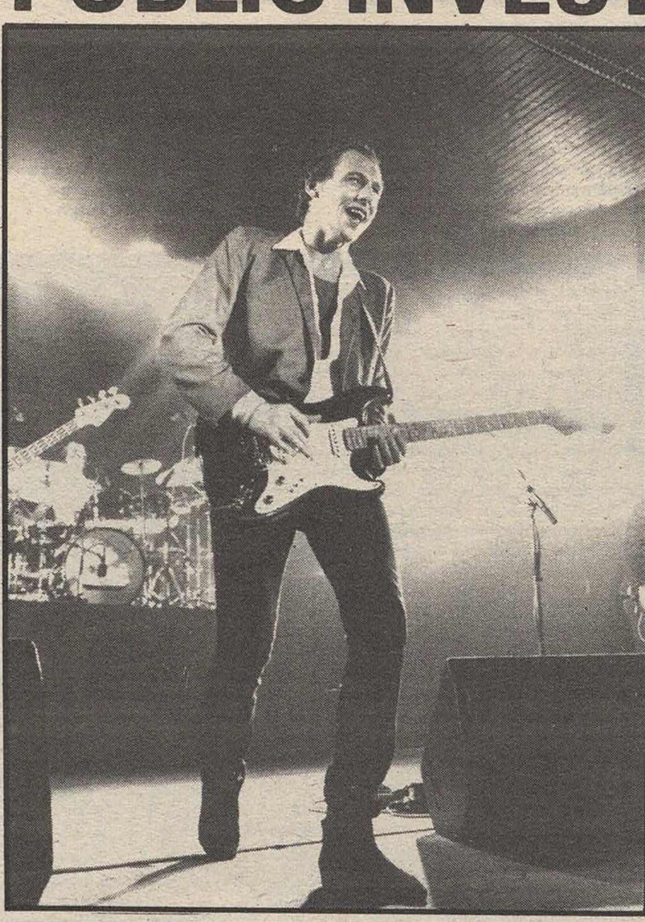
Rondo roundabout

BLUE RONDO (who have now apparently dropped the "a la Turk" appendage from their name) are to be the opening act at London's new Rainbow Rooms venue in Kensington on October 3. The rooms were formerly the trendy Biba's, which played host to the likes of The New York Dolls and Manhattan Transfer before being wound up — but the venue is now back in action under new management, and further attractions will be announced shortly.

Meanwhile, Rondo maintain their policy of playing unusual gigs — with new dates at Brighton Polytechnic's Gala Ball (October 2), a fashion show at Manchester Ritz Ballroom (4) and the Cabaret Mutiny on London's River Thames (14). This latter date is a performance aboard Europe's largest catamaran.

The band have now finally completed work on their debut album for Virgin, with a release date to be announced in a week or two. And they'll be undertaking an extensive UK tour in support of the LP.

PUBLIC INVESTIGATIONS FOR DIRE STRAITS



MARK KNOPFLER

DIRE STRAITS, currently hitting the high spots with their 'Private Investigations' single, are undertaking a major UK tour in December. And as a prelude, their fourth album 'Love Over Gold' is being issued by Vertigo this weekend — with their last LP 'Making Movies' already certified platinum, this new set is certain to ship gold in its first week of release, as it has advance orders of over 100,000. The album, the first to be produced solely by Mark Knopfler, contains 40 minutes of music — but just five tracks, including one 14-minute item titled 'Telegraph Road'. It's also the first to feature new guitarist Hal Lindes and keyboards man Alan Clark, who joined the band after the last LP was completed.

Tour dates are Sheffield City Hall (December 1 and 2), Bridlington Spa Hall (3), Deeside Leisure Centre (4), Glasgow Apollo (5), Edinburgh Playhouee (6 and 7), Newcastle City Hall (8 and 9), Manchester Apollo (10 and 11), Ipswich Gaumont (12), Leicester De Montfort Hall (13), Brighton Centre (15 and 16), Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (17) and London Wembley Arena (18 and 19). These will be the band's first Wembley appearances — though it will be noted that they are not now playing Nottingham's new Royal Concert Hall on December 14, as the venue itself announced two weeks ago.

● Ticket prices are £7.75 and £6.75 (Wembley); £6.75 and £5.75 (Birmingham); £5.50 only (Deeside and Bridlington); and £6.50 and £5.50 (all other venues). They are generally available from box-offices and usual agents, with the following additions . . . DEESIDE tickets also on sale at Royal Court Theatre (Liverpool), Ear Ear (Lancaster), Cobweb (Blackpool), Sound Effects (York), Piccadilly Records (Manchester), Barkers (Leeds) and St George's Hall (Bradford) . . . and BIRMINGHAM tickets are also available at Mike Lloyd (Hanley), A. W. Associates (Lincoln), Lotus (Stafford), Way Ahead (Nottingham), HMV (Wolverhampton), Derricks (Swansea), Odeon Box-office and Cyclops (Birmingham), Piccadilly Records (Manchester), Virgin (Milton Keynes) and George Wortley (Norwich).

Tickets for Wembley, Deeside, Bridlington and Birmingham may also be purchased by post — in all cases, the address to write to is Dire Straits Box Office, P.O. Box 77, London SW4 9LH, enclosing SAE.

Lighting-up time

LIGHT OF THE WORLD begin their second 1982 UK tour in mid-October, concentrating mainly on the campus circuit, but also playing a few club dates and a major London show. Their new stage set is built around their current EMI album 'Check Us Out', though some new material is also included, as well as their newly released single 'Famous Faces'.

Dates are **Basildon** Raquels (October 14), **Uxbridge** Brunel University (15), **Loughborough** Univeristy (16), **Norwich** East Anglia University (17), **Reading** University (19), **Canterbury** Kent University (20), **London Mile End** Queen Mary College (22), **Guildford** Surrey University (23), **Dunstable** Queensway Hall (24), **Chippenham** Goldiggers (25), **London Eltham** Harrogate Rooms (26), **Durham** University (28), **Newcastle** Polytechnic (29), **Manchester** University (30) and **London Strand** Lyceum (November 1). All the college gigs are open to the general public, except the Queen Mary College date (October 22).

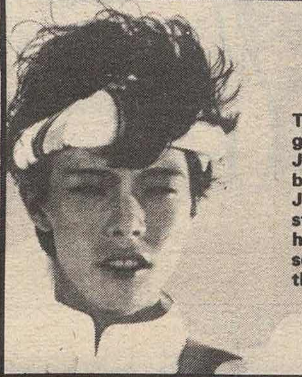
HEATWAVE APPROACHING

HEATWAVE are playing a few UK dates at the end of their European tour, to support their newly released Epic album 'Current'. They are at Southport Theatre (October 10), Chippenham Goldiggers (12) and London Victoria The Venue (15 and 16). London tickets are available now at £4.50.

Culture Club circulate

CULTURE CLUB hit the road in support of their new album 'Kissing To Be Clever', their first for Virgin, released on October 1 — it includes their current single 'Do You Really Want To Hurt Me?', and their two previous releases 'White Boy' and 'I'm Afraid Of Me', though all three are different mixes of the singles. They headline at Leeds Polytechnic (October 14), Keele University (15), Cardiff Nero's (16), Sheffield Leadmill (17), Glasgow Night Moves (18), Edinburgh Coasters (19), Manchester Polytechnic (20), Basildon Raquels (21), Leicester Polytechnic (22) and London Strand Lycecum (November 2).

■ KID CREOLE & The Coconuts' projected all-dayer at Leeds Queens Hall on October 3 has now been cancelled. But they have added further gigs at Dublin Stadium (October 2), Manchester Apollo (November 27), Birmingham Odeon (28), Chippenham Goldiggers (29) and Leeds University (December 3).



Japan for the Japanese!

This is MASAMI TSUCHIYA, lead guitarist and creator of the original Japanese trio Ippu-Do, and he is to be special guest guitarist with JAPAN on their upcoming UK tour starting on October 20. To coincide, he and Ippu-Do are releasing their second UK album 'Rice Music' through Epic on October 8.

Asia extra at Wembley

ASIA, who two weeks ago announced their UK debut concert at London Wembley Arena on October 27, have now added a second show there the following night — Thursday, October 28 at 8 pm — due to exceptionally heavy ticket demand. Mail order bookings at £6.80 and £5.80 (including booking fee) may be made to Asia Box Office, P.O. Box 4RS, London W1A 4RS — cheques and POs to "Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Ltd", and enclose SAE. Tickets are also available by personal application to the Wembley box-office, Albemarle, Premier and branches of Keith Prowse — priced £6.50 and £5.50 (plus booking fee at agencies).

Dionne's London shows

DIONNE WARWICK is to make two London appearances next month, her first for nearly three years, as part of a short European tour. They're at the Victoria Apollo on Thursday and Friday, October 21–22, and tickets are on sale now at the box-office and usual agents priced £8.50, £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50. For these shows, she'll be accompanied by a full orchestra. To coincide with her arrival, Arista have set October 22 for the release of her new album 'Heartbreaker', written and produced by Barry Gibb of The Bee Gees — the title track is released as a single on October 8.

McGarrigles in town . . . Aztec extra . . . Chelsea, B-Movie dates . . . Baldry off

THE McGARRIGLES headline in concert at London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre on Monday, October 25 — tickets on sale now priced £5.50, £5 and £4.50. This is part of a mini-tour of the UK and Ireland by Kate and Anna, and the other dates will be announced shortly. They'll be bringing over a seven-piece band similar to the line-up on their current Polydor album 'Love Over And Over' and single 'Love Over Moon' — confirmed members include Pat Donaldson and Gerry Conway.

DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS will now play an additional early evening performance (5pm) at Birmingham Hippodrome on October 3, as the 8.30pm show sold out within hours of tickets going on sale. This is part of their previously reported UK tour, billed as "The Bridge" and opening this Sunday.

CHELSEA, just back from a seven-week US tour, have lined up a number of dates to tie in with the release of their new EP 'Stand Out' on Step Forward Records. They visit London Hammersmith Klub Foot (tonight, Thursday), Brighton New Regent (September 28), Duckinfield Drifters (29), Sheffield Leadmill (30), Glasgow Night Moves (October 1), Newcastle Bierkeller (4) and Norwich Gala Ballroom (6).

RED CRAYOLA will be making a rare London appearance next month — at Victoria The Venue on Thursday, October 7. Support act is Eyeless In Gaza.

DEAN FRIEDMAN has now been confirmed as special guest on Dr. Hook's UK tour, as forecast exclusively by *NME* two weeks ago. The tour occupies most of November (2-26) and includes two nights at London Wembley Arena (17-18).

GASPER LAWAL Africa Drum Oro Band — the basically percussive outfit highlighted by two dancers, guitar and vocals — play their third London date on October 6, when they appear at Victoria The Venue (tickets £3). And one confirmed provincial show is at Manchester Hacienda Club on October 18.

LONG JOHN BALDRY has cancelled his British tour, announced two weeks ago, which would have marked his return to the UK after a four-year exile. It was to have begun last week, but he says he's been given the chance of starring in an autobiographical film, to be made in his adopted home country of Canada. There are now plans for him to come over in the spring.

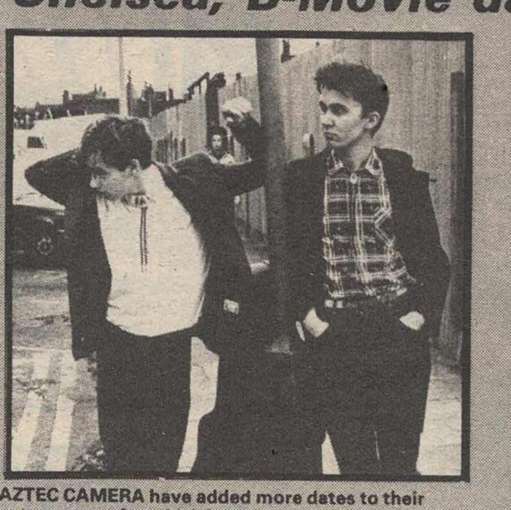
VAN MORRISON is to play a week-long season in Dublin at the Gaiety Theatre, opening on October 24. It will serve as a preview to his new album 'Soul Music', currently being completed and scheduled for British release through Phonogram before the end of the year.

JOHN MARTYN has added another date to his current UK tour, at Hitchin Regal on October 4. And with The Durutti Column supporting him on the English leg of the tour, it's been announced that new A&M signing Danceclass for the six Scottish dates starting this weekend. Another London date for Martyn is expected to be announced soon.

PRINCE FAR I returns to the gig circuit with dates at Manchester Russell Club (October 1), Reading Central Club (2), London Camden Dingwalls (3) and Bristol Polytechnic (9). More are being lined up by Smash Artists, who announce that they are also bringing in top Jamaican group CULTURE in November.

MOSE ALLISON, the renowned blues pianist and singer, plays a two-week season at London Covent Garden The Canteen from November 1 to 13 (excluding Sunday, 7). He'll be performing three sets nightly, backed by Chuco Marchan (bass) and Steve Arguelles (drums).

DURAN DURAN have added still more dates to their extensive UK tour — this time in Scotland, where all their original dates are now sold out. The extra gigs are at Aberdeen Capitol (October 29) and a matinee show at Glasgow Apollo (31). Tickets are on sale now at box-offices and usual agents.



AZTEC CAMERA have added more dates to their autumn tour, for which initial gigs were reported two weeks ago. After supporting The Beat at London Hammersmith Palais on October 3, they headline at Edinburgh University (6), Brighton New Regent (21), London Strand Kings College (22), Keele University (November 10), London Victoria The Venue (11), Bristol Anson Rocms (12) and Manchester Polytechnic (13). And on October 9, they now play Aberdeen University instead of York St. John's College. Further dates are being finalised.

THE AU PAIRS have now added a major London date to their UK mini-tour, reported three weeks ago, at the Hammersmith Palais on October 11 (tickets £3.50) — with an impressive supporting bill including Youth's new group Brilliant, Eddie & Sunshine and The Pinkies. Two more newly confirmed dates for the band are at Birmingham University (October 9) and Brighton Sussex University (10).

ANTI-PASTI are playing a few gigs, partly to warm up for an American tour starting on October 12, also to promote their upcoming new single 'Caution In The Wind'. They are at Preston Warehouse (September 30), Middlesbrough Cavern (October 2), London Oxford St. 100 Club (5), Sheffield Leadmill (7) and Retford Porterhouse (8).

B-MOVIE, newly returned from touring North America, play just four dates before they closet themselves in the studio to record their long-overdue album for Some Bizzare — at Hull University (October 6), Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (7), Aberystwyth University (8) and Retford Porterhouse (9). Although drummer Graham Boffey has now left the band, Paul Statham remains in the line-up.

THE ROOM, the Liverpool band who released their debut album 'Indoor Fireworks' during the summer, have set up a few dates between further recording sessions. They are London Le Beat Route (tonight, Thursday), Preston Warehouse (October 2), Liverpool University (9), Canterbury Kent University (11), Huddersfield Polytechnic (13), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (November 5) and Weymouth Dorset Institute (12).

SPIDER build up to their support spot on the Gillan tour (starting October 17) by playing a number of dates in their own right — at Folkestone Leisuredrome (tomorrow, Friday), Chichester Rock Society (Saturday), London Southall White Hart (September 30), Cambridge Rock Society (October 2), Witney Palace Theatre (3), Oxford Pennyfarthing (8), Gravesend Red Lion (9), London Marquee (14), Yeovil Rainbow Club (15) and Bristol Granary (16).

THE BROADWAY, the London venue located at Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel, re-opens on October 1 after being closed for three weeks while a lighting rig was installed and the stage improved. It will maintain its policy of boosting new talent, and invites demo tapes to be sent to Tim, 33 Finck Street, London S.E.1.

Klub Foot CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY.W.6

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18 October	LIVERPOOL Empire	£4, £3.50, £3
19 October	GLASGOW Apollo	£4, £3.50, £3
21 October	EDINBURGH Playhouse	£4, £3.50, £3
22 October	ABERDEEN Capitol	£4, £3.50, £3
23 October	NEWCASTLE City Hall	£4, £3.50, £3
24 October	BRADFORD St. George's Hall	£4, £3.50, £3
25 October	SHEFFIELD City Hall	£4, £3.50, £3
27 October	BIRMINGHAM Odeon	£4, £3.50, £3
30 October	ST. ALBANS Civic Hall	All tkts £4
31 October	BRISTOL Colston Hall	£4, £3.50, £3
1 November	SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont	£4, £3.50, £3
3 November	HANLEY Victoria Hall	All tkts £4
4 November	DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall	All tkts £4
5 November	NORWICH University	All tkts £3.50
6 November	IPSWICH Gaumont	£4, £3.50, £3
7 November	LEICESTER De Montfort Hall	£4, £3.50, £3
9 November	TUNBRIDGE WELLS Assembly Rooms	£4, £3.50, £3
10 November	FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall	All tkts £3.50
11 November	GUILDFORD Civic Hall	All tkts £4
12/13 November	HAMMERSMITH Odeon	£4.50, £4, £3.50, £3
14 November	OXFORD Apollo	£4, £3.50, £3
15 November	CHIPPENHAM Goldiggers	£4, £3.50, £3

KENNEDY STREET
ENTERPRISES LTD Presents

Shakin' Stevens

29/30 September	BIRMINGHAM Odeon	£4.50, £4.00, £3.50
1/2 October	MANCHESTER Apollo	£4.50, £4.00, £3.50
3 October	NEWCASTLE City Hall	£4.50, £4.00, £3.50
4 October	GLASGOW Apollo	£4.50, £4.00, £3.50
6 October	ABERDEEN Capitol	SOLD OUT
7/8 October	EDINBURGH Playhouse	£4.50, £4.00, £3.50
9 October	SCARBOROUGH Futurist Theatre	SOLD OUT
11 October	SHEFFIELD City Hall	£4.50, £4.00, £3.50
12 October	LEICESTER De Montfort Hall	£4.50, £4.00, £3.50
13/14 October	SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont	£4.50, £4.00, £3.50
15 October	PORTSMOUTH Guildhall	£4.50, £4.00, £3.50
17 October	BRIGHTON Centre	£4.50, £4.00, £3.50
18/19 October	BRISTOL Colston Hall	£4.50, £4.00, £3.50
20/21 October	LIVERPOOL Empire	£4.50, £4.00, £3.50
22 October	BLACKPOOL Opera House	£4.50, £4.00, £3.50
23/24 October	DUBLIN RDS	£4.50, £4.00, £3.50
26/27 October	IPSWICH Gaumont	SOLD OUT
28/29 October	HAMMERSMITH Odeon	£5.00, £4.50, £4.00
1/2 November	ST. AUSTELL Coliseum	£5.00, £4.00

All concerts start at 7.30pm EXCEPT Hammersmith at 8pm

Madness LP fireworks

MADNESS will have their next album issued by Stiff on November 5 — it's provisionally titled 'Rise And Fall', though this is subject to change. It's the follow-up to their compilation set 'The Complete Madness', which has just taken over top spot in *NME*'s Chart Points Table as the top album of 1982 — though this, too is subject to change if it's overhauled before the end of the year. On the upcoming LP, one of Britain's leading brass bands — The Hendon Band — is featured on one of the tracks. Madness are hoping to take this band on tour with them when they next play live in the UK — but that won't be until the New Year, owing to autumn commitments Down Under.

record NEWS

KIDS FROM FAME have another single out this weekend on RCA, taken from their chart-topping album and titled 'Starmaker'. It features Erica Gimpel (Coco Hernandez), Carlo Imperato (Danny Amatullo), Valerie Landsburg (Doris Schwartz) and Gene Anthony Ray (Leroy Johnson). The B-side is 'Step Up To The Mike'.

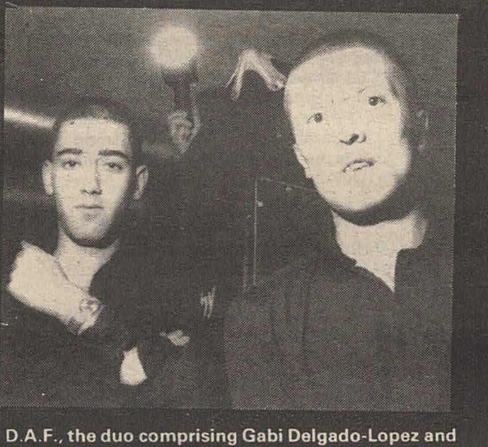
DEVO have just finished work on a new album with producer Ray Thomas Baker, and it's planned for late October release. Meanwhile, a single from the LP 'Peek-A-Boo'/'Find Out' is issued by Virgin on October 1 — and there's also a 12-incher featuring an extra version of the A-side. The band are hoping to tour Britain early in the New Year.

PHIL COLLINS, currently on tour with Genesis, is about to begin a new burst of solo activity on the record front. His new single, issued by Virgin on October 1, is 'Thru' These Walls'/'Do You Know, Do You Care'. This will be followed in November by his second solo album 'Hello . . . I Must Be Going', the successor to last year's smash hit 'Face Value'.

THE POINTER SISTERS, who cancelled their two London concerts earlier this week, will have a 'Greatest Hits' collection issued on October 8 by Elektra/Asylum (through WEA). A single from the LP, the Bruce Springsteen song 'Fire', is released the same day.

POCO. who've released a string of albums since their formation in 1968, pop up for the first time on Atlantic Records with their latest LP 'Ghost Town'. It contains 14 tracks, and it's out on October 1.

THE FALL release a budget-priced mini-LP on Kamera Records this week, titled 'Room To Live (Undilutable Slang Truth)' — it contains seven new Mark E. Smith songs, runs for 35 minutes, and sells at £2.99. The band are currently finalising a British tour, dates to follow shortly.



D.A.F., the duo comprising Gabi Delgado-Lopez and Robert Gorl, are adhering to their previously announced plan by splitting up — and to mark the end of the partnership, their third and last album 'Fur Immer' is released by Virgin on October 1. They are now individually planning radical new concepts, though details aren't yet known.

DR. FEELGOOD, now featuring Buzz Barwell (drums) and Pat McMullan (bass) as replacements for Big Figure and Sparko, have their first single on Chiswick Records out this weekend — titled 'Trying To Live My Life Without You.' It's taken from their upcoming album 'Fast Women And Slow Horses', due on October 8. The band will also be playing British dates in November, details to follow shortly.

ALICE COOPER's first new album for over a year is issued by Warner Brothers on October 1, with the curious title of 'Zipper Catches Skin'. It contains ten new tracks, nine of them written or co-written by Alice, and among the guests on the LP are Patty Donahue and Flo & Eddie.

ORANGE JUICE release their new single 'I Can't Help Myself' (written by lead singer Edwyn Collins with guitarist David McClymont) on October 1 on their own Holden Caulfield Universal label, through Polydor. The B-side is 'Tongues Begin To Wag' — and there's also a 12-incher with an extended version of the A-side, plus a third bonus track called 'Barbecue''. The band's second album is due at the end of October.

AGNETHA of Abba follows Frida's recent solo efforts by releasing a single under her own name. In fact, it's a duet with Scandinavia's top singer-composer TOMAS LEDIN. Titled 'Never Again', it appears on the Epic label this weekend.

THE PASSAGE, whose album 'Degenerates' was released a few weeks ago, will have a new single titled 'Wave' issued to coincide with their UK tour (announced last week). And THE NIGHTINGALES, who are the support act on the tour, will have their debut album 'Pigs On Purpose' out next month. Both bands are on the Cherry Red label.

THE BEATLES' very first EMI single 'Love Me Do' is being reissued on October 4, to coincide with the 20th anniversary of its original release — it will have its original Parlophone red label, though this time it's packaged in a picture bag, and there will also be a limited edition picture disc. Another Beatles compilation album is being prepared for release later in October.

THE GAP BAND have a new single out on Mercury this weekend, 'You Dropped A Bomb On Me' coupled with 'Lonely Like Me', with a 12-incher featuring extended versions. The tracks are taken from the 'Gap Band IV' album.

JOSE FELICIANO is the first artist to appear on Motown's new Latino album, specially formed for Spanish language recordings. His album 'Love Songs/Ascenas De Amor' is issued on October 8, preceded on October 1 by a single lifted from the LP called 'Samba Pa Ti (Samba For You)'.

Tom Robinson's cabaret routine

TOM ROBINSON's live album 'Cabaret '79' will be issued shortly on Panic Records — it was recorded at London's Collegiate Theatre, features his patter between songs, and includes a free lyrics booklet. Also scheduled is a 12-inch single comprising 'Now Martin's Gone', a live version of 'Tango An Der Wand', a track from the LP called 'Coldharbour Lane', and a completely new item titled 'King Kong Elvis' on which Robinson handles all the instruments as well as the vocals.

● An EP by **The New York Dolls,** recorded in England ten years ago shortly before they signed to Mercury, is released by Kamera Records this weekend. It features 'Personality Crisis', 'Looking For A Kiss', 'Subway Train' and 'Bad Girl', all written by David Johanssen and Johnny Thunders. It retails at £1.99.

● Virgin have signed Scottish band **Hey Elastica,** and rush release their debut single 'Eat Your Heart Out'/'Clay Hips' on October 1 in both 7" and 12" formats. The outfit, comprising four men and two women, have been playing a number of dates with Simple Minds and are about to start work on their debut album.

● **Incantation** are a group of London-based musicians who play South American pan-pipe music, and their first album 'On The Wing Of A Condor' is released on October 8 by Beggars Banquet. They'll be supporting Bauhaus at London Lyceum on October 14 and are also playing a number of dates as support to Neil Innes.

● Top trumpet player **Donald Byrd** releases a new album on October 1 titled 'Words, Sounds, Colours And Shapes'. He's backed by the 125th Street NYC Band, and there's heavy involvement from **Isaac Hayes** — who's featured on a number of instruments, as well as producing the LP and writing or co-writing all eight tracks.

● **Don Henley**, former drummer and vocalist with The Eagles, has his debut solo single released by Asylum on October 1 — 'Johnny Can't Read'/'Long Way Home'. It's lifted from his first solo LP 'I Can't Stand Still', which came out last month.

● Dutch four-piece hard rock band **Vandenberg** have their debut album issued by Atoo (through WEA) on October 1. It has their name as its title, and it was recorded at Jimmy Page's studio.

● **Glen Campbell** has joined Atlantic Records, and his first album via that outlet is 'Old Home Town', for release on the new Atlantic/American label on October 1. It coincides with his previously reported British tour.

● North London four-piece **The Pencils** are just back from Germany, where they recorded their second single 'If You Really Wanna Hurt Somebody', written by the group's Dennis Pugsley and released this weekend on The Next Record Company label (distributed by CBS). The band return to Frankfurt next week to complete work on their debut album.

NOW THEN, IT'S A FINGERS ALBUM!

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS, whose 30-date UK tour begins on October 3, have their fifth album released by Chrysalis this weekend. Titled 'Now Then . . .', it's their first new set for 18 months, and it contains 11 new tracks — including the current single 'Bits Of Kids' and a re-working of the 1970 Nicky Thomas reggae hit 'Love Of The Common People'. It's also their first LP to feature drummer Dolphin Taylor — who additionally plays keyboards, sings harmony vocals, and takes over lead vocals from Jake Burns on his self-penned 'Welcome To The Whole Week'. A giant SLF poster is included in every album sleeve.

● 'Such A Feeling' is the new single by **The Breakfast Band,** and it features guest vocalist Carl Lewis. It's issued by PRT Records on October 1 in both 7" and 12", and is taken from their upcoming album, as yet untitled.

● An X rated single calle 'The X Boy' by **Cynthia Scott** is issued tomorrow (Friday) by the Compact Organisation, who are also making available a 12-inch version of the current **Mari Wilson** single 'Just What I Always Wanted'.

● Comedy duo **Trevillion & Nine** come up with the single 'Anyone For Tennis', which concerns the alleged romance between Cliff Richard and Sue Barker. If you think that's a barrel of laughs, you'll find it on Service Records, through Spartan.

KITTY is the name of this attractive young lady, who's been chosen to launch LOE Records in this country, by way of her single 'Benjie' and album 'Woman In Between'. The label is allied to Canyon Records of Japan, and the LP was produced by Japanese TV and record producer Hiroshi Kato, who also plays guitar on the album. Kitty is an American girl who was born and brought up in Japan — but she's now resident in London, and she'll soon be going on the road with her own band The Gypsy Orchestra.

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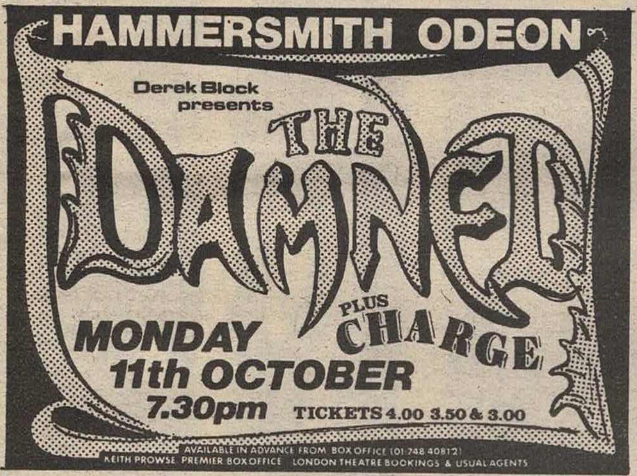

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Monday 4th October
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24, 25 Hot Chocolate
24, 25 Bob James
26 Dollar
27, 28 Neil Young
27, 28, 29, 30 Shirley Bassey
30 Shirley Maclaine
OCTOBER
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 Shirley Maclaine
2 Genesis
2 Gregory Isaacs
3 Dance Mode 82
3 Barron Knights
3 The Beat
3,4 Imagination
3, 11 Shadows
4 To To
6 Neil Sedaka
7 Stiff Little Fingers
8 Wishbone Ash
8, 9 Saxon
10 Psychedelic Furs
10 Au Pairs
11 The Damned
12 Kid Creole & The Coconuts
13 England v West Germany
13, 14, 15, 16 AC/DC
14 Bauhaus
15 The Fureys & Davey Arthur
17, 18, 19 Darryl Hall & John Oates
18, 19 AC/DC
20, 21, 22, 23, 24 George Benson
21 Bauhaus
21, 22 Dionne Warwick
21, 22 Odyssey
22 John Martyn
24 Killing Joke
24, 25 Depeche Mode
24, 25, 27, 28 Julio Inglesias
25 Kate & Anna McGarrigle
25 Belle Stars
26 Chris De Burgh
26, 27 Kid Creole & The Coconuts
26, 27 Kim Wilde
26, 27 John Denver
27, 28 Asia
28, 29 Shakin' Stevens
29, 30 Four Tops
NOVEMBER
1 Light Of The World
1 Diamond Head
2 Thompson Twins
2 Joan Jett & The Blackhearts
3, 4 Duran Duran
5 Millie Jackson
6 Tangerine Dream
7 George Thorogood & The Destroyers
7 The Roches
8, 9 Squeeze
9 Sad Cafe
11 Shakatak
12, 13 Hawkwind
14, 15, 16 Duran Duran
17, 18 Doctor Hook
17, 18, 19, 20, 21 Japan
21 Shalamar
22, 23, 24 Yazoo
23, 24 ABC
26, 27 Michael Schenker
28, 29 Siouxsie & The Banshees
29, 30 The Nolans
DECEMBER
1 Peter Skellern
7 Captain Sensible
9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 Elton John
17 Gillan
17 Slade
18, 19 Dire Straights
19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 Elton John
24, 27 Elvis Costello
JANUARY
24 Echo & The Bunnymen
APRIL
18, 22 James Last
MAY
11, 15 Johnny Mathis

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Thursday 30th September
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MISTY IN ROOTS

+ Support
8.00 pm Friday 24th September
Tickets £3.00 From Top Rank, Virgin & Usual Agents

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

DEREK BLOCK presents

The LYCEUM

The Strand, London WC2

bauhaus

AMAZULU INCANTATION

THURSDAY 14th OCTOBER 7.30pm

bauhaus

SOUTHERN DEATH CULT PLUS GUESTS

THURSDAY 21st OCTOBER 7.30pm

ALL TICKETS 3.50
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM LYCEUM 01 836 3715
KEITH PROWSE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS PREMIER BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS

THE GREYHOUND

175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Thursday 23rd September £1.50
TONY McPHEE BLUES BAND
+ The Hamsters

Friday 24th September £2.00
NO DICE
+ Jimmy Olson

Saturday 25th September £1.50
THE DECORATORS
+ Canyons & Matches

Sunday 26th September £1.00
60's & NORTHERN SOUL DISCO

Monday 27th September £1.25
ONLY AFTER DARK
+ Jimmy Olson

Tuesday 28th September £1.25
PLAN B
+ Outboys

Wednesday 29th September £1.50
RIOT SQUAD
+ Brigandage

YOUNG Jazz Musicians Award

Grand Jazz Jamboree

SUNDAY 26 SEPTEMBER 2.30-10.00PM

Hear London's most exciting new jazz talent...

THE PETE BEACHILL QUINTET
BRIGHT MOMENTS · TERRY DISLEY
JAM TODAY · THE DAVE SHAW BAND
SUNWIND

...performing throughout the day at
THE LYCEUM, WELLINGTON STREET, THE STRAND,
LONDON WC2 836 3715

CONCERT starts 2.30pm FOOD AND DRINK available all day BAR extension applied for. TICKETS only £2.00 (£1.25 unwaged, NUS, JCS and Musicians Union) available from Honest Jon's Records, 281 Camden High Street, NW1; Mole Jazz, 374 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1 or the Lyceum Box Office.

GREATER LONDON ARTS ASSOCIATION YOUNG JAZZ MUSICIANS AWARD

Greater London Arts Association

Sponsored by
CAPITAL RADIO 194
BROADCASTING TO LONDON 24 HOURS A DAY ON 1548kHz (194m) MEDIUM WAVE AND 95·8 MHz VHF STEREO

CINEMAS

Scala CLUB CINEMA
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26th-30th September
Not to be missed,
The Coolest, Funniest
Programme of the Year:
THE LENNY BRUCE
PERFORMANCE FILM
+ LENNY BRUCE IN
'THANK YOU MASK MAN'
+ THE LITTLE BROWN FILM
1.35, 3.35, 5.35, 7.35, 9.35 daily
plus
PULL MY DAISY
1.00, 3.00, 5.00, 7.00, 9.00 daily

DUDU PUKWANA
Funky Afro Jazz

ZILA

Sat Sept 25th
100 Club, 100 Oxford St.
8pm — 1am £3 (£2.50)
Sun Sept 26th
GREENWICH THEATRE BAR
CROOMS HILL SE10
7.30 — 10.30pm

THE TRUTH

featuring
Dennis Greaves
of **NINE BELOW ZERO**

September 23rd London Marquee
September 24th Bradford University
September 25th Dunstable Queensway Hall
September 29th Leeds Warehouse
September 30th Sheffield Limit Club
October 2nd Loughborough University
October 4th London Bedford College
October 9th Keele University

SHANGHAI LIL'S

316 KING'S ROAD, SW3
01-352 0025

Thurs 23/9	ALIBI
Fri 24/9	LINO'S LOST PATROL
Sat 25/9	A.F.R.O.
Sun 26/9	CASSETTE CLUB INTL
Mon 27/9	BROADCAST
Tue 28/9	MATINEE IDOL
Wed 29/9	DANNY ADLER

MCP presents

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS

plus Special Guests

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
THURSDAY 7TH OCTOBER 8.00 pm
Tickets : £4.00, £3.50
Available from Box Office Tel No. 748 4081/2
L.T.B., Keith Prowse, Premier and Albemarle.

MOONLIGHT

100 West End Lane
(West Hampstead Tube)
Sunday 7.30 — 10.30

Wednesday 22nd September £1.50
THE INFLUENCE
+ Strange Days

Thursday 23rd September £1.50
SHEARAMAH
+ The Outboys

Friday 24th September £1.75
THE IVORY COASTERS
+ Beasts In Suits

Saturday 25th September £1.50
EGOSIGO
+ Static Blue

Sunday 26th September £1.50
CONFLICT
+ Hagger The Woe + The Sears

Monday 27th September £1.50
TWELFTH NIGHT
+ Double Agent

Tuesday 28th September £1.50
LOT 49
+ Dead Sea Sound

Wednesday 29th September £1.50
RED ARVELLA
+ Support

"FEEL TRANSFORMED" — NEW YORK TIMES "STAGGERING" THE GUARDIAN "NOT TO BE MISSED" THE TIMES "SHATTERING" — WASHINGTON POST

BOOK EARLY FOR RARE
LONDON APPEARANCES
OF NEW YORK'S MOST
EXCITING NEW MUSIC
COMPOSER / PERFORMERS
ROBERT ASHLEY + PHILIP
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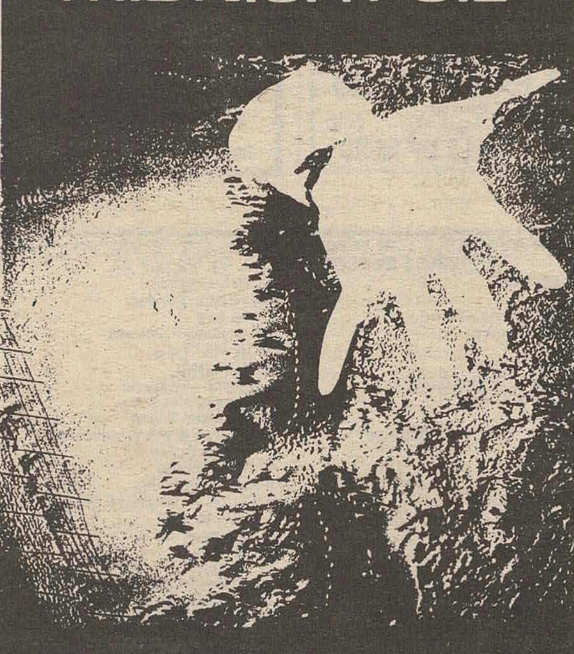
APPLES & PEARS

ROTHERHITHE NEW ROAD
Off the Old Kent Road

HEAVY METAL

every Friday
(12.00 Midnight Licence)
and Sunday

MIDNIGHT OIL



THE VENUE
SATURDAY 25th SEPT.

WILF A WALKER FOR BLACK PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

TAJ MAHAL

AND THE INTERNATIONAL RHYTHM BAND

PLUS AMAZULU
AT THE COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE
HIGH ST. KENSINGTON. W.8
SAT. 6TH NOVEMBER 7.30

TICKETS £4·00 ADVANCE BOX OFFICE 229 7483 AND 603 4535 EXT204
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS 439 3371 PREMIER BOX OFFICE 240 2245
ROUGH TRADE RECORDS & HONEST JOHNS RECORDS

ROCK CITY

Talbot St, Nottingham
Tel: 0602 412544 open 8pm-2am

Thursday 23rd September £3.50 Adv
THE BLUES BAND

Tuesday 5th October £3.00 Adv
JOHN MARTYN

Tuesday 12th October £3.50 Adv
SAD CAFE

Tuesday 19th October £3.00 Adv
BAUHAUS

Wednesday 20th October £3.00 Adv
JOAN JETT & THE BLACKHEARTS

Wednesday 27th October £4.00 Adv
GILLAN

Tuesday 21st December £3.00 Adv
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN

Must be over 18 years of age.

Tickets from Rock City Box Office, Selecta Disc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — Re-Cords Derby — Revolver, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks, The Box Office, Lincoln — or by post from Rock City enclosing S.A.E.

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:~

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

GENE LOVES JEZABEL
THU. SEP. 23. + LIAISON.

SCREEN III
FRI. 24. SEP. Placed somewhere between ABC and The Famous Flames, they're harder than the former's pop chic and less repetitive than the latter's disco soul.

SAT. 25. BLUES NITE SPECIAL:-
MISS RUBY TURNER £2 ADM. BEFORE 11 P.M.
Shouting blues, blues ballads and gospel blues sung with immense energy and passion in a voice that conveys the real sadness & warmth of the lyrics. A female Bobby Bland

SUN. DEVILISH TIN TRUMPET + ROOM 101 + SESSION 16

MON. BOYS OWN + DARK DESIGN + NATTY BLUE

TUE. RED BANNER + THE BLISTERS + POOR BOYS

ANY TROUBLE
WED. 29. Effervescent mix of intricate chords, sweet harmonies & bright lyrics. Had several turntable hits, Must surely crack the big time

SCREAM & DANCE
THU. 30. Congo & bongo rhythm section with a female vocalist reminiscent of the SLITS

THE DOORS OPEN 7·30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30 A.M. till 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN
PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO:- 836 1929
PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO:- 240 3961

MCP presents

THE JAM

Plus Special Guests

SHOWERING PAVILION, SHEPTON MALLET
TUESDAY 21st SEPTEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 (inc. VAT)
Available from Virgin Bristol, Spillers Cardiff, Derricks Swansea, Music Market Bath, Records Unlimited Mid Summer Norton, La Monde Travel Wells, Acorn Records Yeovil, Pathway Records Shepton and Bath Place Records Taunton.

BRIGHTON CENTRE
WEDNESDAY 22nd SEPTEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 (inc. VAT)
Available from Box Office 0273 202881 and all usual agents.

GRANBY HALLS, LEICESTER
THURSDAY 23rd SEPTEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 (inc. VAT)
Available from Box Office Tel No: 0533 544444

ROYAL COURT THEATRE, LIVERPOOL
FRIDAY/SATURDAY 24/25 SEPTEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 (inc. VAT)
Available from Box Office Tel No: 051 709 4320

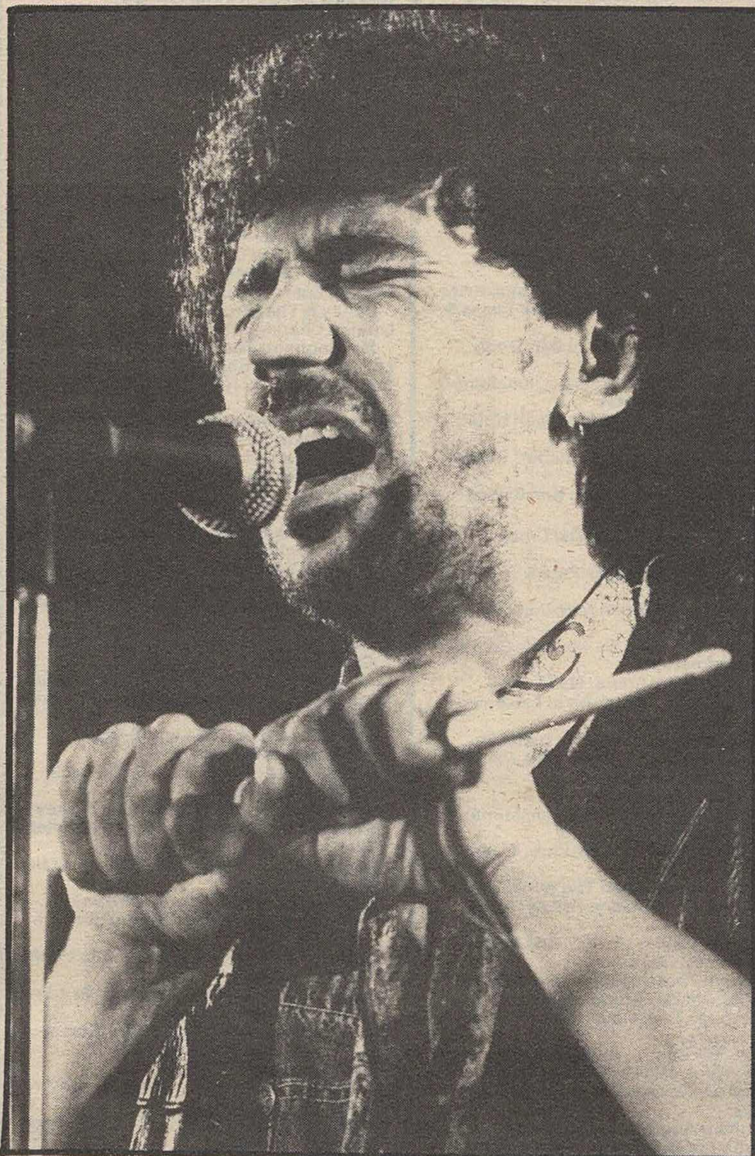
ROYAL HIGHLAND EXHIBITION HALL. INGLISTON, EDINBURGH
MONDAY 27th SEPTEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 (inc. VAT)
Available from Playhouse Theatre Edinburgh, Liston Records and Apollo Theatre Glasgow, Rockpile Records Dundee, 2001 Ayr, Other Records Shop Aberdeen and Pink Panther Carlisle and Other Record Shop Stirling.

WHITLEY BAY ICE RINK
TUESDAY/WEDNESDAY 28th/29th SEPTEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 (inc. VAT)
Available from Ice Rink, Newcastle City Hall Box Office, Image Records South Shields, Spinning Disc Sunderland, Gateshead Leisure Centre, Music Box Blyth, Musicore Durham and Hamiltons Middlesbrough and Williams Darlington.

LEEDS QUEENS HALL
THURSDAY 30th SEPTEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 (inc. VAT)
Available from Queens Hall Box Office, Virgin Leeds, H.M.V. Bradford, Sound Effects York, Virgin Sheffield, Cavendish Travel Sheffield and Middlesbrough and Gough and Davy Hull.

BINGLEY HALL SHOWGROUND, STAFFORD
FRIDAY 1st OCTOBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 (inc. VAT)
Available from Bingley Hall Box Office, Cyclops Birmingham, Goulds Wolverhampton, Lotus Records Stafford, Mike Lloyd Music, Hanley & Tunstall, Piccadilly Manchester, R.E. Cords Derby and Select a Disc Nottingham.

nationwide GIG GUIDE



OOR KEVIN: tour-eye-aye! *Pic: Kevin Cummins*

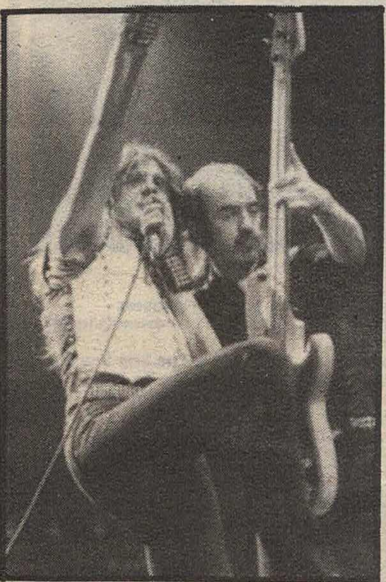
THE NUMBER of gigs continues to mount, with the campus circuit now back in full swing, and several more big-name acts setting out on the road this week. Pride of place, by virtue of their recent double-top chart achievement, goes to DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS who open at Glasgow (Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday) and Newcastle (Tuesday) — and this time they've abandoned their revue concept in favour of a straight-forward band performance, under the banner of "The Bridge" ... THE BEAT are also doing the rounds, with initial shows in Ireland at Belfast (Monday) and Dublin (Tuesday), prior to the start of their main schedule a few days later.

NEIL YOUNG is back in the UK for the first time in yonks, with the additional interest of early Crazy Horse member NILS LOFGREN as a member of his backing band — he's at Birmingham (Friday) and Wembley (Sunday through Tuesday) ... Also from the States comes jazz-funk kingpin BOB JAMES, for concerts at Birmingham (Thursday) and London Hammersmith (Friday and Saturday).

It's a monster week for metal freaks, with SAXON and AC/DC both beginning major treks around the country, kicking off in Brighton (Thursday) and Birmingham (Wednesday) respectively ... And AC/DC are, in fact, one of a batch of four noteworthy tours all heading out on Wednesday — the others being by MODERN ROMANCE (Poole), KING TRIGGER (Manchester) and SHAKIN' STEVENS (Birmingham). Watch these columns in subsequent weeks for details of their upcoming dates.

Of course, various other top-line acts are already in mid-tour — including THE JAM, ROXY MUSIC, ELVIS COSTELLO, GENESIS and IMAGINATION, to name but five. For their shows at Wembley (Thursday and Friday) and Birmingham (Sunday and Monday), Roxy will be supported by MARI WILSON and her 11-piece Wilsations outfit, who then begin their own headliner series at Preston on Tuesday.

thursday 23rd

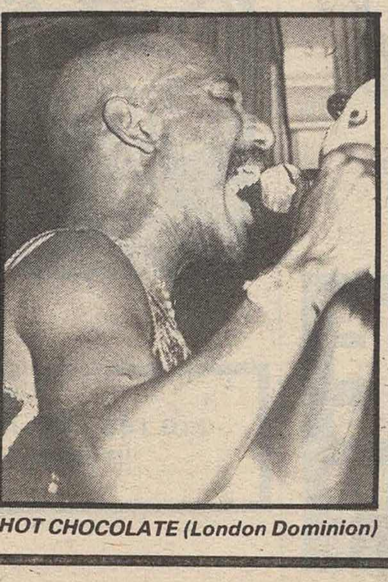


SAXON (Brighton)

Basildon Raquels: **Hot Quisine**
Birkenhead Royal Castle Hotel: **TNT**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Atilla The Stockbroker/Tony Allen**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Riot Squad**
Birmingham Mackadown Hotel: **Mike Berry & The Nightriders**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Odeon: **Bob James**
Birmingham Opposite Lock: **Fundamental Furniture/SHC/Blow Up/Tintin**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bolton Gaiety Bar: **Warrior**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Braunton Club Ruda: **The Nashville Teens**
Brighton Centre: **Saxon**
Brighton New Regent: **Mark Stewart & The Mafia/Life Size Models**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **The Inane/The Humm**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & the 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions/The Bluebells**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **25th Street**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Imagination**
Frencham The Mariner: **Precious Few**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Fat Boys**
Glasgow Mayfair Night Club: **The Cimarons**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Wishbone Ash**
Gravesend Old Ash Tree: **Loose Talk**
Gt. Yarmouth The Big Apple: **Energy**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Dynamo/Toucan Trolls**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Dealer**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Fear Of Falling/Obect D'Art**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Martin Carthy/John Kirkpatrick/Howard Evans**
Leeds Queens Hall: **Genesis**
Leeds Warehouse: **Tears For Fears**
Leicester Granby Hall: **The Jam**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **No Exit**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Charge/Erazerhead/Abrasive Wheels**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The Beatroots/Sanity Clause**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Duffo**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Bambi Kino**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Uno Rufo**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Shakin' Pyramids**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Zodiacs**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Shanghai Lil's: **Alibi**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Animal Noises/Music For Spooks**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Gene Loves Jezebel/Liaison**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Tony McPhee Blues Band/The Hamsters**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Jazz Sluts**
London Hammersmith Klub Foot (at the Clarendon): **Chelsea/The Adicts**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **UB40**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Escalators**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Jill McManus & Guests (until October 2, except Sunday)**
London Marquee Club: **The Truth**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Reasons**
London Putney Half Moon: **Dana Gillespie**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Count Basie Orchestra**
London Shepherds Bush The Bush: **Akimbo/Seething Wells/Capt J.J. Waller/Jumping Jazz Rats**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ricky Ford Quartet (until Sunday)**
London Southall White Hart: **Twelfth Night/Desolation Angels**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **The Flying Pigs**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Mr. Clean**
London Sotoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
London Victoria The Venue: **Palé Fountains/March Violets**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Wembley Arena: **Roxy Music/Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Out Boys**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Any Trouble**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **Bik's Lucky Seven**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.1 (Princes St) Le Beat Route: **The Room**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Harold Salisbury's Free Parking**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Durutti Column**
Newcastle Bierkeller: **Darkness And Jive**
Newcastle City Hall: **John Martyn**
Norwich Jacquard Club: **Flag Of Convenience**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Rock City: **The Blues Band**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
Oxford The Coven: **Wow Federation**
Poole Arts Centre: **George Hamilton IV**
Preston Guildhall: **David Essex**
Scarborough Taboo: **Saracen**
Sheffield Rebels: **The Psychic Twist**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Richard Strange & Cabaret Futura**
Shoeburyness The Cambridge: **Steve Hooker's Shakers**
Solihull Technical College: **The Nightingales**
Southampton Canute Hotel: **Trixta**
St. Helens Royal Raven Hotel: **Shywolf**
Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Glacier**
Strood Bogarts: **English Rogues**
Sunderland Heroes: **Spitting Blood**
Watford Veralium Arms: **Fractured Nerve**
Weymouth Gloucester Hotel: **Crossfire**
Wokingham Angies: **The Spoilers**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**

friday 24th

Aberdeen The Venue: **The Dolphins**
Aldershot West End Centre: **Restriction Reggae Band**
Alfreton Black Horse: **Whammer Jammer**
Barnsley Centenary Rooms: **Party Day**
Belfast The Clubhouse: **The Bank Robbers**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Dahli's Car/From Eden**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Neil Young**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham Star Club: **Back To Basics/Mystic Revelation/Andrea**
Blackburn Regent Hotel: **Warrior**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Divan Japonais**
Bradford University: **The Truth**
Brighton New Regent: **The Ammonites**
Brighton Top Rank: **Misty In Roots/Spartacus R**
Bristol Western Star Domino Club: **Rye & The Quarter Boys**
Burnham Wymers: **Howard Jones**
Burntwood Baths: **Sub Zero**
Chelmsford Chelmer Institute: **Black Slate**
Clay Cross The Centre: **Saracen**
Coleraine Ulster University: **The Perfect Crime**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Crickhowell Clarence Hall: **Urban Mix**
Dorking White Hart: **Larry Miller Band**
Dundee Caird Hall: **John Martyn**
Dunfermline Chimes: **Green Rail**
Durham Fowlers Yard Coffee Bar: **Riot Squad/Public Toys/The Redundants**
Edinburgh (Ingliston) Royal Highland Exhibition Hall: **Genesis**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **The Shadows**
Folkestone Leisuredome: **Spider**
Folkestone Royal Norfolk Hote: **English Rogues**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Drifting Robots**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Pastels/Strawberry Switchblade**
Gt. Yarmouth The Big Apple: **The 4 Stanleys**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **David Essex**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hickstead Cinderella's: **Buzzz**
Hitchin The Regal: **Rocky Sharpe & The Replays**
Hull City Hall: **Wishbone Ash**
Jersey St. Helier Club: **Matchbox**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Humphrey Lyttelton Band**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions/The Bluebells**
Liverpool City of Liverpool College: **The Cimarons**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **The Jam**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Tears For Fears**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Liaison/Double Vision**
London Barbican Centre: **George Hamilton IV**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Tony Poole & Iain Whitmore**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **True Life Confessions**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Kim Beacon Band**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Akimbo/Seething Wells/The Joeys/Jumping Jazz Rats**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**



HOT CHOCOLATE (London Dominion)

London Chelsea Shanghai Lil's: **Lino's Lost Patrol**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Go Fundamental**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Orchestre Jazira & Friends**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Screen 3/Fear Of Falling**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Nat Adderley**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Any Trouble**
London Fulham Greyhound: **No Dice**
London Fulham King's Head: **Snorkles/Snorklettes**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Bob James**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **First Priority/Ground Zero**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Keys**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Johnny & The Roccos**
London N.W.2 Grosveonor Rooms: **The Cotton Mill Boys**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Earl's Band Wish/The Impossible Dreamers**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Weightwatcher Cabaret/Savage Floorshow**
London Portobello Rd. Acklam Hall: **My Club/Too Hot For Shirt Sleeves**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Ella Fitzgerald/Count Basie/Oscar Peterson/Joe Pass**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **The Nashville Teens**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **The London Apaches**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **Tony McPhee Blues Band**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Hot Chocolate**
London Victoria The Venue: **Neil Innes/RMS**
London Wembley Arena: **Roxy Music/Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **The E-Types**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Emphasis**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Rhythm Squad**
Manchester (Royton) Railway Hotel: **Howard The Duck**
Middlesbrough The Cavern: **Transporter**
Milton Keynes Gladiators Club: **Pallas**
Newcastle City Hall: **Imagination**
Northampton Old House At Home: **Paul Burwell-Annie Bean Duo**
Oxford Polytechnic: **The Blues Band**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Pete Symonds**
Poole Sloop Hotel: **Crossfire**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **The Shreek**
Retford Porterhouse: **Charge/Erazerhead/Abrasive Wheels**
Rotherham Civic Theatre: **The Mugshots**
Shanklin I.o.W. Pier: **Overkill**
Somercotes Black Horse: **Alien**
Southampton Bannister Ballroom: **Hickory Wind/Cold**
Southend Westcliff Pavilion: **Showaddywaddy**
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: **The Nightingales**
Tamworth Three Tuns: **Fault**
Wokingham Angie's: **Dave Ellis Band**

saturday 25th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **John Martyn**
Aldershot West End Centre: **Attila The Stockbroker/Tony Allen/Push Me Pull You**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**

GENESIS (Edinburgh)

Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Eclipse/ Laissez Faire**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Imagination**
Blackburn Regent Hotel: **Warrior**
Blackpool J.R.'s Club: **Soldier**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Gordon Tyrell**
Bray Rockalls: **The Perfect Crime**
Brighton New Regent: **The Ammonites**
Bristol Redlands College: **Flag Of Convenience**
Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **Wrathchild**
Chelmsford Essex Showground: **Steve Hooker's Shakers**
Chester College: **Hot Quisine**
Chesterfield Birmingham Tavern: **Pallas**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Chichester Rock Society: **Spider**
Crawley Thomas Bennett School Hall: **The Purple Hearts/Small World**
Darlington Ferryhill 101 Club: **Riot Squad**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Transporter**
Dumfries Oughton's Alternative: **Ik**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **The Truth**
Edinburgh (Ingliston) Royal Highland Exhibition Hall: **Genesis**
Gravesend Red Lion: **L A Hooker**
Gt. Yarmouth The Big Apple: **½ Cut**
Harrow Arts Centre: **Steel & Skin**
Hastings White Rock Pavilion: **George Hamilton IV**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Travelling Shoes**
Huddersfield White Lion: **Whammer Jammer**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
Jersey St. Helier Club: **Matchbox**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **The Jam**
Liverpool Tom Hall's Tavern: **Carthy, Kirkpatrick & Evans/Leon Rosselson**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Blue Orchids**
London Ad Lib at the Kensington: **The Creamies/Loose Tights**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **A Bigger Splash**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Wow Federation/Trindy Gonk Aurora Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Any Trouble/Ant Bar Sqeek**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Chalk Farm Enterprise: **Jan Ponsford Quintet**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Shanghai Lil's: **Afro**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Sad Among Strangers/King Kurt**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Ruby Turner/First Priority**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Nat Adderley**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool & The New Cool**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Decorators/Canyons & Matches**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Salt**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Winston Fergus & The Original Rockers/Ras Imruh Asher**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Marble Staircase/Doctor & The Medics**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Bob James**
London Harrow Rd. The College Park: **Mr Clean/Roland Muldoon**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The 45's/The Heartbeats**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Studio Two**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Leicester-Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Stinky Winkles**
London N4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Cayenne**
London NW2 The Cricklewood: **Akimbo/Seething Wells/The Joeys/Aldeoni E Amigos**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **Dudu Pukwana's Zila Big Band**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Vaguely Divine/Vex**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Jazzband**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Ella Fitzgerald/Count Basie/Oscar Peterson/Joe Pass**
London St Johns Wood The Crown: **Dana Gillespie**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Wilma Williams Combo**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief/Art Themen**
London Streatham Crown & Sceptre: **Loose Tights**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Hot Chocolate**
London Victoria The Venue: **Midnight Oil**
London W1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Emphasis**

■ *CONTINUED OVER*

nationwide GIG GUIDE

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Manchester The Gallery: **Starting Red**
Middlesbrough Cavern: **Charge/Erazerhead/Abrasive Wheels**
Middlesbrough Town Hall Crypt: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Shadows**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Sunfly**
Preston Guildhall: **Wishbone Ash**
Preston Warehouse: **Sex Gang Children**
Retford Porterhouse: **Roy Wood**
Rotherham Civic Theatre: **High Level Ranters**
Royston Meldreth Manor School: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Salisbury Highpost Hotel: **The Nashville Teens**
Salisbury King & Bishop: **Crossfire**
Sheffield City Polytechnic: **Maximum Joy**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Osibisa**
Shefford The Airman: **Mortal Disguise**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Laughter In The Garden**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Saxon**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **Tobruk**
Treforest Polytechnic of Wales: **Buzzz**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Liaison**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **TNT**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Ground Zero/Stranger Comforts**

sunday 26th

NEIL YOUNG (Wembley Arena)

Aberdeen Copper Beech: **Segue / Gentleman Jim**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Roxy Music / Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham Strathallan Hotel: **Nat Adderley**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Blackburn Bay Horse New Inns: **Soldier**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton New Regent: **Traitor**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Saxon**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Hot Chocolate**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Glasgow Maestro's: **Tears For Fears**
Glasgow Pavilion: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**
Glasgow Queen's Park Bandstand: **The Dolphins**
Harold Hill Red House: **The Nashville Teens**
Harrogate Centre: **The Shadows**
Hereford Nell Gwynne Theatre: **George Hamilton IV**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Huddersfield White Lion: **Victor Drago**
Inverness Eden Court Theatre: **John Martyn**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions / The Bluebells**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **The Cocktail Shakers**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Paul Lacey Band**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime) / Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals (lunchtime) / The London Apaches (evening)**
London Chalk Farm Enterprise: **Maggie Nichols**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Cold War Warriors**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Devilish Tin Trumpet / Room 101 / Session 16**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **A Popular History Of Signs / Music For Spooks / Les Hirsuites Lunaires**
London Finchley Torrington: **J.J. & The Flyers**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Transporter**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Greenwich Theatre Bar: **Dudu Pukwana's Zila**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Jan Ponsford Quartet**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Shark Taboo**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Design For Living**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Ken Barton Band**
London St. John's Wood The Crown: **Ricky Cool & The New Cool**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Trafalgar-Sq. St. Martin's Crypt: **Derek Brimstone**
London Wembley Arena: **Neil Young**
London Wimbledon Nelson's: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Wimbledon Theatre: **Dollar**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: **Akimbo / Seething Wells / Mountbatten's Plimsoll**
London W. 1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Cambridge City Jazz Band**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club: **Guest Stars**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Nottingham Playhouse Bar: **One Million Fuzz-Tone Guitars**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **David Essex**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Imagination**
Peterborough Glasshouse Key Theatre: **The Plastic Heroes**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Bully Wee**
Reading Fives Bar: **Larry Miller Band**
Sunbury-on-Thames The Goat: **Chuck Farley**
Wokingham Angie's: **Juvessance**
Wolverhampton Queens: **Hundred Days**

monday 27th

THE BEAT (Belfast)

Belfast Ulster Hall: **The Beat**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Roxy Music / Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Birmingham Up The Junction: **China Doll / Laissez Faire**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Imagination**
Bradford Five Bars: **Precious Little Idols**
Brighton Dome: **Hot Chocolate**
Edingburgh (Ingliston) Royal Highland Exhibition Hall: **The Jam**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Lone Wolf**
Glasgow Cinders: **The Duff Party**
Glasgow Cumbernauld Village Theatre: **The Dolphins**
Glasgow Pavilion: **John Martyn**
Glasgow The Frimpy Manor: **The French Impressionists**
Gosforth Assembly Rooms: **Go Flamingo**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Scarlet O'Hara**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley Fun House: **Insane / Red Alert / Blitzkreig / Crash**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **David Essex**
Leicester Horsefaire Club: **The Decorators**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Glass Ties/The Time Dance**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Bonsai Forest / Giants / The Flips**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Striding Benny & The Strutters**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Chelsea Shanghai Lil's: **Broadcast**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Red Banner / Beever Pie**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Boy's Own / Dark Design / Natty Blue**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Maddy Prior / Mike Chapman**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **The 01 Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Rocky Sharpe & The Replays**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Only After Dark**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Laslo & The Leopards**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Corporation**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Liaison**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bart Jansch Band / Mary Hopkin**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Shirley Bassey**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Bullet Blues**
London Victoria The Venue: **Brilliant / The Jungle**
London Wembley Arena: **Neil Young**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Twelfth Night**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Shadows**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **The Apollinaires**
Manchester The Gallery: **Victor Drago / The D-Notes**
Northampton College of Further Education: **The Bottles**
Norwich Flixton Rooms: **Riot Squad**
Sandown I.o.W. The Court Jester: **The Choir (until Saturday, except Thursday)**
Sheffield City Hall: **Saxon**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions / The Bluebells**
Stafford Gatehouse Theatre: **George Hamilton IV**
Sunderland Empire Theatre: **Wishbone Ash**
Swinton Bee Hive Holel: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **Odyssey (for a week)**
Wolverhampton (Bilston) Rising Star: **The Cimarons**

tuesday 28th

THE JAM (Whitley Bay)

Batley Frontier Club: **Showaddywaddy**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Teaser**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Drongos For Europe/More Griff**
Brighton Dome: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions/The Bluebells**
Brighton The Centre: **Roxy Music**
Brighton New Regent: **Chelsea**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Lennie Best Quartet with Dick Morrissey**
Coventry Apollo Theatre: **David Essex**
Dublin Francis Xavier Hall: **The Beat**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Resonators**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **The Crucial Xylophone**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Brutal Attack/Committed**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Ta Tào Bay Beep**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Mightier Than Kong/The Exceptions**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Bella Donna**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Cannibals/The Stingrays/Changelings**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Slim Sam**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Chelsea Shanghai Lil's: **Matinee Idols**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Apocalypse**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Red Banner/The Blisters/Poor Boys**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dark Design**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Plan B/Outboys**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Stu Hamer Funk Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Genesis**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **New Model Army**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Mob/Null & Void/Blood & Roses/Universal Adhesion**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **The Nashville Teens**
London Marquee Club: **Overkill**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Joe Concorde Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen Band**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Shirley Bassey**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Stygian Eels/Monomix**
London Wembley Arena: **Neil Young**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Twelfth Night**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Liaison**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **T34**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **The Nice Men**
Manchester (Ashton) Tameside Theatre: **Wishbone Ash**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias**
Middlesbrough Ossie's: **Rules Of Croquet**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **The Business**
Mossley Butcher's Arms: **Fault**
Newcastle City Hall: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**
Nottingham The Yorker: **Spitting Cats**
Plymouth Top Rank: **Imagination**
Preston Polytechnic: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Sheffield City Hall: **Saxon**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Psychic Twist**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Stirling Albert Hall: **John Martyn**
Sunbury-on-Thames The Goat: **Mad Jocks & Englishmen**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Big Country**
Whitley Bay Churchill's: **Go Flamingo**
Whitley Bay Ice Rink: **The Jam**

wednesday 29th

Aberdeen Valhallas: **Dance Walesa**
Aberystwyth University: **Buzzz**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **AC/DC and Yesterday & Today**
Birmingham Odoen: **Shakin' Stevens**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Saxon**
Brighton New Regent: **Jump In Your Datsun**
Brighton Sherry's: **Flag Of Convenience**
Chelmsford Chelmer Institute: **Total Stangers**

AC/DC (Birmingham)

Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadster**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **The Fortunes (until Saturday)**
Coventry Apollo Theatre: **The Shadows**
Coventry Busters Club: **Close To Tears**
Doncaster Radburn Club: **Whammer Jammer**
Duckinfield Drifters: **Chelsea**
Dudley Prole Club: **Distant Smile/Spontaneous Human Combustion**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **John Martyn**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **English Disease**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Liaison**
Leeds Park House Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Truth**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Insane/Angry Youth/System**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Tiger Tiger/The Lost Boys**
London Barbican Centre: **George Hamilton IV**
London Battersea Pavilion: **The Out Boys**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Tremeloes**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jah Lloyd**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **C.S.A.**
London Central Polytechnic: **The Europeans**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Shanghai Lil's: **Danny Adler**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Shark Taboo/Monimix**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Twelfth Night / Any Trouble**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Riot Squad / Brigandage**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Genesis**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **John Davies**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Baby & The Monsters**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Leicester Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Kling Klong**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Remote Control**
London Plumstead The Ship: **The Pope/The Mystery Girls**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Shirley Bassey**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Digby Fairweather & Friends**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **J. J. & The Jealous Guys**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **Little Sister**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Imagination**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Hollywood Killers / Ukraine**
London Wimbeldon Nelson's: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London W.1 (Down St) Gulliver's: **Pleasure & The Beast**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Yessir**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Maximum Joy**
Manchester Polytechnic: **King Trigger**
Newcastle The Rock: **Fault**
Poole Arts Centre: **Modern Romance**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **David Essex**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Wishbone Ash**
Sheffield University: **Transporter**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stockport Smugger's: **Curse / Zanathus / Nutrix / Unexpected Guests / The Destructions**
Walsall Hardy's Club: **Sub Zero**
Whitley Bay Ice Rink: **The Jam**

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VIDEO SYNCRASY

GAVIN MARTIN peers through the gloom at Factory's Joy Division video

Invisible pleasures

ON MY COPY of Joy Division's 'Unknown Pleasures' LP there was nowhere that told me the actual titles of the songs. It took me a while to figure it out but when I did, what a great conceptual joke by those people at Factory . . . *unknown* pleasures. Ha!

'Here Come The Young Men' (FAC 23, £12.50) featuring live footage from Brussels, Eidenhoven and Manchester still leaves me in the dark, in more ways than one. The titles are printed out of sequence and the band are filmed in the sort of dank cubby holes that make you think you'd have a more enthralling hour's viewing watching miners tunnelling down pit.

True, there are some scouring rip-the-roof-off performances (though there are several lapses into the ponderous dirge for which the group are often remembered) but the power and dynamics of the music are accompanied by poor editing and shaky, hand-held camera work.

JD themselves probably don't help. Despite his bow-legged, knee-nobbling dance and arm-flailing shadow-boxing (and, boy oh boy, are there ever shadows to box here), Ian Curtis was not the most charismatic of performers and his group were staid showroom dummies. It may seem like a good idea to just get out and film a band in its raw stages but if you're going to make something worthwhile it needs a lot more planning and expertise than the makers of 'Here Come The Young Men' had available.

From cramped, dark confines to wide open spaces and **'A Factory Video'** (FAC 26, £12.50). A compilation of various identikit Factory groups and like-minded (sombre, self-conscious, dire . . .) outsiders, this one suffers from severe delusions of artistic grandeur.

A Certain Ratio, Cabaret Voltaire and Kevin Hewick are depicted in the great outdoors plucking their guitars and twiddling with their synths by an old run-down country house, a reservoir and the ocean. The message seems to be — a man, his art and the elements are part of a great inseparable trinity. Instead it all looks pathetically empty, the pretentious juxtapositions barely hiding a lack of fun and ingenuity.

I looked forward to hearing and seeing The Fall performing the manic, barbed 'Totally Wired' . . . but when their allotted space on the tape was reached it had been taken by Belgium group The Names. Another good Factory joke, not so much unknown as unwanted pleasures this time though.

The best thing on the tape is Durutti Column performing 'The Missing Boy' at an outdoor festival — a lucid, thumping song and performance by a petulant, pissed-off Vini Reilley. But both videos leave me to conclude that Factory have never stopped playing those old conceptual jokes (what other company would give Crispy Ambulance a recording contract?). And although the slippery old fascist associations that have been made with previous products are now absent, they're still marketing the sort of stuff that most people would throw in the bin.

Let's hear it one more time for that old-style punk ingenuity.

■ *Both Factory videos are available at £12.50 plus £1.00 P&P from Factory Records, 86 Palatine Road, Manchester 20.*

Ian Curtis, shadow boxing . . . Pic: Anton Corbijn

VID–NEWS

A vid Diva

☐ ***DIVA,* hailed in *NME* as "the best debut since *Citizen Kane*", is to receive simultaneous British cinema and video release. The film, which is already America's best grossing foreign film ever, is the first feature from director Jean-Jacques Beineix, and has a cast of unknowns, including one actress discovered working on a Paris ice cream stall.**

☐ **'FEEL SO REAL' is a short (three-minute) video by Brighton group TV! Scream. The song itself is pretty naff — one of those heavy-handed new age made-for-video pieces full of blaring voices and synth thuds — but the video, produced and directed by local video artists Tony Steyger and Steve Hawley is (considering the subject matter) surprisingly entertaining.**

Using a simple but effective cut-up technique — splicing the group's appearances with extracts from ITV comedy series and a BBC drama series — it's an accomplished, at times mildly amusing video. But by the end of three minutes the devices are already beginning to become repetitive and despite the odd comic touches you get the impression that TV! Scream like so many of their contemporaries would prefer to offer up their alms to the great video God rather than become totally involved and animated by the possibilities the medium presents.

Still, it's easily as good as much more expensive efforts and can be obtained by sending a VHS video tape (sounds a bit risky to me, only joking lads) to TVS Video, 211 Queen's Park Road, Brighton, East Sussex accompanied by a cheque or postal order for £2.50.

— THE VIDIOT

THE POINTER SISTERS were forced to cancel their two projected concerts at London Dominion this week, because they were coming to Europe primarily to appear last Saturday in a gala at Monte Carlo, which was called off following the death of Princess Grace. They now hope to arrange a British tour next year — meanwhile, Dominion ticket holders should apply for cash refunds.

THE GUN CLUB fly in to play a one-off London date at Victoria The Venue on Tuesday, October 5, at the outset of a European tour. It's a showcase for their new album 'Miami', released by Animal Records (through Chrysalis) this weekend — it was produced by Blondie's Chris Stein, who launched the Animal label earlier this year.

SHOWADDYWADDY, whose September and October dates were reported two weeks ago, have now extended their schedule almost up to Christmas — visiting Birmingham Night Out (November 1-6), Manchester Golden Garter (15-20), Eastbourne Kings Country Club (27), Watford Bailey's (29-December 4), Derby Assembly Rooms (9), Middlesbrough Town Hall (10), Harrogate Royal Hall (11), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (12), Sheffield City Hall (16), Preston Guildhall (17), Scarborough Futurist (18) and Leicester De Montfort Hall (19).

HANK WANGFORD BAND start their first national tour next month, billed as "The High In The Saddle Tour", and highlighted by Capital Radio's Halloween Party at London's Duke Of York Theatre on October 31. Other confirmed dates are Bristol Polytechnic (October 2), Newcastle Polytechnic (7), Durham New College (8), Sunderland Polytechnic (9), High Wycombe College (21), Portsmouth Polytechnic (23), Cambridge Arts Theatre (24), Manchester Polytechnic (28), Bradford University (30), Cardiff University (November 12), Pontypridd Wales Polytechnic (13), London Greenwich Hospital Social Club (17), Sheffield University (18) and Birmingham University (19). More dates are being added and will be announced shortly.

TWELFTH NIGHT, pioneers of the so-called "new-wave progressive rock" movement, are on the road in support of their Revo Records album 'Fact & Fiction' due out early next month. They're at London Southall White Hart (tonight, Thursday), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (September 27 and October 23), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (September 29), Wokingham Angie's (30), Burton Libra Club (October 1), London Fulham Golden Lion (5), High Wycombe Nags Head (7), Milton Keynes Gladiators (8), Reading Target Club (9), Hemel Hempstead Rock Cellar (14), Bedford Horse & Groom (15) and Feltham The Airman (21). A college tour follows in November.

DUMPY'S RUSTY BOLTS resume one-nighters in their own right, after they complete their support spot on the current tour by The Blues Band. They headline at London Marquee on October 9 and 10, and other gigs next month include London Palmers Green Cock Hotel (7), Yeovil Rainbow Club (8), London Southall White Hart (14) and Croydon The Star (15 and 29).

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Pic: Kevin Cummins

Leeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

DISTINCT LACK OF...

IMAGINATION

Empire Theatre, Liverpool

WHEN WE got into the grand old Empire I had to buy the outrageously-priced programme to find out what the names of the three gorgeous boys were, because to me they'd previously been just three beautiful bodies on a TV screen. I don't know why I bothered, they're silly names anyway — Errol (drums), Ashley (bass), and Leee (vocals). The three e's stand for "extra exciting energy". I should have guessed.

The sell-out crowd were an easily pleased lot; they loved to death the awful support act, The Techno Twins — Bev Sage and Steve Fairne. Bev helped Modern Romance out on 'Queen Of The Rapping Scene'. I'm as nice as the next man and I wouldn't wish Modern Romance upon anybody, but quite honestly they deserve each other. Kev Cummins fell asleep, which I thought an unusually fair comment.

In the interval I got a chance to size the audience up; the female to male ratio was about equal (surprisingly), loads of teenage girls, one or two anxious mums and dads, and a few middle-aged businessmen trying to show their young secretaries how "with it" they are. The young girls eating popcorn next to us asked my girlfriend which one of the group she liked. I was quite disappointed when they didn't ask me, but I told them anyway. We all favoured hunky Errol, but I noticed later he had enormously big feet, which made his dancing efforts ludicrous. But you know what they say about men with big feet? Yeah, that's right, they've got big shoes.

As the curtain went up the screaming started and it went on all night. I'd heard nothing like it since, ooh, the last Haircut 100 gig. Leee wore a slinky off-the-shoulder thing, and for his grand entrance against the Roman gladiator backdrop he was draped in a white gown which was meant to fall seductively to the floor creating mass hysteria. Unfortunately it got tangled round his perfectly proportioned feet, to his obvious embarrassment. I thought it was the best part of the show. Everyone else just kept right on screaming.

It was pure showbiz — great lighting, dry ice and lots of "We love you Liverpool". Gee, thanks fellas. Leee told us that not only were Ashley and Errol great musicians, they were great dancers; they then endeavoured to prove him wrong on both counts. Pouting Leee was the biggest disappointment, having about as much charisma and stage presence as me mam. Tongue-tied, he looked nervous, bored and well-rehearsed, as well as pot-bellied. We got about four costume changes, my favourite being a blue nappy type number, which was quite fetching really.

Musically it was a mess. The singles which are fine in their own little way held a perilously thin set together, but even 'Just An Illusion' and the others were pale shadows of the recorded versions. A bunch of bored looking session men didn't help, and the whole sorry hotch-potch was only held together by middle aged musical director and keyboards man, Balis Novak. It was hardly the kind of music that dragged you to your feet.

There I go, splitting hairs. So what if the music was terrible, we all screamed ourselves hoarse, danced a bit, and when they threw pictures of themselves into the audience (a nice touch), I nearly got my head stood on as I dived for one amidst the stampede — it was for my little sister, you understand. Spoilsport Pete Wylie had had enough at this point and left, but I stayed to watch the Meet the Band spot, the drum solo (yes that's what I said) and the soft porn routine with a female dancer for 'Body Talk'. They got an amazing reception, did an encore and then we all charged round to the stage door to try to catch one last lovely glimpse of them, to take us home to bed with a warm glow. What a night — easily the best I've had since the Futurama.

Kev Mc

SAXON DRUGS'n'R'n'R

SAXON

Glasgow Apollo

"It's great to be back with all our friends in Glasgow. When people in the States ask us about Glasgow, we tell 'em it's the heavy metal capital of Scotland."

Biff Byford

"It's just the volume that we come for. They're just a very loud band. They might not be quality musicians, but they're still a good band. . . they're heavy!"

— Duncan, 16, Saxon fan

THERE IS a terrible tendency to come over all theoretical in any analysis of the heavy metal behemoth, citing it as something sinister, some symptom of reactionary tendencies or some sort of aggressive physical compensation for the sexual insecurities of thousands of young white males.

Forget it. The truth is that there are no great conclusions to be drawn about either the beast or its audience. The crowd at the Saxon gig in Glasgow were there primarily because they liked loud, fast music — nothing more, nothing less. The audience consisted almost entirely of teenage boys; perfectly normal kids out for a Saturday night on the town. Judging by their age, most of them would be more at home with a bottle of *Irn-Bru* than a pint of heavy and those asked all said that they preferred *Kerrang* to *Sounds* and found the *NME* far too poppy.

The majority of them, naturally, had *the look* — the *de rigeur* denim and leather, battered pumps, black tour T-shirts and shortish, scraggy hair — without looking like they'd spent hours in a mirror beforehand getting it just *right*.

They had come for the pure spectacle — the awesome showbiz pantomime that is part and parcel of any HM show — and, of course, for the music. Ah yes, the music! That grungy morass of plodding drums, muffled basslines and layer on layer of powerchords. They had come in ritual, religious praise of The Riff.

"And this one's called 'Fill Your Head With Heavy Metal!"

— Biff Byford

"It might look as if they're taking the piss sometimes, but the band enjoy themselves as much as we do. They're really deeply involved with what they play and they know that the audience are as involved as they are."

— Alex, 14, Saxon fan.

Saxon come from Barnsley. They are a drummer called Nigel, three archetypal heavy metal riffmen, not one of whom could really be called a guitar hero, and an ageing, slightly eccentric old lag of a singer called Biff Byford. None of them are former members of Deep Purple, yet they all still look a good five years or more older than their contemporaries in Iron Maiden or Def Leppard and *at least* twice the average age of their audience.

This was the second date of another nationwide tour, and in terms of audience approval it was a blinding success. Every last utterance from the stage was cheered as if a goal had just been scored and every last riff was replayed on thousands of imaginary fretboards — the gig was practically a 3,300 sell-out.

The invisible guitars weren't completely dominant, however. Most of the 'dancing' consisted of waves of clenched-fist salutes, frantic armwaving and a rather lame approximation of a pogo.

The two major musical criteria, as far as the young audience was concerned, were volume and speed — the louder and faster the better. It was only with a song called 'The Eagle Has Landed', a slower piece that is apparently a track off a forthcoming album, that *the kids* stopped to stare at the stage in dumbstruck awe for at least a minute until more instant spectacle arrived in an eagle-shaped lighting gantry, which descended slowly from the rafters, dry ice billowing. strobes flashing and floodlights blazing. The 'eagle' was to reappear during one of the two encores with Byford strapped imperiously to its torso.

The turgid, relentless riffing aside, Saxon see entertainment as a bawdy burlesque with its roots in pantomime. Biff Byford is the cheerleader in a series of banal contests, the first a quest to find "the bird with the biggest tits" and the second a singing competition between the "crazy bastards" in the balcony and the "wild bunch" down in the stalls. The "wild bunch" won — there were more of them — and the band played on.

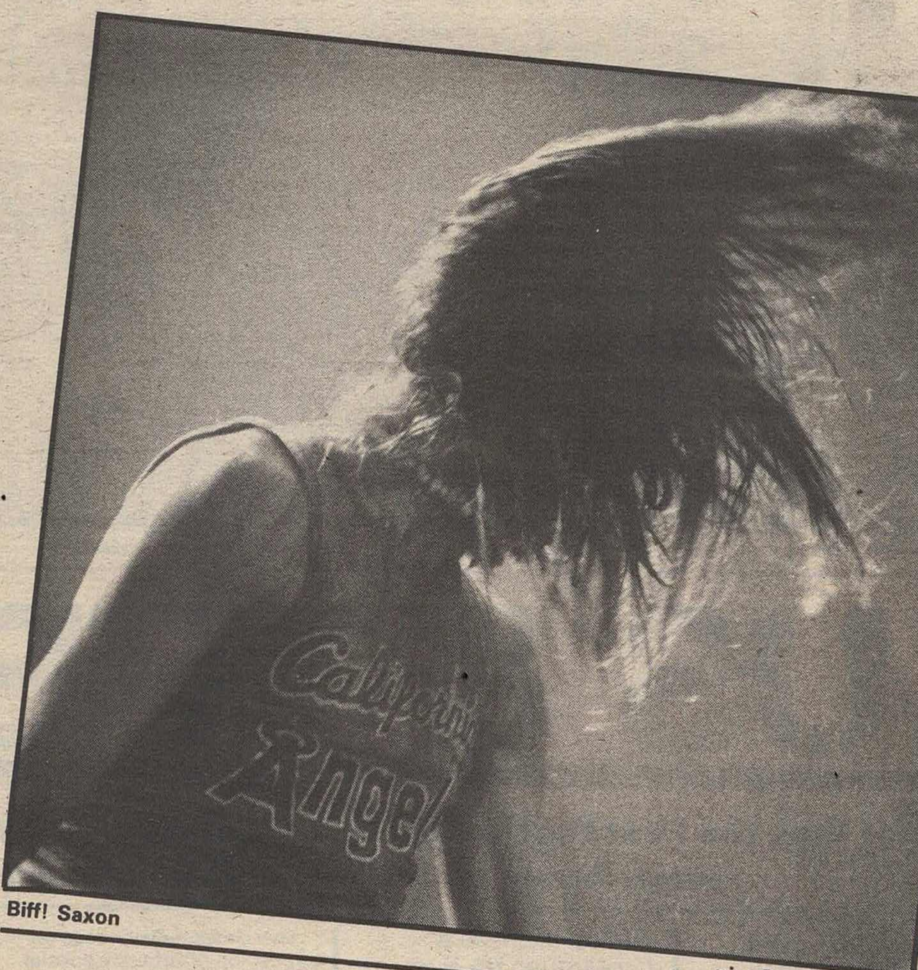
Any allegations of sexism would be perfectly legitimate but also pretty pointless in view of the fact that the whole performance seems at times to be a parody of every metal cliche in the book. The only thing open to conjecture is who the joke is actually on — the band, their audience or the outside observer, in this case me.

"And I'd like to introduce you all to our drummer Nigel, who likes his women five at a time."

— Biff Byford

"I know I'm in a minority as a girl who's into heavy metal, but I suppose I'm just attracted by the power. The music is very sexist, but I don't find it particularly offensive. I like bands like Saxon because they take the piss. People like Motorhead take themselves too seriously.

Lorraine, 17, Saxon fan.



Biff! Saxon

pic: Peter Stanway

There was nothing at all dark or threatening about Saxon's set. Most of it was actually pretty tolerable, in that I didn't have to run screaming to the bogs, ears bleeding and mouth frothing. The only segments of the show that were genuinely painful were the token histrionic guitar solo and the one (excruciating) drum solo.

Musically it was just a bit dull, a bit monotonous. There is no tension or dynamism in Saxon's music. What they play might be mechanical on one level, but at the same time there is still no underlying sense of control or mental discipline, just a load of slack old fat.

Which is not to say that heavy metal techniques in themselves are totally redundant — one only has to look at the way a band like Was (Not Was) incorporate devices like powerchords and long, high-frequency guitar solos into their grinding funk-based backtrack to realise that.

What is lacking in the music of a band like Saxon is some aspiration. . . some imagination!

"And don't forget, we'll be back next year and we're gonna be even louder!"

— Biff Byford

Adrian Thrills

Says Chester Simpson: "Valley girl tossing water at photographer — note spots on lens."

US & THEM

That Woz the Fest that Woz! Barney Hoskyns takes a bite of the rotten Apple and hangs his head in despair

THE FIRST giant American rock festival of the 80's last week passed off with minimal fuss and considerable acclaim. The so-called "Us" festival — "Us" as opposed to "Them" rather than to, eg, the entire Third World — was the inspiration, some would say *folie de grandeur*, of Steve Wozniak, co-inventor of the massively successful Apple computer. He underwrote the $12 million event as a gargantuan tax loss.

32-year-old Wozniak used the festival as an opportunity to showcase more than groups like The Cars and Fleetwood Mac, however. While in some respects it followed in the tradition of Watkins Glen and the California Jams, Wozniak put equal stress on its celebration of California's growing computer industry. Us was the first public introduction of the new technology to the generation that will inherit the more sophisticated kind of power it creates.

Five circus tents housed an exposition of software special effects: in the Sensonics Theater the viewer was penned in by laser beams and computer graphics and assaulted with various brands of rock music; elsewhere, Herbie Hancock discussed the relation of that music to the machines themselves, and Robert Moog looked to the future.

In fact, so many social and spiritual ideals appeared to lie behind Us that some were led to re-christen it Ust. "Our society is in the midst of a technological explosion without precedent," reads the "philosophy" of "Woz"; "this technological revolution presents us with the opportunity and the tools to create a new and expanded sense of community." According to Wozniak, the "Me" decade was over: this festival, this tremendous harmony of working interests, was proof that Us, or "We", had come of age.

Whether acts as new to this level of operation as The Beat or The Gang Of Four were aware of the manifold implications of being part of Us is debatable. A somewhat soused Andy Gill was later to be observed pawing at a couple of *bona fide* Valley Girls, as though made lonely and confused to the point of irrational behaviour. If nothing else, the poignant sight suggested that he was temporarily blinkered to the finer points of female beauty.

Both groups appeared on the first day's bill, dubbed the "New Wave" day for easier assimilation by ignorant American journalists. Perhaps predictably, The Beat received the warmer response. (Meanwhile the Gang's 'Man In Uniform' is titillating more than a few American homosexuals . . .)

Other acts kicking off this "weekend of enlightenment" included the evergreen Ramones, The B-52's, and Talking Heads. Top of the bill was The Police, taking their peroxide-flavoured conquest of the American Dream one significant step further by playing in front of the biggest crowd of their lives.

SATURDAY, THE second day, was devoted to the FM mainstream, perhaps the most appropriate soundtrack to Steve Wozniak's theme. Tom Petty headlined, preceded by Pat Benatar and The Kinks. Sunday, which concluded Us, was nicknamed Dinosaur Day. Paid a reputed six-figure sum to open the show, The Grateful Dead attracted many newly-moneyed hippies to savour the ensuing delights of Jimmy Buffett, Jerry Jeff Walker and Jackson Browne. Fleetwood Mac topped.

Conspicuously absent from the wide variety of musical styles lined up for the pleasure of the new Aryan machine race was any form of black music. The only survivors from the Woodstock of Sly and Jimi were Santana, who pitched their new BMW-car-stereo version of 'Black Magic Woman' neatly between Eddie Money and The Cars.

The festival's organisers — Bill Graham Presents, naturally — not only forgot how Otis Redding once wowed the flower children at Monterey, they also ruthlessly excised anything that might have come under the category of "greaser" music — primarily heavy metal. Ironically, it was heavy metal which would have brought the attendance figures up to the desired quarter-million a day, but Wozniak was happier to be seen to be throwing a party.

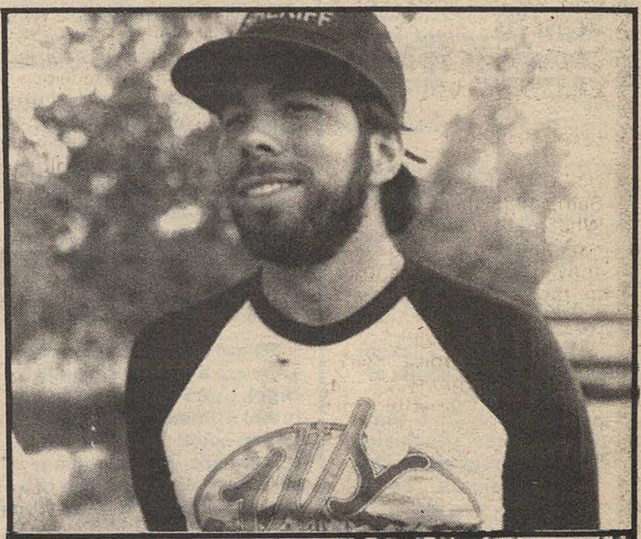
An amusing divergence of interpretations resulted: while Woz was casually alerting us to the fact that our destinies will one day lie in the hands of computers, Bill Graham was running his usual "superbowl of rock", playing the outmoded role of ill-tempered mogul. If, as a reporter, you were lucky enough to infiltrate the backstage area — an act of virtual espionage — the scene was reminiscent of the climax of a James Bond film. Hundreds of uniformed workers connected wires, ascended scaffolding, and generally kow-towed to the omniscient and vociferous Graham. Brown-nosing occurred on an unprecedented scale. Drugs were taboo. The smell of bank vaults pervaded the 115° desert air.

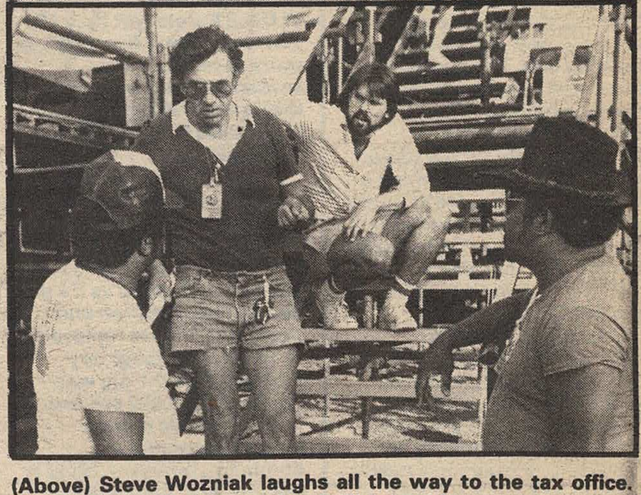
By Dinosaur Day, the Woz/Bill altercation syndrome had come full circle. When Graham indirectly refused backstage access to a group of Wozniak's own friends, the latter was reported to have stormed around shouting "Bill Graham is full of shit!" Oblivious to the irony of his impotence, the Woz recounted how he had "made my friends' guest passes on my own computer!"

The tale of the Old Pro and the Spoilt Brat had direct repercussions for we, or Us, of the press. Being in the press tent at Us was like being a war correspondent. No-one seemed to know what was going on; pictures and interviews were repeatedly refused. NAME JOURNALISTS hung their head in despair; photographers for *Time* and *Newsweek* frustratedly clicked their trigger fingers in empty air; nothing came forth to be snapped. If this was Us, who were They?

GRADUALLY, US drew to a halt. Lacking a Jimi Hendrix to massacre the Star-Spangled Banner, Sunday concluded with Fleetwood Mac advising the audience to 'Go Your Own Way', which they promptly did. How many of them went their "own way" back to jobs as computer programmers is a matter for speculation. One thing is clear, however — whether for Us or Them, Californian youth doesn't dream it any different. As one young man was inspired to say, "I didn't come here to make a political statement, I came to rock'n'roll, chase chicks, and have a good time!"

God bless Us. I mean the U.S.





(Above) Steve Wozniak laughs all the way to the tax office. Bill Graham wonders wether he'll be paid.

LIVE!

HARD CORE AND BARE BONES

CRASS

Belfast Anarchy Centre

Well, which ones scare YOU the most? Crass police'n'punters pic: Alwyn Greer

CHRIST — the performance.

Now here's the real hardcore life. Nothing left to the imagination. See all and hear all.

Belfast's A Centre has reopened especially for just two days, and two Crass gigs, after months of closure forced on the venue by police problems, glue problems, etc, etc. It never was a particularly steady prospect, the premises only ever being on weekend loan as a favour from the building's owner, Jeff Dudgeon, the man who fought the Northern Ireland gay rights issue for several years through the European civil rights courts. Normally the centre is run during the week as a gay disco but for just this Saturday and Sunday Crass are helping to reactivate it, enacting their customary spartan passion play in a ritual of riven clamour.

There'd been talk of Crass coming over to play the date months ago but the band had been worried about a visit being misconstrued as somehow imperialistic; unlikely, but neither is this the second coming. Lending their support though, just in case, Just Destiny Killing Joked with some thoroughgoing gorging guitar but trite, curt(is) vocals, Annie Anxiety Stockbrokered with what could have been Plath or a selection of locker room limericks, and Dirt screechowled like a grainy pirate video version of Crass.

Sometimes a scream's better than a thesis but when you get as far as the Crass have, are you lost or have you really arrived? Each Crasser plays like he or she's pain covered in skin and collectively the band fix everything (songs, themes, audience) with a gaze blank and pitiless as the sun.

In the Crass shop there's no browsing allowed — you buy or get out. And like a hard porn or horror flick the Crass camera moves in close, focuses in, holds, spares you nothing. In that sense it must warp, must shut out so much else.

If the Crass are more than merely the lowliest garage maul with an international back-up, surely it's because they attempt to continually communicate something that's at least partially worthwhile. But in the glue stink, drink-soaked over-full sweatshop conditions of the A Centre, all that gets emphasised is that they can smack up a shocking, gruelling maelstrom of agonised squall like any band could through a comparably massive PA.

There're more thoughtfulness, informativeness and persuasiveness in just one of Crass's pamphlets than in their entire rant of a set, and it's not unreasonable to wonder whether disseminating 'the message' to 'the kids' via this Crass course in musical anarchopolemics could ever meaningfully prompt anyone to anything beyond the purchase of a Vive le Rock/Anarchist cook book T-shirt or displays of cowed nympholepsy crushed up at the front of the stage.

Fair enough, you might get a basic idea of Crass's scope through the video/film/slide shows continually flickering to life around the stage but more often it's going to be the infantile, scatological relish of lines like: *"The angels are on TV tonight/grey puke fucking shit/the army occupy Ireland but the boot will never fit"* or: *"Mindless fucking morons sit before the set/being fed the rubbish they deserve to get"* that'll finally be seen to represent the views of these elder statesmen and *chart*ists.

In the end, with Crass, it's all down to basics and barebones and you've two choices; they're either sound and fury that signifies nothing or a truthful, despairing insight into the horror of the modern wasteland.

This was Christ — the strong, uncut version. Hardest of the hard. But the harder they come. . .

Adrian Maddox

WASTED YOUTH
UK DECAY
SEX GANG CHILDREN
ACTIFED
CROWN OF THORNS
ERAZERHEAD

Lyceum, London

UNDER THE banner 'List In Beirut 1982' the punks rallied. What that banner really stood for I don't know. A concerted show of sympathetic support for the Palestinians who were slaughtered by the Israelis, by the Christians? A glib reference to a topical affair? The typical punk cry, a shout, for or against something that they don't really understand, that they don't really care about. That would be the best way to colour the banner, paint it down, paint it ignorant.

Into the breach below the banner strode Erazerhead. This is going to be painful for everybody involved — the band, you, me, everybody. This is the tumble down, the exposure, the peeled flesh of Neu Punk. Erazerhead drag their warped guitars into the fantasy world of the Lyceum, where every Sunday is the Roxy circa '77, and every punk believes. Eraserhead, with the sub-Sid clone, with their constant denial of construction and rhythm, with their futile 'clutching - at - the - roots' (these kids, the roots?) punk drive, are a sad expose, a pathetic wail of Neu times. Really dead baby. Hopefully the Thames barrier will stop any more of this dross coming upstream.

Crown of Thorns could have pricked this corpse of a gig into life, but no, they were intent on crucifying themselves. Instead of waking up the crowd, they tried to embalm the poor bastards with a continual wave of gratuitous mockery, as gross as Anti Nowhere League, that hid behind a facade of synths and slides, punk and old age. Old farts playing to the new old farts. Tracks like 'Cocaine James Dean'? Are you sure?

And in the big corner Laaadies and Gentlemeeen!! ACTIFED!! Big cheers. Actifed are a Crisis rip-off. They have been on the front cover of *Snouds*. Do you understand? Need I say more? At least as bad as Erazerhead.

Sex bring you their own sound (squeals of laughter). A sound that still has one foot in

CONTINUED PAGE 54

Wasted Youth Pic: Lisa Longstaff

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LIVE!

FROM PAGE 53

the Siouxsie grave; a surge/dirge of one-way beat drumming, scythe-sharp guitar cuts and Hamm(er)ing bass. The angst has been replaced by a high riding sense of ceremony; a cabalistic dressage, a dose of the *noir*. Sex are far from magic, but they are getting there.

From the tomb to the curse: UK Decay are cursed. If Decay are the mentors of Sex, then it's sad to see them outdone in the schlock stakes by their own protege. The sick malaise is still in its infancy — and boy these infants are terrible. The drumming was heavy (but good) and remained at a peak throughout the set. Unfortunately the backstabbing guitar shots and clubbing bass chopped the set to its knees. Every shriek a constant barrage of migraine. Decay have become top heavy and are going to sink beneath the rubble. They'll drown in their own white noise. And Wasted Youth? Most of the audience went home after Decay escaped. Youth were just the badly-worded postscript to a badly-written letter. They are WASTED — watch the needle, Rocco.

Anne Oldjoak

RODDY RADIATION AND THE TEARJERKERS

Hope and Anchor

IT IS a hot and steamy night in North London. A night to sit back, soak up a bottle of Jack Daniels, throw the occasional bag of words up into the thickening air and bathe for a few hours in the Dread Broadcasting Corporation or some like-minded source of sound. Certainly not a night to spend dodging the stream of police cars that rush endlessly up and down the Holloway Rd, or for a first visit (aha!) to the Hope And Anchor.

"Slim" Tearjerker; who else? Pic Clare Muller

On this Friday night, the Hope And Anchor appears to be full of local people of varying description: an average Friday night, I suppose. I am told that the basement, a black dungeon-like room, has been generally regarded as something of a "hole": suffice to say that the accuracy of such a description has not diminished with time. Perhaps our "back to the roots" movement might enjoy such a place (though whether its present inhabitants, who look considerably tougher than most of our dashing young Brandos, would appreciate their company is, of course, debatable . . .), but the reasons for a movement towards newer, if not necessarily brighter, lights and away from old, sluggish and choking mythologies were legitimate ones. If "youth culture" (I start to choke already . . .) is merely "a tradition", then there is nothing.

As for Roddy Radiation and The Tearjerkers: there are, I believe, five of them, playing what could loosely and lazily be described as a pop-rockabilly fusion. Having become quite skilful, recently, at avoiding such affairs, any judgments on my part as to its quality would seem entirely pointless. Let us instead note that the audience received them quite enthusiastically, some even dancing: again, an average Friday night, I suppose.

Roddy Radiation and The Tearjerkers at the Hope And Anchor: a world where they may well thrive and give some form of pleasure. But definitely not mine.

Marcus Boon

THE GO-BETWEENS

LAUGHING CLOWNS

The Venue

A SHOWCASE evening for a pair of underground Australian groups, and The Venue is half lit, half empty and halfway to the grave. Tailor-made for untheatrical outfits to capsize tragically beneath the weight of all that indifference. The dancespace distance separating stage from seats must seem like 200 miles, with only a handful of Convulsion Hustle exponents to populate the bare-boarded desert. About one dozen of these personages wave their ill-organised physiques (nothing personal; just an unlovely eyeful) to the laudable Laughing Clowns. Such token support could shatter a sensitive soul's confidence forever, but Laughing Clowns are game.

From their sad eyes and secret smiles and anti-showtime demeanour, I'd reckon these people have read too many upsetting books. Hence they're a little too tainted against the dross of the world to make an easy, or overtly joyous, sound. Laughing Clowns are one tense but economical drummer; one stand-up bassman in a passionate clinch with his instrument, stage left; a fair-headed lad with an itchy guitar and voice box; and, crucially, a horn duet, one boy one girl, playing unified sweeps and hot punctuations of the Memphis persuasion.

Their rhythmic backdrop is a rushed, scuttling rhythm-rock. Their sense of timing and space, with embellishments to that spartan base, suggests a promise of something valuable and unique. Their 'Every Dog Has Its Day' is but one potential treat.

For the intriguing and often exquisite Go-Betweens, the stage-hugging epileptics numbered just a sorry three. Token applause from the rear barely made it to the front, and with every desultory clap, the trio gamely died a little more. A sad affair. Unwilling to project, unable to connect, The Go-Betweens became just two stray scruffs with sloppy guitars and a drummer swallowed in the shadow of her kit. They might have been a mirage or a despairing troupe of ghosts. Every brittle nuance of a Go-Betweens song crumbled into nothing in The Venue's leaden air. New numbers were unveiled, but failed to appeal as the band hurried clumsily, apologetically towards the close of a hopeless task. A sad impression to take home of a group who, in the drunken claustrophobia of, say, a Rock Garden scenario, make a lot more sense than here.

The solution? Try to forget. And keep 'Send Me A Lullaby' as close as ever to your deck.

Dave Hill

TEARS FOR FEARS

Hastings

TEARS FOR Fears present a somewhat disconcerting paradox. A post-Joy Division, post-synthetic, and post-New Pop duo, they possess a naively attractive, youthful lack of cynicism, strangely refreshing after the conspiratorially jaded attitudes prevalent in recent chart campaigns, allied to a burgeoning musical promise which, while offering hints of forthcoming treats, at the moment sprawls in a confusion of reference points and eventual direction.

Whilst their past influences (more subconscious than readily admitted) remain emblazoned on their sleeves, a competent, and at times really quite attractive, imagination has opened up a genuinely varied selection of roads to investigate, the obvious question arising at this stage of an apparently (hopefully?) lengthy career is whether this early, precocious variety may in fact be more damaging than a more constricted, single-minded approach. Tears For Fears' tendency toward a heady esoteric disregard for commercial consideration has revealed itself in a recording career already spanning a year without any true focus.

Their vaguely superior attitude of indifference to the live circuit added no more converts to the numbers already seduced by a brace of quality singles (the second of which, 'Pale Shelter', being a very good record indeed) so now, no doubt aggravated by outside influence, the need for public exposure on a nationwide scale is being sated by this (still fairly low-key) tour.

Live, Tears For Fears acquit themselves in a capable, if at times somewhat perfunctory, manner. Augmented by three aggressively faceless musicians who do nothing to promote a unified group feel, the job of projection, elucidation, and information falls heavily on the two mainsprings' shoulders. Inane chit-chat may well be embarrassing in its superficiality, but at least audience contact can be established on some sort of level. Total reliance on a generally little-known selection of songs, while suggesting an unwillingness to compromise, merely widens the rift between new performers and an audience keen to become involved but dependent on instigative moves from the stage.

Tears For Fears' nervous unease will doubtless relax as confidence and recognition of their sprightly set grows, the communication that extends beyond mere execution of rehearsed tunes hopefully resulting in a fuller entertainment than these tentative initial excursions typified in Hastings.

Graham K Smith

THE THREE JOHNS THE NEWTOWN NEUROTICS

The Funhouse, Keighley

I SUPPOSE it had to happen sooner or later — punk revivalism is here, at The Funhouse in Keighley. The Clash and early Siouxsie And The Banshees are on the disco, and the dear young darlings of the dance floor (who were wearing their safety pins in their nappies when this stuff was filling our lives) are leaping on one another in an exuberant flush of sublimated sexuality — excuse me, is this your bondage strap or mine!

Imagine the culture shock as tuneful spiv-boy songster Vince Berkley takes the stage to croon 'Blue Moon' to his own rather nifty acoustic accompaniment. It's like Bobby Vee falling through a time-warp into the bar-room monster scene from *Star Wars*.

This meeting across the decades is the build-up for the showcase of Leeds-based militant tendency label CNT, an organisation named after a Spanish Civil war anarchist group and dedicated to the reactivation of the values for which The Funhouse is a museum.

With the bravely-named Redskins unable to appear due to the recent theft of their gear, it's left to The Three Johns to start the CNT attack. I once suspected that The Three Johns' only deadly weapon was Jon Langford's vicious Mekon rant, and the happy anarchy of their early performances did little to change my mind.

Suddenly, though, it appears that some truly powerful material has emerged from the improvisation — despite the temporary absence of the main vocalist John Hyatt,

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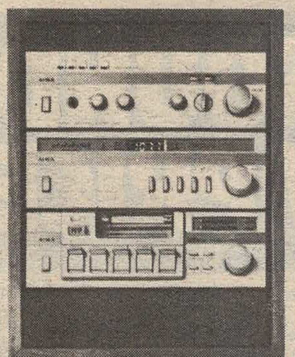

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songs like 'Lucy In The Rain' penetrated the thick wall of audience apathy to shatter my premature condemnation.

A sinister opposition to the musical romanticism of drugs, 'Lucy In The Rain' provides a slow contrast to the splintered subversabilly of Heads Like Convicts, whose madcap Northern hustle drives The Three Johns clearly out of the shadows.

Setting the decline of Western capitalism and the mass media next to a Berkley-fronted rockabilly rant, The Three Johns' corrosive dosage of Art, Law and Marx is something to be profoundly grateful for.

"We make noise, we break strings, we go out of tune." The 'we' in question are the happily human Newtown Neurotics, who announce their presence with a haphazard tumble of guitars which retriggers the 'good natured celebrations' on the dance floor. You can stuff that seen-it-all-before cynicism where this band is concerned, though. The importance of the Neurotics is not their musical format but the fact that they're slinging the sad baggage of ambiguity and uncertainty of their musical neighbours the Oi movement out of the window and bringing a new clarity of vision and strength of direction to the crazed metallic bash.

The Neurotics don't whinge about unemployment — they present instead the blunt, direct battle cry of 'Kick Out The Tories'; they don't hide behind the woolly all-we're-saying-is-it-'appens attitude when it comes to mindless violence — they call for an effective redirection of energy in an anthem which drives its point home with the power of a crashing melody.

The Newtown Neurotics are striking a rebellious stance without recourse to a coagulation of cliches from the James Dean scrapbook (Hi, Kirk!), and they're advocating energy without sinking to pointless cerebral mutilation — the disturbance they and The Three Johns are creating may not be large, but every little helps.

Don Watson

THE COMSAT ANGELS

Leeds Warehouse

ONCE upon a time there were two bands who compelled us with their darkly vivid imagery — Simple Minds, whose stark soul vision spoke intimately of political experience in personal terms, and The Comsat Angels, whose pop dissections painted a drum-heavy picture of the personal in the cold colours of political conflict. While the Minds have moved compulsively on to deliver their promise in white-hot bursts, we've been waiting for a sign from the second.

After the brittle brilliance of their debut LP the creative core of the Comsats seemed to have inexplicably cooled on the evidence of the disappointing 'Sleep No More' and the soggy performances which accompanied its release. The message from the Warehouse, though, is that the Comsats are asleep no more.

Suddenly sweeping through the cliched directionless noise and dry ice opening, the new manifesto was revealed to a staggered and staggeringly receptive audience in a flush of warm red light. Shaking off the slough of cold grey and unrewarding pessimism, the Comsats have risen again in a great big wave, crashing towards the future with a piercing will to triumph and a conviction to shine after the rain.

With a clinical precision they've shaken off their musical indecision and excavated their powerful pop force from its muddy layers of guitar-laden obscurity to once again lay bare the sexual resonance of Steve Fellows' voice — they still have the disturbing tendency to lose themselves in the false action of the slamming guitar finale, but at least the naked power of their songs is no longer submerged in a nightmarish morass of riffing.

'Pictures', a sensitive selection from 'Fiction', is the real story — a slow, melodic, evocative skeleton of a song, barely covering Fellows' quivering voice. The song finishes, Stephen relaxes his tensed concentration and opens his eyes to the audience's rapturous enthusiasm. "I don't know what to say," he comments quaintly — but then he never did.

After this moment of clumsy intimacy the mood is shot into the blazing upswing of 'Birdman', a glorious release slung out with the full power of their rediscovered pop forcefulness — Fellows soars out of the dark and into the light, with his familiar facial contortions looking comfortingly more like emotion and less like insecure twitchings.

"Once we tried to write a dance song," Fellows confides in confessional mood, "and this is what happened." There's the odd attempt to set a tentative step or so to the ensuing version of 'Do The Empty House', but most recognise that it's the emotion not the motion that's the Comsats' glittering prize.

The rolling bass line of the shiver-down-the-spine 'Waiting For A Miracle' provides the first flash of predictability, but by this time the game has already been well won — leaving the final volley of familiarity as a celebratory coup rather than the high and dry highlight it used to comprise in the Com set.

Encores and adulation follow — the Comsat Angels, it seems, won't ever give it up. I used to be sad but now I'm glad.

Don Watson

THE DANSE SOCIETY

UV POP

The Limit, Sheffield

SHEFFIELD IS like a concrete blanket; it is also the home of cutlery, cheap bus fares and ABC. For these reasons alone Sheffield is an innocuous town; poor, decaying and absolutely devoid of culture. At The Limit club the story is very much the same, except for the fact that the club has let something a bit creepy crawl into the bed. In this Steel Town the stage has been set for 'the night of the long knives' — an evening with The Danse Society . . .

Under the grey blanket the heat is sweating up: UV Pop is like a silicon chip; small, unassuming but capable of many wonders.

Pre-programmed tapes, guitar and slide show are used in an intense detonation of sights and sounds that leaves you fishing for fragments of the set, catching the occasional snippet of conversation, the askew flicker of a new slide on the screen.

Words, not pictures, become the pivotal point in the evening's performance, a quote that pulls back the Sheffield blanket and allows us to see what was happening in the bedclothes so late at night. UV Pop may not be spiteful or grotesque but he owes himself to his tapes and slides; without these slaves/masters the set would fail and the image disappear.

The Danse Society fear little in this respect — their parents are discharged, finished in an attack of grim-faced ferocity. Their offspring are treated with contempt and then added to the general melee of destruction. The gig becomes an orgy of digestion, every influence is chewed, gorged, mulled over and rejected. Riffs from bass and guitar are thrown before the mirror and reflect a distorted compilation of ideas and gifts. Drums are digested and broken down into the base constituents. The plaintive voice becomes a scream and then the plea of a hungry child; Rawlings constantly demands the right of way for his voice, forever offers an alternative to the music. This is the mesmeric voice of the band's dictator, and its sureness, control and power is enough to draw the crowd ever closer. The set is fortified by its minimalism; there is no elaboration, only the stark beauty of this 'cracked looking glass'. With the open freshness of their music comes a candid appeal; the known becomes decidedly unknown when displayed so brazenly and in such a distorted fashion.

The seduction ends abruptly, and The Danse Society take their leave of Sheffield. The blanket that had covered the town seemed to be slightly ripped and The Society no doubt added to its rank and file. There is no feeling of whimsy or of hip tweeness in the seduction, only the feeling that however hot they are they are deadly cold inside. Never unapproachable, only . . . untouchable.

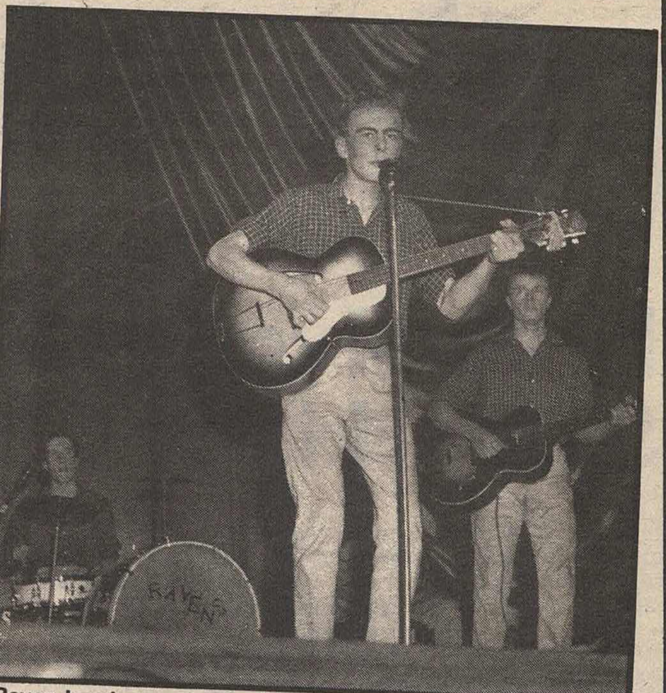
David Dorrell

ROCK AND SKIFFLE SHOW

Woolwich

SO THE Live! editor despatched me to the Granada Theatre in Woolwich where I cover this rock and skiffle roustabout between two films. Four acts and a jive contest, with local lad Derry Hart topping the bill and attracting all the attention from the ladies with his Elvis Presley style. After the show they flock to the stage door to see him, penetrate his dressing room and prompt one onlooker's comment on the scene as reminiscent of the welcome Johnny Ray receives when he appears at the Woolwich Granada.

My own interest is caught and held by The Ravens, a smart skiffle group who have the audience yelling for more. Led by Kid Norman they barnstorm their way through Sammy Price's 'Boogieing With Big Sid', Dicky Bishop And His Sidekicks' 'Jumping Judy' and Dean Beard And The Crewcuts' 'Raking And Scraping', before deftly illustrating the geography of jive from the 'Plymouth Rock' of Ray Anthony to Tony Crombie's 'Brighton Rock', Wee Willie's 'Rocking At The Two I's', The Rockets' 'Gibraltar Rock' and Tooley Street's 'Doomsday Rock', then paying court to the rebels in the crowd with Zen Tracey's 'Shamrocker'.



Raven loonies Pic: Brian Worth

For a finale Chris Barber's 'Can't You Line 'Em' provides ethnic proviso, if any is needed, that The Ravens can wield a washboard with the slickest of them.

Also appearing is Steve Marlowe, a young vocalist from West Ham who goes down very well, and Dave Carroll, a 16 year-old from Maidstone, who gives the impression that with a good group backing him and leaving his guitar at home, could make a name for himself as a vocalist.

Morrison Greaves

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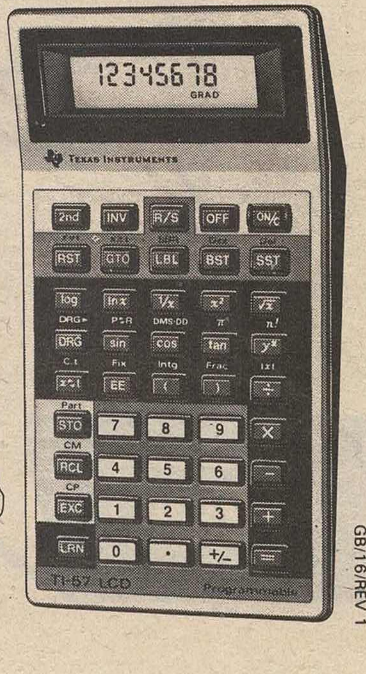

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REGGAE RUNNINGS

Exclusively Skylarking

PRESENTLY TOURING Europe as part of the Shuttle '82 tour alongside Max Romeo and Matumbi, the skylarking Horace Andy comes forth this week on the Solid Groove label with a new LP entitled 'Exclusively' (SGL 107).

Produced by Lloyd Barnes at Wackie House of Music in New York, the album is a 10 track set of Horace Andy compositions, including a tribute to the late Robert Nesta Marley for 'Bob Lives On', plus such titles as 'Good Will Survive', 'Musical Episode', 'Stop The Fuss' and 'Live In Unity'.

Born in Kingston, Horace Andy (*ne* Hinds) made his recording debut at the age of 16 for producer Phil Pratt. In 1970 he joined the Studio 1 team at Brentford Road, where his career flourished with release of the 'Skylarking' LP and a brace of singles, before joining forces with Bunny Lee. Since the mid '70s Horace has lived in the States, and the current package is his first ever European tour.

Shuttle '82 will be returning to the UK from the Continent in mid-October for a further series of dates.

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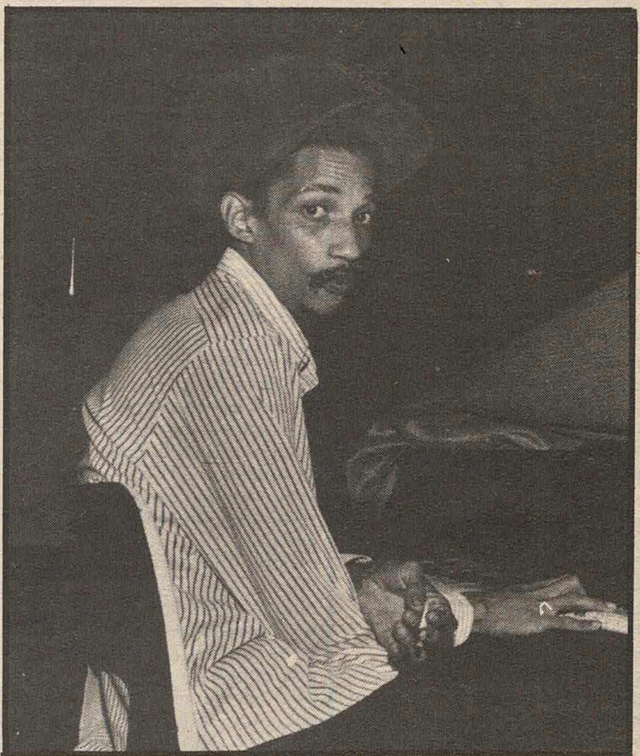
Horace Andy: fine and dandy. Pic: Peter Anderson

EAST SIDE STORY

THE FAR EAST sound of Rockers keyboard mentor **Augustus Pablo** is manifest on his long vaunted "vocal" album 'Earth Rightful Ruler' (RP 011), now released in Jamaica on the Message label and circulating UK pre specialist outlets.

Featuring ten tracks, the LP was recorded at Harry J and Channel One studios and engineered by Sylvan Morris and the man Barnabas. Production is credited to Jah Rastafari — Haile Selassie I, with Pablo cited as co-producer. Instrumentation on the set includes: bass, drums, rhythm and lead guitar and percussion with Pablo featured on piano, organ, steel strings and melodica.

The vocal workouts all occur on the first side of the album — or the East Side as it is generically referred to — and consists of a semi-chanted title track, plus further harmonies included on 'King Alpha And Queen Omega', 'Jah Love Endureth' and 'Rastafari Tradition', as provided by Delroy Williams, Norris Reid, Hugh Mundell and Maxie Lynch. It ends on an instrumental workout entitled 'Zion Hill'.



Augustus Pablo: Rightful Message. Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez

The West Side of the waxing is in more usual Augustus Pablo style and instrumental entire of itself. Included is a new version of his first big hit 'Java', plus such as 'Israel School Yard' and 'City Of David'. The far east mood is most successfully translated on the set's final track 'Musical Changes', of which Pablo writes: "May the creator of this music forgive I for renaming it. This instrumental was taught to I by a brethren a long time ago, but I and I have no information to the title of it. (One Divine Love) — Selah." All the other compositions are credited to H Swaby.

Also new on Message 7" is a further Augustus Pablo tune 'Revelation Time' c/w 'Babylon Fall Dub', adaptation of The Mad Lads' 'Ten To One' song courtesy Curtis Mayfield by **Delroy Williams,** and **Bunny Brissett** with 'Selfish One'.

Yagga Yagga

THIS SATURDAY at the YWCA in Dingwall Road, East Croydon is "OK Fred Night" presenting *Errol Dunkley* live on stage. Also appearing is former 15-16-17 vocalist *Christine McNab* in a solo capacity plus the *Swaye* band, with sounds from *Observer Justice Hi-Fi* and *Stereograph*. The show commences from 7pm until late and tickets are £4 available from DM Records of Thornton Heath High Street or £4.50 at the door.

Alternatively, the same night at New Cross Goldsmiths College in SE London lovers rock outfit *The Investigators* are in concert along with *Francis Campbell and the Sapphires*. Sounds by *Scorcher* and *Lord Jelly's Hi-Fi*.

Also on Saturday: in tune to *Dillinger* sound at the St Matthews Meeting Place in Brixton.

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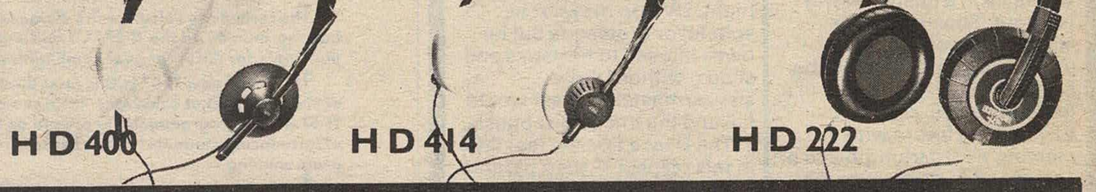

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STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — flashing flickeringly from a semi-frequency — are they shadows that we see? . . .exclusive to this STATION arrives the information that Errol Dunkley is set to follow up his reggae hit of the summer 'Betcha By Golly Wow' with a further reworking of The Stylistics for 'Children Of The Night'. Scheduled for issue on the new Music Hark imprint, the title features musicianship from the bass and drum foundation of Aswadites Tony Gad and Drummie Angus, with lead guitar from Sowell, rhythm from Alan Weekes, plus Vin Gordon on trombone and Bammie (sax) on a recording laid at Easy Street . . . **and can shadows pleasure give?** . . . from the same Bethnal Green atelier is manifest the latest Blackstones music 'Ain't She Looking Fine' — currently given exclusive preview on Frontline and Danny Casanova sounds — due for release next month on Tottenham's Live & Love label. Produced by bassist Elroy Bailey, the track features Desmond Mahoney (drums), Jackie Mittoo (keyboards), Alan Weekes (lead/rhythm guitar), Cleveland Watkiss (percussion) and Black Slate singer Keith Drummond on telephone! . . . **pleasures only shadows be, cast by bodies we conceive** . . . songstress Sandra Dee — whose debut 'Tear Fall From My Eye' is issued recently on Ital — is currently at work upon an album for the label. She revives Robert Nesta's 'Midnight Ravers' and rehearses material of her own 'Got Me Going', 'Outside Love', 'Go Baby Go' and 'Dance With Me' for possible inclusion . . . **and are made the things we deem** . . . actor and singer Victor Romero Evans describes customary at the club apparel on his latest Special Request disco: 'Slacks And Sovereigns' (LR 6). Produced by John Collins . . . **in those figures which they seem** . . . recent JA 7" pre include: Toney Barrett, 'Trying Man' (Isabel); Sylvan White, 'I Need Your Love' (Peter Rough); Toyan, 'Joycie Gwan' (Gorgon); and Dennis Walks revisiting his 'The Drifter' song for 'The Lover' (Jah Guidance) . . .

* * *

BUT THESE PLEASURES VANISH FAST . . .Yes fans! A Farewell Spectacular saying goodbye Dennis Brown is to be held at Hornsey Town Hall, The Broadway N8 on Friday — 7pm till midnight — with the singer live on stage and entertaining sounds of Frontline International plus Casanova . . . **which by shadows are expressed** . . . on Saturday a Grand Autumn Dance at the Holly St Community Hall (off Richmond Road) E8 — 7pm till late — dancing to three of London's top sounds: from Hornsey — Sir Biggs; from Harlesden — Java Hi Power with Clint Eastwood & General Saint; from Stokey — Serge International. Admission: £1.50. Refreshments on sale . . . **pleasures are not, if they last** . . . the same night takes place Miss Afro-Westindian 1982 Beauty Pageant at West Centre Hotel from 7pm. Cabaret with Valerie Shakes, Webby Jay Brixton and the Agomboo Dancers. Dancing to Family Roots and Sir Higgins . . . **in their passing is their best** . . . a multiracial festival of family fun and entertainment organised by the Waltham Forest Campaign Against Racism is being held at Lloyd Park on Sunday from 2 to 7pm. The programme includes the Great Indian Dancers, Solomon's Pride and a fancy dress parade for children . . . **glory is most bright and gay** . . . Poncho & Chippo invites you all to a Champagne Party at the People's Club, 5a Praed Street, W2 the same night with music by Frontline International . . . **in a flash and so away** . . . every Thursday night at Dougie's Hideaway Club, Junction Road, Archway in north London is a soul and reggae party with Papa Harvey and Master B from 9pm until late . . .

* * *

FEED APACE, THEN, GREEDY EYES on the wonder you behold . . . Vol 2 No 4 of Finnish reggaezine *Cool Runnings* has articles on Michael Rose and Freddie Mcgregor, plus album discography of Gregory Isaacs, news and reviews. Obtainable from: P1 37, 02361 Espoo 36, Finland . . . **take it sudden as it flies** . . . out this week on the Oak Sound discomix label of Shepherds Bush is Johnny Osbourne's disgruntled 'Yo Yo', formerly a Black Zodiac pre. On the flip Echo Minott performs 'Man In Love' . . . **though you take it not to hold** . . . Prince Far I flies into London from Jamaica last Friday and advises this STATION of an album in his possession with Reggae George . . . **when your eyes have done their part** . . . Dennis Brown and Junior Delgado are the joint partners of a new record shop in Dalston Junction at 546 Kingsland Road, E8, named after their respective labels Yvonne Special incorporating Incredible Jux. Proprietor of the shop is Raymond Shaw . . . **thought must length it in the heart** . . . One Love . . .

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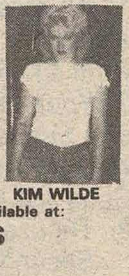

KIM WILDE

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THE WHO — Athena/It's Your Turn (Pic)
QUEEN — Callin' All Girls/Put Out The Fire (Pic)
CLASH — Police On My Back
YAZOO — Situation/Situation (Dub) (Pic)
ALICE COOPER — I Like Girls/Zorro's Ascent
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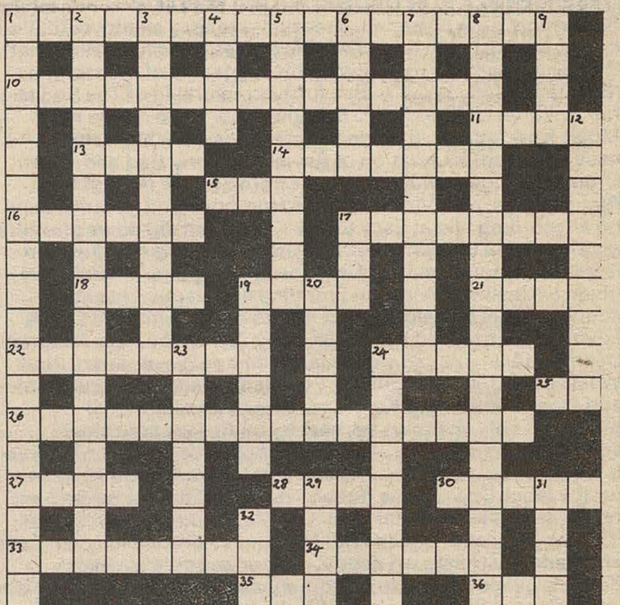

CLUES ACROSS

1. Are they against being unplaced in the soccer divisions? (4-7-6)
10. Bow Wow Wow's follow-up to 'C30 C60 C90', which was not released as a record (4-8-3)
11. Dunno if it's still the way now, but a few years ago the nutters wore schoolboys' clothes to this band's gigs (2-2)
13.&12D. Keep your distance — it's a Ramones number (4-4-5)
14. Saint or Hospital (7)
15.&29D. UK Subs single (should be just one word but I've made it two) (3-4)
16. Mink de Ville's leisurely movement in Spain (6)
17. In 1965 the Stones said it definitely wouldn't happen again (4-4)
18.&19A. Bill Withers (but only in cold weather) — his invitation 10 years ago (4-2-2)
21. Fantastic Life and a Lie Dream — they're a complete comedown (4)
22. Elton John's first album (5-3)
24. "———, oh with your eyes so blue, ——— I got a crush on you" ——— 1978 hit (5)
25.&30A. Devo about to get sexually excited? . . . (2-5)
26.&36A. . . . and Odyssey's number one advice could be taking it all a bit too far (3-2-2-3-4-2-3)
27.&24D. The multitude of men who have thoughts on Kate Bush (4-8)
28. James Pursey esquire in his young pretender days (4)
30. See 25
33. Landscape-a-go-go (8)
34. ——— Of Mice, one of the bands featured in David Essex's recent TV series (6)
35. ——— Of The World by Skeeter Davis (3)
36. See 26A

CLUES DOWN

1. Scritti Politti city ditty (7-2-9)
2. Well remembered for their 'Something In The Air' (11-6)
3. Smooth and slimy Stranglers (4-1-6)
4.&32D. This is where The Ruts 'Shine On Me' (4-3)
5. Alternative to Streisand's 'Love Theme From A Star Is Born' (9)
6. You could look him up in a hotel tonight (5)
7. The kind of Human that Human League were once (6-5)
8. 1957 Elvis hit which foretold how much he had to get through in the next 20 years (3-1-3-2-5-2-2)
9. Keyboard orientated band — given two directions I'd follow (4)
12. See 13A
17. Alvin, Byron, Brenda and Leapy (3)
19. Roxy Music single two years ago (on the radio) (2-4)
20. Jasper Carrot's funky transport for Hell's Angels who are into Saxon, Iron Maiden, etc (5)
23. They're a good strong cuddle — and they gave us a slap and tickle (7)
24. See 28A
29. See 15A
31. Lowell George had a little one, like the rest of the band (4)
32. See 4D

COMPILED BY
TREVOR HUNGERFORD

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 and 8D 'Europe After the Rain', 7 'Bat', 9 Bible', 11 Non, 12 'Get Lost', 15 'Georgia', 17 'Bela Lugosi', 20 Flip, 21 Waller, 24 Fur, 26 Stevo, 27 Landscape, 29 'Say', 30 Soft, 33 'Astral', 35 'American', 37 See 21 Down.

DOWN: 1 'Enough', 2 R'n'B, 3 Pablo, 4 Agent, 5 'Thing', 6 'Radio', 7 'Being Boiled', 8 See 1 Across, 13 'The Plans', 14 Solar, 16 E.P.s, 18 Groups, 20 'If', 21 and 37A William Burroughs, 22 'Easy', 23 Mobiles, 24 F.A. (Adam Faith), 25 Reo, 26 'Sits', 28 'Dabra', 31 Fair, 32 Fab, 34 Rig, 36 Nu.

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HOOPER STORY

FROM PAGE 33

BOTH SPIELBERG and Hooper are practised hands at this farcical marriage of deadly serious ideas. It is especially pertinent to dust off *Duel* and *Jaws* prior to disentangling *Poltergeist*. This is the 'negative' flex amongst the lines and input which feeds Spielberg's cinema: the cab or condominium come perversely alive, trapped inside an air-conditioned dream by sudden, invisible, uncontrollable threats. The comic touches which interject are, as Freud might have it, a way of dodging round the central neurosis. Which more often than not seems to be. . .

Well, the tag line for *Poltergeist* is *It Knows What Scares You*. Is there, I ask Hooper, a consistent theme being worked out underneath all the different manifestations of Horror? What does scare us?

"Yeah, well, there's certainly a predictability in what will scare. And the poltergeist, this puncture in the dead zone, and as Tangina (the exorcist) refers to it, the Beast, knows. . . *Death* scares you."

What scares Tobe Hooper?

"Oh, everything scares me! I'm afraid of this cigar — as well I should be. . .and especially my diet Dr Pepper here."

Does he suffer from any of the 'classic' recurring nightmares? I enquire, at the risk of sounding like a drive-in shrink.

"I do, I do, I have bad dreams. Dreams about locations — not as in movies — but places that I come to in my life. My dreams are kinda personal. . .but they're fun, and some of them are 'E' tickets and some of my dreams I'd pay 25 dollars to have again!"

Why does the Haunted House movie (in its various shapes and forms) have such an enduring quality?

"I think it's because we can't remove it from reality. It's the Unknown. It isn't necessarily a horror genre piece — whatever falls into that genre — it's an encounter with the one and only real Bad Guy. And that's. . .what we consider *while we live* is the worst guy of all — that's the grim reaper."

The scariest part of *Poltergeist* is paradoxically the calmest: the quiet after the exorcism, when you *know* everything's not quite right.

"Yeah, you have your bonus package. You know it's going to happen again — if not the lights would have come on and you would be walking out of the theatre. You know what you're there for — you're there for the fast ride, for the rollercoaster trip."

One last little detail. On the Holiday Inn sign at the end there's an illuminated message: *Welcome Dr Fantasy and Friends*. What's that about?

"Dr Fantasy is another name for Frank Marshall, my producer. It was an inside joke. However, there it was up on the Holiday Inn sign — the readback in ten years time from now may be perfectly obvious and it may mean something else altogether. Probably does!"

AS WE GET ready to leave for the private screening of *Poltergeist* (a handful of friends and business associates) I explain to Hooper that my planned rout of Hollywood has fallen pray to red-tape — he's my only interview. He fusses and frets — will I have enough? "I want to see you get your money's worth," he says, showman to the last.

But my ride still isn't over. On the way out I get to meet one of the many stars of *Poltergeist*. Slumped atop the filing cabinet in a small recess, in full evening dress, is a bona fida skeleton.

"Hold his shoulders and I'll show you something," directs Mr Hooper, and squats down behind Death's grin like a ventriloquist.

BOW WOW WOW

FROM PAGE 17

I'M NOT A KNOW IT ALL . . .

"WHEN I first started in the business, everyone thought I'd got big-headed, my friends, for example. And I hadn't, it was just all a question of the fact that they'd changed, not me. It was them who'd changed their attitude. For some idea, they thought I was completely different, because I'd entered into something completely different. But I think it's the other way round entirely, I've not changed, not at all."

Do you still go about with the same people that you did when you started?

"No, I don't. Because the band is it. We are involved so much that everything else just goes above me. I can't be bothered with people who don't want to know me because they think I'm big-headed or whatever. I don't care what they think of me. I don't live for tomorrow or last week; I live for today. All I do care about is the band, and myself, where I am and where I stand. Like I said, if I didn't like it anymore, I could just pack it in."

What sort of things do you do outside the group?

"Go to clubs now and then to see what the young people of today do, the trendy people. I've been working on lyrics. I always work on ideas, put down ideas on a note-pad, when I'm on a bus and when I'm on aeroplanes, because six hour journeys become very tedious. It's like a stream of consciousness.

"I left home about a year and a half ago. I needed my freedom, I hate being tied down. To do what I do with the band, it's 100 per cent committed, you can't put off things. It's not like a nine to five job, it's all the time."

DEMOLITION OF DADDY

"THIS LP is obviously going to be different, because it's more like the band this time, more than before. Malcolm's not had anything to do with it. It's just that Malcolm was the one who started us off and guided us so far.

"Jesus, I've learnt a *lot* off Malcolm."

HE'S OUTRAGEOUS!

MA: "I THINK the lyric that sums us up most is 'King Kong'."

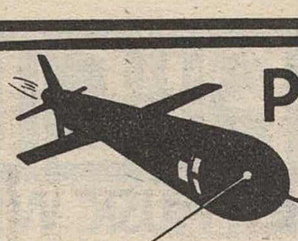
DB: "D'you reckon?"

MA: "Yeah, I really love that song."

DB: "I don't understand a fucking word of it."

MA: "It's all praise to this massive spirit of fun and creativity that abounds throughout the world — if anyone cares to notice it."

Go on ahead . . .



PLUTONIUM BLONDES

Hard luck London

HOW DID the CND magazine *Sanity* ever end up with a name like that? Mervyn Jones, the writer, reckons it goes back to a pamphlet he wrote in the early '60s called *Sanity Or Suicide* but even he thinks the magazine could do with a new title. Nonetheless, it will be relaunched under its current name this week with a new design, new features and new editor in Stanley Bonnett, an ex-*Daily Mirror* and *Daily Mail* journalist.

The intention of the relaunch is to reach a much wider audience than the current faithful so it will be appearing on W. H. Smith and John Menzies news-stands. Bonnet himself would have favoured a new name — "Something like *Tomorrow*, something that sounds optimistic" — but wasn't around when the new titles were being discussed. Other possibles were *Countdown* and *The CND Magazine*. Well, yes.

Main item in the new version will be a breakdown of the number of casualties and deaths there would be in Britain in the event of a nuclear war, and to coincide with the relaunch CND will be dropping a metaphorical bomb on Britain in the shape of Operation Hard Luck. This is the campaign's answer to Operation Hard Rock, the civil defence exercise that should have taken place this October but was scuppered by Willie Whitelaw when it became clear that 140 local councils wouldn't co-operate. Hard Luck's aim is to show how the government have completely miscalculated the effects of a nuclear war.

And if you live in London and want to know your chance of survival after the Big One, there is also published this week a handy little volume called *London After The Bomb*. It was compiled by five university research scientists and takes a look at the likely effects of a major nuclear explosion on London.

People who live in the boroughs of Brent, Camden, Hammersmith, Haringey, Harrow, Hillingdon, Islington, Kensington and Chelsea, Lambeth, Richmond, Southwark, Waltham Forest and Wandsworth may like to know that their chances of survival are rated at zero. Since these boroughs contain the capital's major Labour strongholds, we may have a hint here about why so many conservatives reckon that nuclear war whould not be considered an impossibility.

The Nuclear Family. Photo-montage: Peter Kennard

☐ The posters for the newly-released movie, *Who Dares Wins* have proved a happy-hunting ground for graffitists of an anarchist and pacifist persuasion. (The film, for those of you not on the SAS mailing list, tells of how a CND-style group takes hostages in the American Embassy and threatens to bump them off if the demands to nuke Holy Loch are not met; the hostages are rescued by chaps with their balaclavas on back to front.)

Well, the posters that the wicked terrorist group have on display in their offices in the film are designed by anti-nuke artist Peter Kennard, who is more than a little unhappy to find them there as he describes the film as "the most disgusting I have ever seen". More may come of this.

People who would like to see Kennard's work but haven't got the stomach to sit through *Who Dares Wins* can catch an exhibition of his called *Despatches From An Unofficial War Artist* which opens at Gardner Art Centre, Sussex University, from October 6.

☐ One interesting development on the anti-nuclear front has been the increasing involvement of groups with more 'respectable' pedigrees like the Council for the Preservation of Rural England and a large contingent of dissidents inside the National Trust.

The former group last week published a map which they claimed listed future and secret sites for nuclear power stations in Britain. The Central Electricity Generating Board, who undertake the construction of these sites, were swift to pooh-pooh the claims, saying that if all the sites were built we would have three times the capacity we need.

But the CEGB feel nervous enough now about public feeling on the issue to be offering free a "colourful 21-minute public information film about the plans for Britain's first Pressurised Water Reactor (PWR) electricity generating station at Sizewell on the Suffolk cost".

Down at Sizewell itself, last Friday, the 150-mile London-to-Sizewell march came to its conclusion with some of the group getting over the perimeter fence and chaining themselves to supporters on the outside.

Blondes compiled by
DUNCAN CAMPBELL

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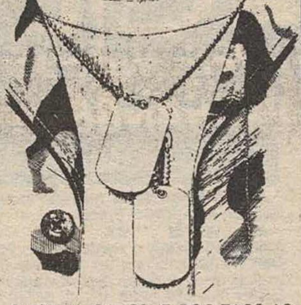

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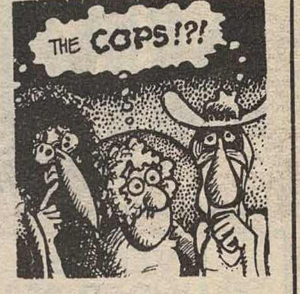

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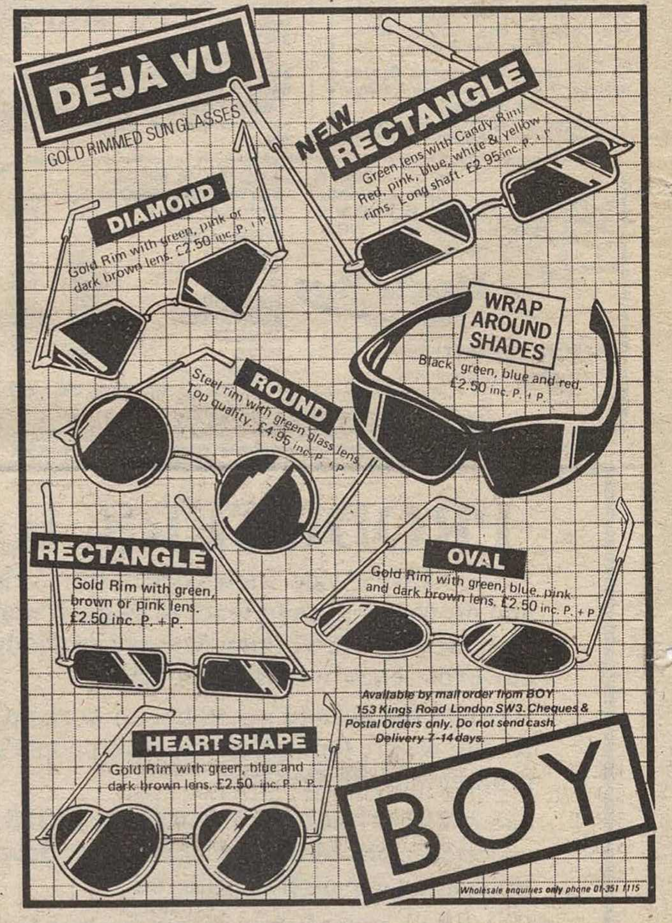
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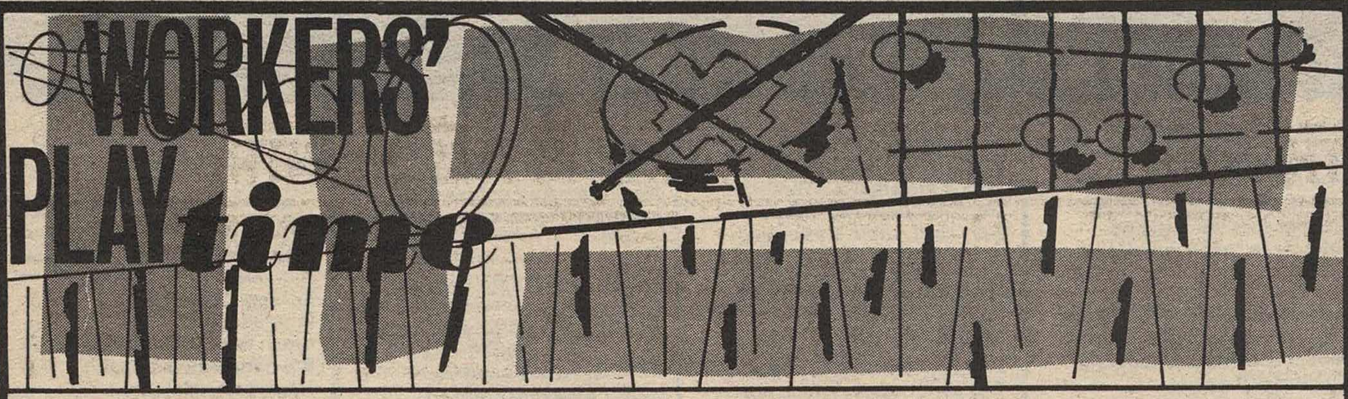

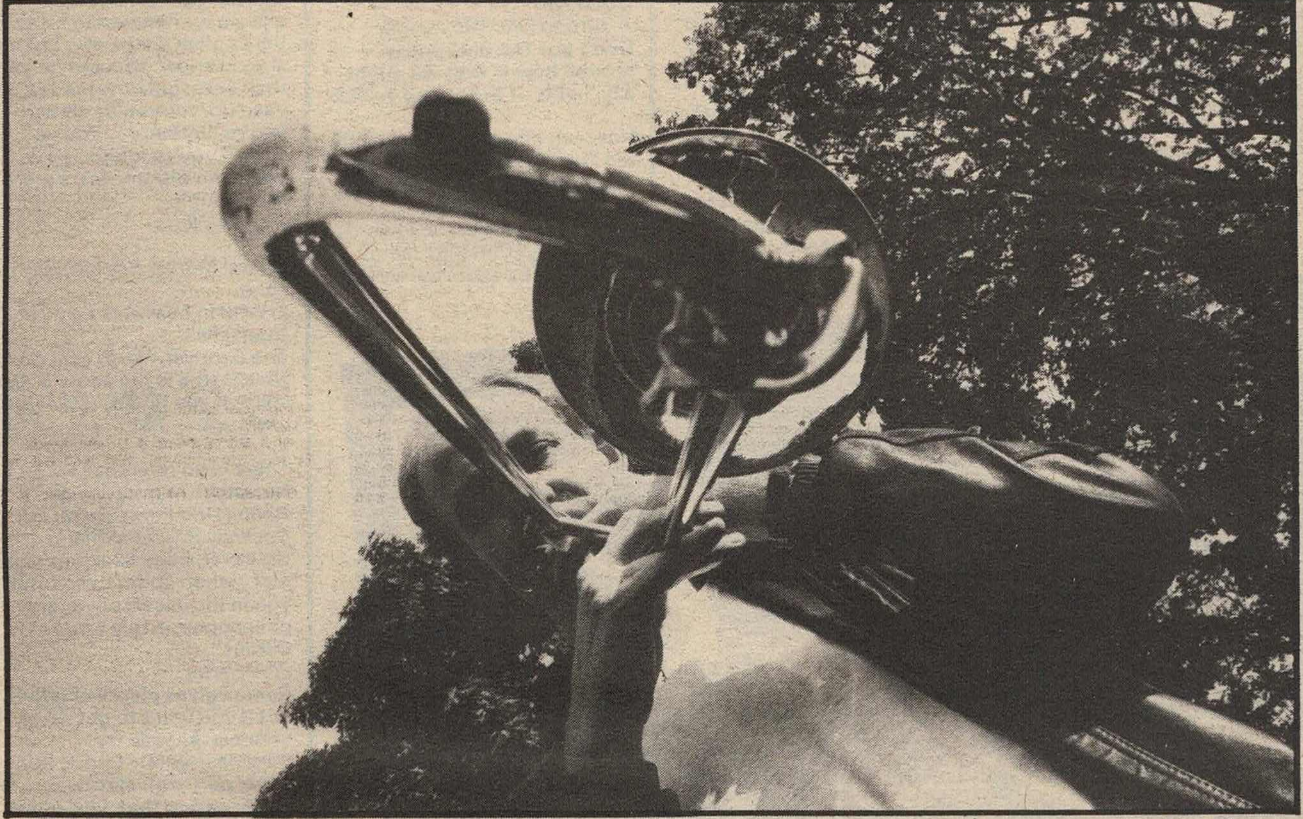

Thoms, tree and trombone *Pic: Tony Bacon*

PETER THOMS TROMBONE

WITH Landscape's third album 'Manhattan Boogie-Woogie' just released, founder member and freelance trombonist Peter Thoms is as busy as ever. He's slid the slide for Dexys in the studio, Marvin Gaye on stage, and Cayenne on the arrangement sheet. Beyond the brass he's formulating a production/arrangement/composition project with fellow 'scaper Chris Heaton, and manages an earthier fling with R&B singer Gulliver. "I'll always put myself in a position where I can play," claims the stylistically acrobatic and innovative Mr Thoms.

INTERVIEW: TONY BACON

"At the moment, the trombone isn't suffering from something that other brass instruments are, particularly saxophone, where rather a lot of people who don't want to spend too much time learning the instrument, who want quick results and want to play in a band, are taking them up. You don't get that many people playing trombone who do that. Trumpets and saxophones yes, but very few trombones.

It's a more difficult instrument to play. I do the odd bit of teaching trombone, and I'm aware that the younger people I teach are really frustrated by the fact that they've been learning, say, for six months, and they still can't carry a tune. It's a matter of believing in the instrument and believing in your own ability to be able ultimately to get something decent out of it. If you find yourself in the postion where you can play with other people, and they'll put up with your growing pains, that's obviously all to the better.

Playing any instrument is a real craft and you've got to serve an apprenticeship. All apprenticeships are down to what you're aiming for: if you're aiming to play the instrument as well as it can possibly be played then it's never really over; if you just want to get it to a point where you can play with a band, then the trombone is an instrument that doesn't sound too good for the first six months to a year, unless of course you're physically and mentally just *meant* for that instrument.

Originally I came to trombone through 1920s jazz, and I tried to emulate that approach. Gradually my listening broadened out as I got more into jazz, and I heard 1930s jazz, picking up on players like Dickie Wells and Jack Teagarden. From there I worked chronologically through jazz.

Now, I feel that I've got a fairly broad appreciation of what the trombone can do in popular music, in jazz. . . growing up in Australia in the 1960s we probably got more American music, and I was very into Stax soul, the horn sections. So I was trying to emulate the brass sounds on Otis Redding and Wilson Pickett stuff — they've got such power and timbre to them, the spirit of it is amazing. And in the late 1960s Chicago and Blood Sweat and Tears popularised brass. There was a bit of a dip in the 1970s, but more recently trombone seems to have been accepted more.

Brass in general seems to have found its place in pop music now, and there's no longer that stigma of having to be a jazz player to be a horn player — I happen to have played jazz so I've got that in my vocabulary, but it doesn't seem to be quite the dirty word it once was. Now you get Fun Boy Three taking Annie Whitehead on tour, no other brass instruments, just a trombone — people are more interested in it, and you can actually go into a studio and do a trombone solo without everyone saying, God, we want a sax/guitar/synthesiser solo! And I like Latin music — you talk to some South Americans and they'll tell you the trombone is the lead guitar of South America. Willie Colon is amazing, plays very high, loud and brash, very *out*. I like all that, and through working with Landscape I've been adapting myself to the electronic approach, and I can blend in with that too.

I use a King 3B trombone. and I have a couple of Bach 11C mouthpieces, one drilled for a Barcus Berry Brass Transducer bug, triggering a Roland Rack pitch-to-voltage synthesiser. That seems to be the only worthwhile bug, not only to trigger a synthesiser but also to get a straight amplified sound that you can put through a PA system, DI in the studio, or through an amp. I've got Barcus Berry's graphic pre-amp too, which is unfortunately discontinued. Their normal pre-amp's not too bad, but it's good to add a graphic eq to your system if you can. I also use a Gauss cabinet, an MM mixer, and a Quad amplifier.

Playing with the pitch-to-voltage gives you a lot of possibilities: you can play with a synthesised note above your normal pitched note, or one below, or even below that; or you can give yourself the opportunity of playing with a different waveform than the normal one someone would hear from the acoustic instrument; or you can use straight sound, straight-and-synth sound, or pure synth sound — I quite like using a bit of straight sound to give it a little body; and we've made a synthesised brass section in Landscape from me playing trombone pitch-to-voltage and John Walters playing the Lyricon wind synth, to get a shouting, cutting sound that sounds synthesised but is obviously *played* on wind instruments.

There are seven chromatic positions on the trombone, the same as most other brass instruments (on the trumpet, for example, there are seven combinations of valve positions). When you start you have to work on getting to know all those, getting the muscles around your lips and the diaphragm working, and your breathing happening — there's all these things you have to sort out.

There are some good cheap trombones available if you're starting out. The ones to avoid are the Chinese ones, and to some extent the Czechoslovakian ones — you can tell as soon as you pick them up beause they weigh about three times as much as a normal trombone.

The best thing is to take a teacher or someone you know who plays trombone along to the shop to try out the instrument you feel keen on. You can actually get good second-hand instruments if you look around, as long as the slide's OK and there's no damage inside the bell or anything. The best find would be an old Conn, King, Bach, or possibly a Boosey & Hawkes"

THOMS' TIPS

Musical tuition: Norman D'ath and Harry Larson in Australia; jazz course at Sydney Conservatorium; arranging and compositon from Bill Motzing.
Favourite trombonists: J J Johnson; Dickie Wells; James Pankow; Dave Bargeron; Bruce Fowler; Julian Priester; Willie Colon.
Favourite engineer/studio: Pete Smith, Andy Jackson/Utopia; Mick Gregorvitch/Alvic.
Favourite instrument: King 3B.
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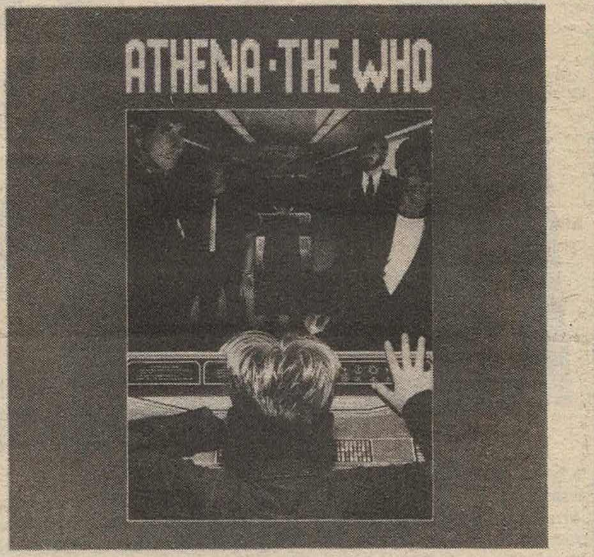

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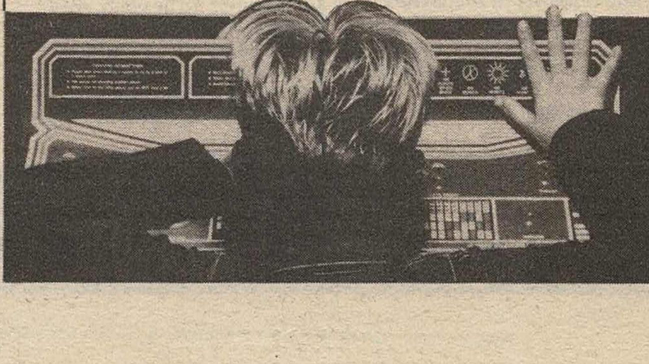

SEE–THRU' BAG

Paul Morley gets to the bones of the matter

What is going on I ask myself? Ian Penman is (sic) Gary (sic) Bushell with O (sic) levels. Obviously to maintain self respect and a reason to live music hacks have to invent 'happenings' to justify their existence. Gal's got new punk, Morley's got limp pop pap and the bright young thing crap and Penman's got the copyright to sub Willy Rushton 'enlightened pessimism'. Do you get it? I bet you do.

So what about X (sic) Moore? What would the big (sic) butch bastard choose as his 'bag' (sic). Poetry?!! Gosh, well I never, no wonder Penman's floored, I should say so. Personally I should make it quite clear that I prefer The Newtown Neurotics, Action Pakt, and The Boys Town Gang to Blitz. I quite like cocktails if Spencer's paying for the round but like my infant prodigy Atilla I too hate 'poetry'.

Your whole outlook, Ian, stinks. You and Paul (sic) have both become what you once despised — career journalists, fifth columnists, London boys. And where does your petty-minded elitism lead us, o weedy one? Aye — check out the Camden Palace.

Seething Wells, Leeds.

You never could see things well, Peeving (hic). Your judgment of my own particular 'inquiry after truth' is naive nonsense that neglects to take so many things into account it's pointless to stain the precious silence with a defence. Equally you, and a lot more like you, should read between the lines of Penman — and don't chuck me that 'incomprehensible' shit. You should always be aware of what 'field' *New Musical Express* is working within (hic). Seething's dogma accommodates so very little . . . I'm glad he's not directing people's thoughts or anything. Incidentally, Seth, your letter epitomises the foul bitterness and impotence of the majority of the letters received this week. Where criticism, dialogue, even that old affectionate ridicule spills over into spite and vitriol and inflexibility. — PM

Re: Attila Gasbag 11-9-82. Quote Nicanor Parra, 'Young Poets':-

Write as you will
in whatever style you like
too much blood has run under the bridge
to go on believing
that only one road is right
in poetry everything is permitted.
With only this condition of course:
YOU HAVE TO IMPROVE ON THE BLANK PAGE

unquote . . . enough said I think.

Neil Jones, Rhonda.

It also helps to mop up life as fast as it dribbles away. — PM

To Attila The Hun . . . you are very much a whingeing poet. You just conduct your whingeing on a grander scale and call it 'ranting'.

Elton Bury, Manchester

And as I say in my excellent, and informative, D. Mode review earlier in this week's *New Musical Express* — why should you so readily swap your own hard-earned conviction for the conviction of another? For me, good 'ranting' can be found in the pages of Malcolm Lowry's *Under The Volcano* or in the piano chords of Stan Tracey . . . or someone else. . .— PM

To respond to Mr The Stockbroker's letter (Sept 11), I suggest that 'real ranting' is The Fall, Peter Hamill, Dexys and The Birthday Party. 'Poetry' isn't just 'verses' and 'rhyme', it can be painted (Rene Magritte, my mate Syd Picking, Toyen, Dado), heard (Joy Division, The Pale Fountains, early Soft Machine, ACR, Sun Ra — musical poetry), *The Lord Of The Rings, Gormenghast,* and H. E. Bates stories are also poetic. And then there's Sylvia Plath . . .

Mr Stockbroker is being a trifle elitist and getting worked up about nothing (i.e. his efforts — I heard his Peel session). Unlike the above, idiot dullards such as himself, SWells etc, Au Pairs, Paul Weller (minus 'Dreams Of Children') will never be poets or ranters (sic) — they have never dreamed, they will never inspire anyone. And that's what poetry does, it transcends all categories.

Kevin Rowland knows all this — poetry is/has soul. This cannot be replaced by *"Fight the cuts/I hate your guts"* and pints of bitter.

Jim Fell, Lincs.

I think, Jim, that you have proved that you are not inferior to those you despise. — PM

Don Watson called Hull 'Bleak City' in a review of Indians In Moscow at the Humberside Theatre. While not championing Hull as the Mecca Of The North, something has to be said. In recent years I've seen such diverse acts as The Associates, The Cure, Can, Hawkwind, Peter Hamill, Jacques Loussier, Misty In Roots, Magazine, The Pretty Things, Siouxsie, Spirit, Thin Lizzy, Wreckless Eric and God knows how many more at various venues in the city — and that's not including the university. I expect nothing but sarcasm in reply to this letter . . .

Graham Yarney, Kingston Upon Hull

No sarcasm from me, G. I'm biting my tongue. I can't get over how many of this week's letters are boring, mindless and mean. So maybe the legendary snappy black bit at the end of a *Bag* letter is simply encouraging letter writers to beat the wit, so to speak; bite before they've bitten. Perhaps we're getting the letters we deserve after too many years of intolerance. I'm going to keep my mouth shut; the keys still. — PM

So Amrik Rai thinks that everyone in Newcastle believes that Lindisfarne are still the be-all and end-all, does he? CRAP. We have some great bands — Danceclass, 21 Strangers, R&B Spitfires, Standard Issue, Off, Zap, Drifting Robots, etc. Most people here can see well past boring Lindisfarne. I realise Newcastle's not fashionable but people such as Rai should check facts before making bland statements.

Rachel Martin, Newcastle.

Your Morley declares that Peter Burns of Dead Or Alive is "something that just needs to be hidden," in the way that all shallow, feeble-minded people dismiss something which they feel is a threat to the safe sheltered little lives they lead. Label it as stupid and then hide it away so no one can see. Morley talks of such records/bands turning the charts from the "spellbinding tricky interior into a palace of silly buggers". The same charts which are currently being overrun by the likes of Modern Romance and Haircut 100 — groups of tacky mummies' boys in smart suits and floppy hairstyles with their jolly singalong and shake your deely boppers family entertainment.

Pete Burns is the ultimate threat because he dares to be different. Morley recognises the threat and reacts like the little old woman he is, or perhaps he's just narked because he can't find a rara to fit him.

Dawn Coates, Liverpool

I'm biting my tongue! I have to say that I abhor this thing that if you're different in the way Burns is, you're a threat — the words are easy to say, threat threat threat, but surely the likes of Burns are as threatening to people's way of thinking as a heartbeat. (More black type already!) — PM

I feel I must write and tell you how shit your magazine is. Hasn't it occurred to you that some of today's teenagers are not squeaky little soul boys who have been sucked in by media invented fashions? A lot of teenagers today DON'T WANT TO KNOW about the boring crappy new romantic bands which seem to dominate your paper. When have you ever mentioned The Professionals, one of the best bands around at the moment? Now that they've split up I suppose we won't hear a thing.

Some of us unemployed people don't have a degree in English, so when reading your record reviews and articles we can't understand a fuck about what you're babbling on about. Why don't you provide a page for punk bands? Get rid of all those shitty new romantic bands.

NME is a shit music paper for middle class closet cases. I'll go back to reading *MM* — at least I can understand what Carol Clerk is talking about.

Sid, Noddyland.

That's a shame . . . there are words in our *New Musical Express* that can direct you towards many unkown splendours and amusements. — PM

I'm so sorry, I didn't realise that religious persecution was part of your editorial policy . . . or is it the NEXT BIG THING! I don't need your smug, ignorant crap. Goodbye.

A Turned Off NME Reader

Don't go! The only policy around here is that we might say 'hello' of a morning. — PM

How can one openly condemn the Camden Palace for being prejudiced and racist *(Gasbag 11.9.82)* and yet be so disgustingly sarcastic towards an offended Christian (same issue, same page)? Surely the concepts of partiality extend to those who maintain a religious conviction, which must deserve a certain respect and open-mindedness of the same capacity.

J. S., Dublin

Can I just say that there are some souls up here who glance against a particular writer and then tend to get carried away? — PM

Me, I'll suffer religious persecution, eat Mars bars, do my (admittedly) small service to the Lord, watch and enjoy *Monty Python's Life Of Brian,* point my super 8 at cloud formations, live life to the full, blissfully unaware of this wicked organised religion that is looming over my head, and secure in the knowledge that this life is just the tip of the ice-berg.

So come, Ian Penman, this all calls for a bit of Niethsczhe *(to know Neiautxche is to spell him badly — PM)* style introspection. Those Spanish Inquisitors have about as much to do with God as Kevin Rowland has to do with Hepworths. All this God-slagging is another excuse for Penman to scour the English dictionary, but he should know: excuses have their uses/but now they're all used up/yes you've shown you're literate/yes you've shown you're tough/fed us with your bigotry/jeers are not enough.

A. Viac, Herts.

1. Paul Morley has lost his spirit.
2. Who in heaven's name is Nuetsche?

The Exorcist, North Grinstead.

Nieazxsthe is the name of the spirit. If you find it, add salt and suck. — PM

There is no reference to Njuastche in my copy of *Rabbit And Porks Guide To Cockney Rhyming Slang.* However, page 824 does state that "when doubt overcomes you in the desert of literary philosophy — rely on your Camus".

J. P. Sartre

Camus gives plenty of lather, but if you want to get rid of your blackheads try Schopenhauer. "Come, don't let us part with sarcasms. Let us see rather that, like Janus — or better, like Yama, the Brahmin god of death — religion has two faces, one very friendly, one very gloomy: you have had your eyes fixed on one face, I have had mine fixed on the other." — PM/AS

All right — Africa's OK and all that jazz BUT — two points apropos 11.9.82:

a) "The failure of reggae to sustain the impact of Marley's breakthrough," (Cook's Africa piece). I spend a great deal of time playing and hearing reggae with downmarket black youth in London SW. To them Marley was a rock musician for a white audience For them reggae is a music made by and for their own culture, it belongs to them, and they to it. It doesn't fail because it's not in the charts, it succeeds because for the urban black young it's a crucial lifeline, an identity actively setting them apart from the white European colonialist culture they call Babylon. (Where that leaves us pinkos who get a buzz from it is *our* problem!)

b) The 'native environment' of the Ekome group Gavin Martin refers to in his Gabriel LP review is in the main St Pauls, Bristol, about ten miles from Bath where Gabriel lives — again, they set out to make links with African culture to regain an identity for themselves and their community.

We whites can no longer

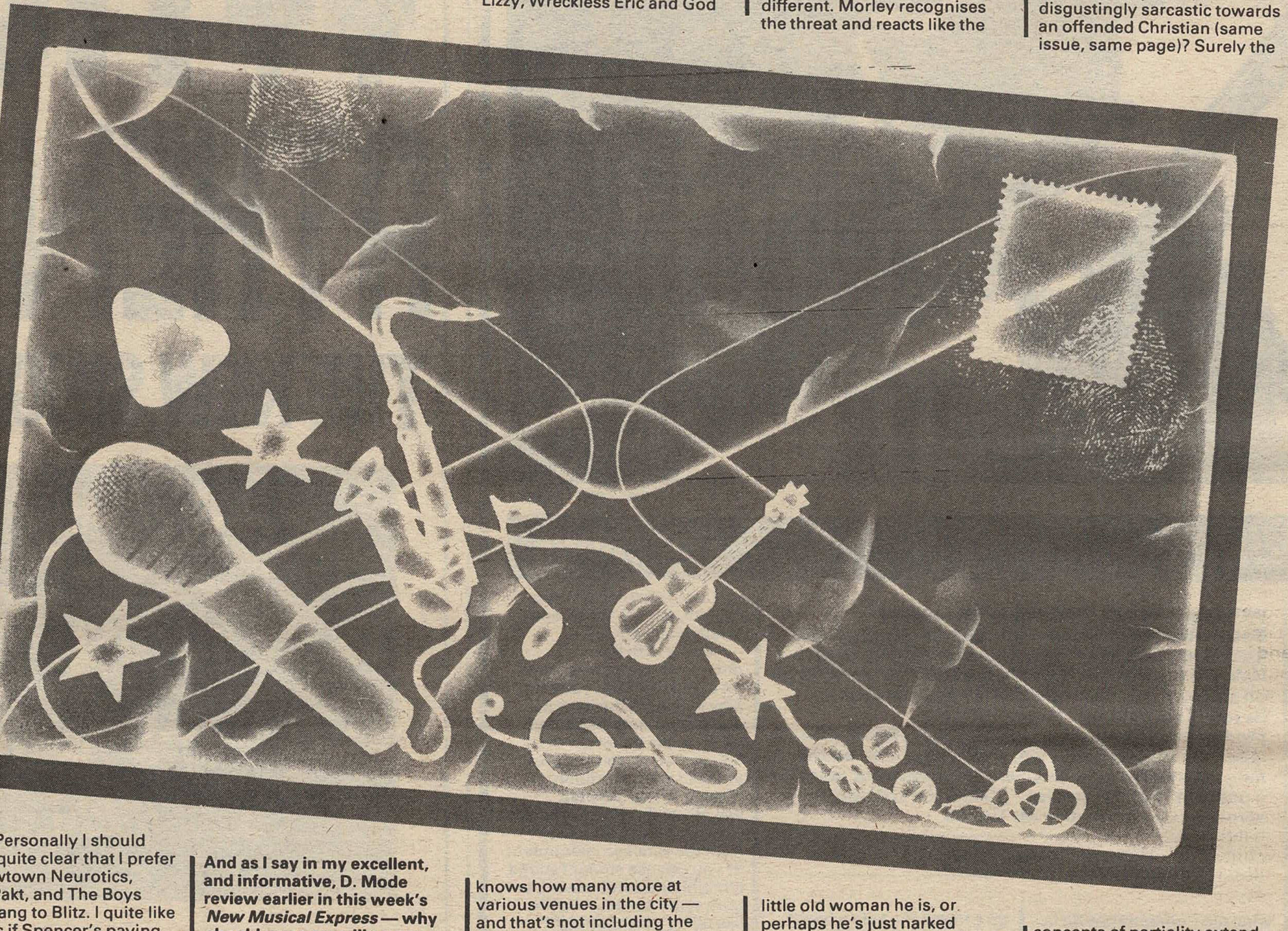

Illustration by Tony McSweeny

The Day The Music Died — A Final Shot Of Anger

I've seen the blurred photographs of new wavey haircuts
Arty high street guerillas fighting to escape the ruts
Brand new attitude down to the walk
'We are young and fresh' and 'we will change all your thoughts'
Something exciting, new and untamed.
But the sound of the disc is always the same, unchanged
I've done the gigs, seen the gigs.
Spewed the gigs, fuck the gigs.
I'm sorry Paul but like the burning sky
It's onto business, I'll let the old days die.
I've read the reviews, where these are the ones
Well slagged off. In 18 months
They'll bring anarchy and peace, yes they've confessed.
They are lazy, tired, bored, can't be bothered to dress.
We have problems music won't change.
It says it will, uniform aggro dancing, how strange.
So don't stuff this God, oh my dearest *NME.*
It's just goodbye to you, from me.
Take this hopeless youth culture . . . and stuff it.
BYE BYE. AFTER AROUND TEN YEARS OF FAITHFUL READING I'M AFRAID I'VE JUST HAD ENOUGH OF THE WHOLE THING. I AM 23.

Gary R. Sims, London E18

Don't go! — PM

Put your X in the spot marked GASBAG
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venture innocent in our flapping shorts like David Attenborough into black African culture to pillage and reclaim it. There's a word for that sort of thing. If we really respect and value this music we must avoid dragging it back dead and stuffed to add to the British Museum dust trap of our own tedious culture.
Tony Benjamin, Tooting.

Isn't the point of reviewing a record to write about the music? If so, why did Danny Baker in his bit on the new John Martyn record only write about a fifth on the music and most of the rest about his fear of fires?
Winston, Edinburgh.

It took sixty lines to 'review' Adam Ant's new single, encompassing Mark Perry, Fad Gadget, Cannon & Ball, "our Adrian and their Robert" . . . but the reviewer's view of the record? God only knows — in fact we were told nothing.

As a comparison *NME* Nov. 7 1970 reviewed Skid Row thus: "17-year-old Gary Moore spits out the vocals with sketchy guitar playing. Noel Bridgeman plays drums with Brendan Shields on bass. But they're all very young and will improve for producer Clifford Davies." In ten lines we got a group run-down, a clear opinion and even learned the name of the producer!

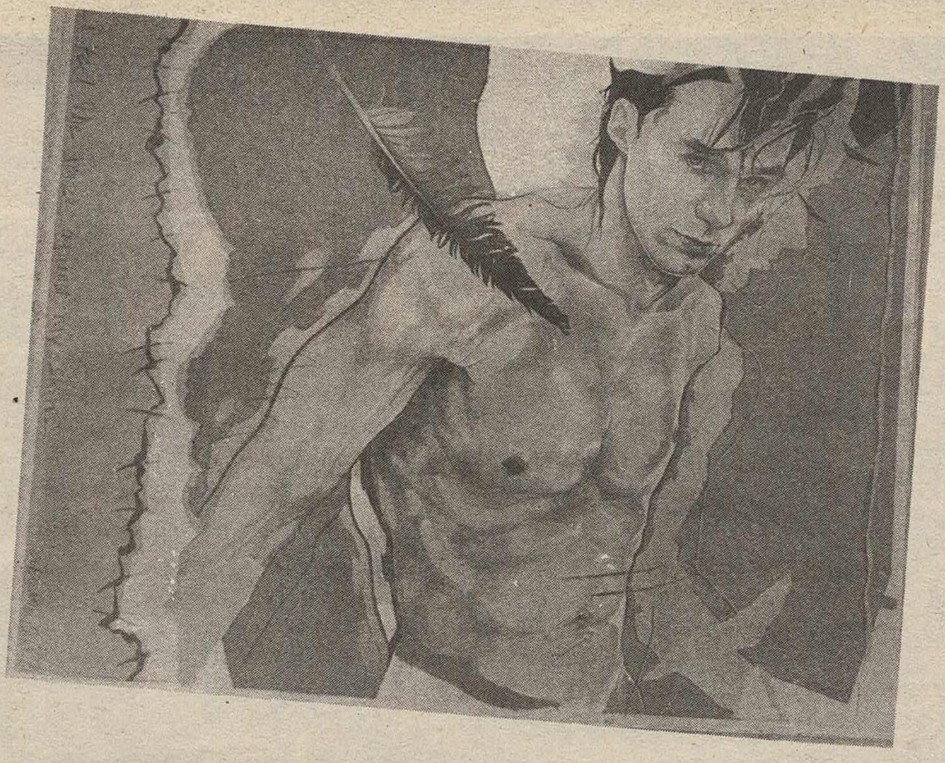
At a time when more singles than ever are being released, surely it is for the good of the industry to cut out the eternal self-gratification from reviews and quadruple the number of reviews. (Forty were reviewed in 1970.) At least go back to the three-star, four-star system and then we might know what you actually think of the records. I don't want to have to have a degree in psychology to understand what's being said.
John Hurd, Portsmouth.
I'm trying to keep the keys still, honest. I think that a return — a full return, as we've never completely shaken it off — to the 1970 way of writing about pop records would be tragic. I mean that, you know. A Baker review of a record contains packs more 'information' than a *Smash Hits* review of a record — this does depend on whether you want your own comfortable view of things confirmed or challenged. The Adam Ant review was incredibly informative. (These keys just won't keep still). — PM

If it's the Camden Palace's policy only to let in people who are fashionably dressed then how come failed pop person Edwymp was let in with a Pistols T-shirt on? Are Pistols T-shirts the hip new thing to wear down the Camden or are the people who run this dangerously exclusive elitist shithouse a bunch of hypocritical twats? I'd put my T-shirt on it being the latter.
Dermot, Dublin.

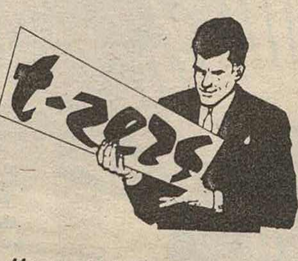
Re: *Jock And Roll*, BBC Thursday 2.9.82. An interesting observation from old B.A. himself: "Carnaby Street is kinda weird, you get people walking down there caught in a time lock. They walk around thinking that it's ten years ago . . ." Funny, isn't this where *NME* offices are?
The Lone Groover, Shangri La, WC2
Who knows? — PM

I bought my copy of 'The Message' in 1965, only then it was called 'Subterranean Homesick Blues' and it was credited to some guy called Dylan.
Keith Gayle, Swansea
Good lad! — PM

Congratulations on the beginnings of your recovery. I laughed twice reading the *NME* today — and I started at the front.
Sal, Suffolk.
You're a lot of use, Sal. I could even get nasty. — PM



OK, we realise the bodybuilding article was last issue's thing. But tear your eyes from those manful torsos and consider the mugs on top. That's right, it's Spandau Bully's brothers Kemp — Martin (above) and Gary — immortalised in fetching paint-and-denim collages by artist Alan Morrison, just two of his exhibits at a recent showing in the Vague Gallery, Edinburgh. Photos by Jo Chiles.



"IT'S NICE to see that our business is no longer one viewed by the outside world as the business of drug takers, glue sniffers and general ill-repute. To work for a music company is now respectable, reputable, and in the eyes of the public, a professional occupation."

We like to kick things off with a mind-elevating quote now and again, so how about that one — which should not only elevate your mind, but spin it round in the air a few times as well. And while you're picking up the shattered fragments that land, let us reveal that the quotee is CBS UK chairman **Maurice Oberstein**, speaking at the label's recent convention. Well, words fail us. If only they'd failed Maurice as well ...

"No really, this one's true," pleads the man from Cherrry Red Records. It all starts four months ago when the social secretary at the Harper Adam Agricultural College, Newport, rang up and booked **The Monochrome Set** for October 29. This enterprising fellow was subsequently deposed, as often occurs in the cut-and-thrust of student politics, and a new social sec took his place. The new man wasn't wearing weirdos like the Monochromes (and who among us can find it in his heart to condemn him?) and rang to cancel the date, explaining that he wanted "someone like **The Tremeloes**" instead. With all the panicked agility of men watching a pay-cheque disappearing before their eyes, the Set grabbed the receiver and hit upon an inspired compromise. Thus their performance on October 29 will consist entirely of Tremeloes cover-versions. And desperate rehearsals of 'Silence Is Golden' are already underway ...

Whether or not England is going to the dogs, the dogs are sure coming to England — six of them, in fact, including five whippets. Associate **Billy Mackenzie** brought the beasts down from Scotland with him last week, accompanied by several cronies of his known as the **Mad Squad**, and booked into a Marble Arch hotel, dogs and all. Unwisely leaving the things in the care of a dog-sitter while they had a night on the town, Billy and Squad returned to find their pets had eaten half the hotel and chewed up what was left. Allied to some unseemly transvest-ism involving the manageress's clothes — in a zany scenario directly inspired by *Some Like It Hot*, they claim — the Scottish foragers found themselves seeking alternative accommodation, pausing only to con WEA into paying the bill. They've since been heard complaining bitterly about London taxi-drivers' reluctance to stop and pick up half a dozen mad dogs and Scotspersons ...

Mackenzie has also just announced the appointment of his new "regional manageress" who is, apparently, **"a Sophia Loren** lookalike called **Karen"**. Which of Billy-boy's regions she'll be managing has not been specified ...

'Pigs On Purpose' is the new **Nightingales** LP, out in three weeks. That might sound ridiculous enough to be getting on with, but just for good measure, they've got **Richard Strange** to produce it ...

An **Elvis Costello** original, 'Losing You', crops up on the next LP from legendary chanteuse **Dusty Springfield** — who dates back all the way to the days when chanteuses were just called girl singers ...

Capitol Records have signed **The Plasmatics**, and no expense will be spared in grooming the outfit for superstardom. At least they can save a few dollars on **Wendy O's** stage clothes ...

Haircut 100 have gone in for a light trim, and come out a five-piece. Percussionist **Mark Fox** has left, due to those boring old "musical you-know-whats" and the move is described, just as boringly, as "perfectly amicable". While Fox sets to work on a solo single, the remaining 100 are busy with their second LP ...

Former **Doorman Robbie Krieger** has a second solo LP out, while drummer **John Densmore** teams up with **Coati Mundi** to form the fictional **Reggie's Band** — backing **Malcolm McDowell** in new film *Get Crazy* ...

And talking of **Jim Morrison** — which we were, almost — the late legend's family are still keen on having **John Travolta** play the lead in a proposed bio-pic ...

Teena Marie and Motown currently locked in a legal dispute for more money than was previously thought to exist in the entire world ...

The latest member of the ever-expanding (**Osmond** and **Nolan** style) **Jacksons** family is 16-year-old **Janet**, who makes her debut soon on A&M. All meals in the Jackson household are served in three sittings ...

Gist's Stuart Moxham has produced the upcoming **Marine Girls'** LP ...

Over to that one-man *T-Zer* factory **Joshua McDonald**, who announces he'll be re-opening the Studio 21 club (21 Oxford Street, that is) on September 29 ...

Playing at Brighton last week, **Prince Lincoln and The Royal Rasses** were nonplussed when a Nigerian chief strode onstage from out of the audience, where he'd been checking the group for some dates in Africa. As is the custom of his country, the chief showed his appreciation by showering the musicians with £20 notes. The chief was not ejected from the stage ...

Fans of Liverpool's **Come In Tokio** pop-group-thing can keep themselves informed via the band's regular newsletter, from 15 Borella Road, West Derby, Liverpool 13 ...

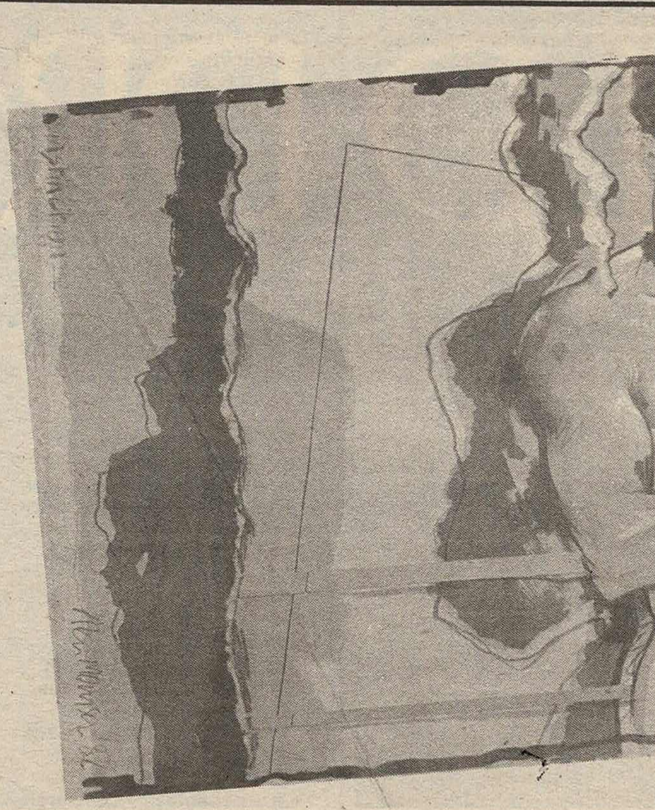
Our long-lost buddies **PiL** are about to play some North American dates, including NYC's Roseland ballroom on September 28. But they're now minus **Jeanette Lee**, who's left the group and returned to England. **Keith Levene**, meanwhile, has fixed a November wedding with **Laurie Montana** of **Pulsallama** — somewhat to the distress of the lady's parents . . .

Chequered Past is the all-too-apt name for a group that debuts at New York's Peppermint Lounge this week. What *else* do you call a line-up of ex-**Blondies Burke** and **Harrison**, ex-**Silverhead Michael des Barres**, and ex-**Pistol/Professional Steve Jones** . . .

Give this man a memory-transplant; before a recent show, **Frank Sinatra** checked up on the name of the composer of 'Strangers In The Night', to throw into his stage patter. When the moment came, though, somehow **"Bert Kaempfert"** just slipped his mind. Improvising wittily, Frank ad libbed the introduction: "This song was written by, uh, **Herman Goering**" . . .

Still steering that steady course straight to Hell, boys, **The Clash** are pausing along the way to support — can it be? — yes, **The Who**. Two dates have been arranged at the 50,000-capacity Shea Stadium . . .

And finally this week, we choke back a sob and dab a discreet kerchief to the nose, to announce the departure of dapper, ginger-haired, unpronounceable **Tim Greenhalgh**. The time has come for him to vacate his Production Editor's chair to make room on it for the rather fuller figure of one **Andy Gill**. "It comes as a great relief," confesses Tim sincerely. "Having him sit on my knee was getting to be something of a strain" . . .



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